Sept. 25, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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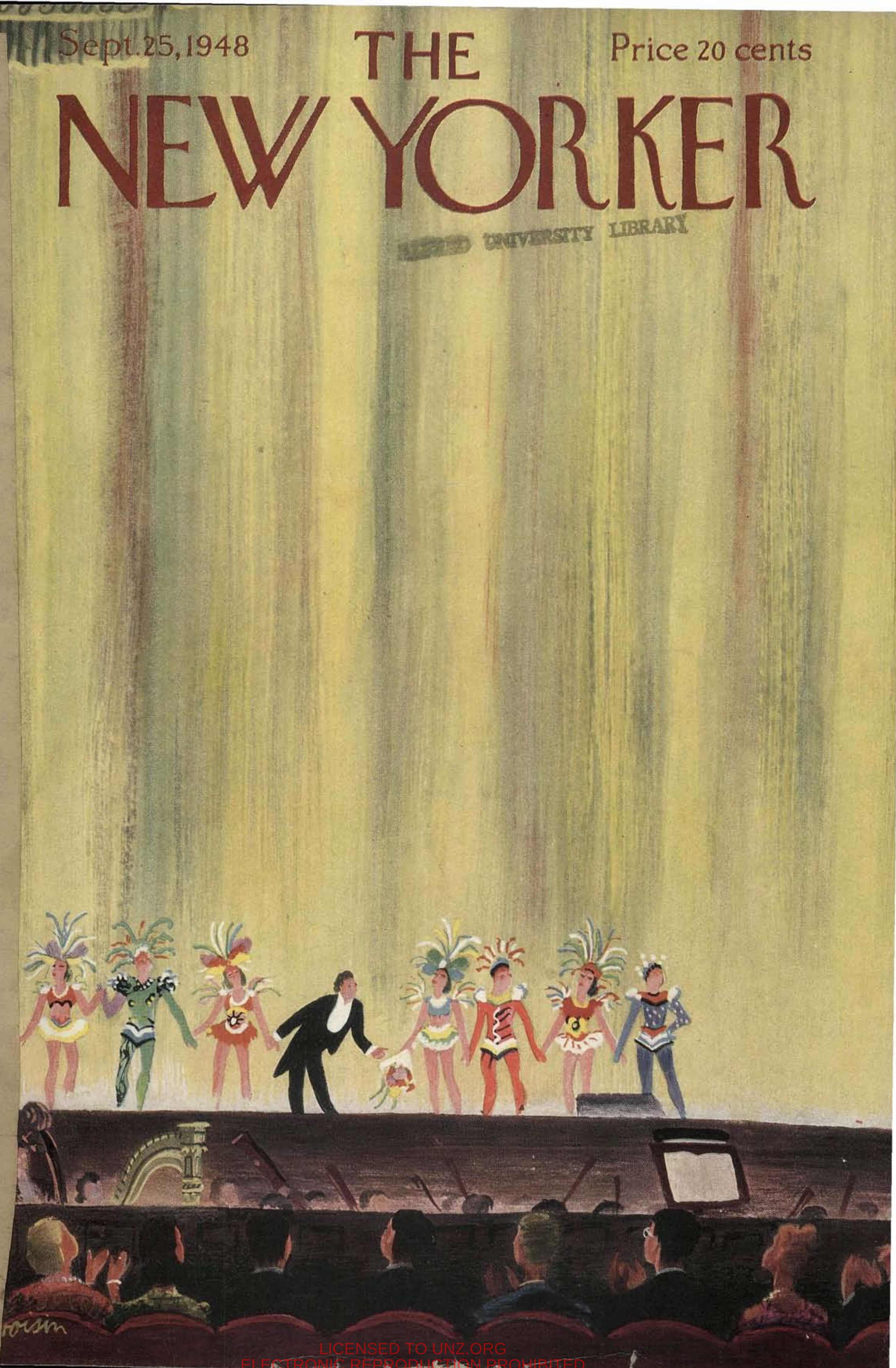

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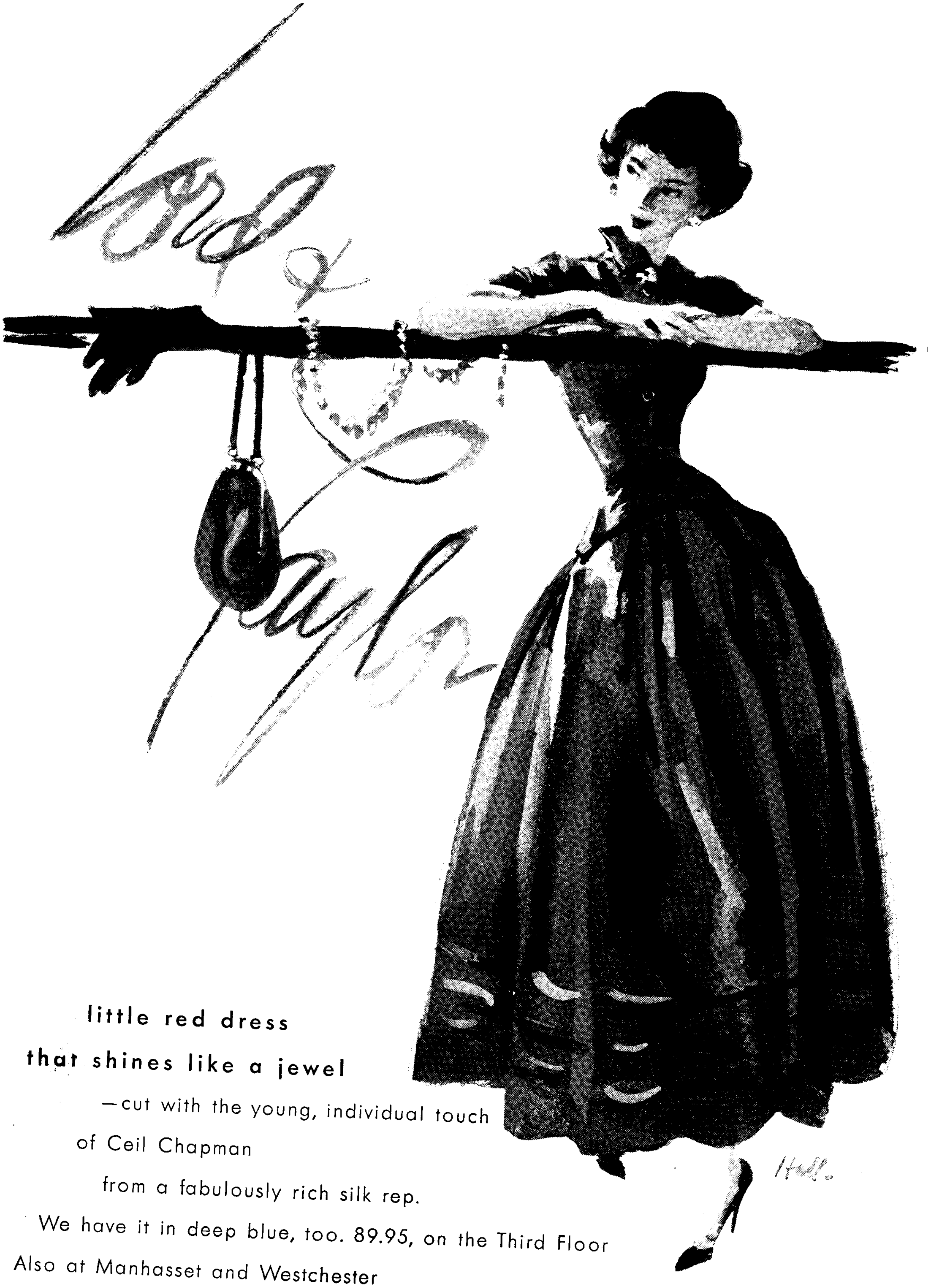

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

MISTER ROBERTS—A fine, funny, compelling job, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, based on Mr. Heggen's book. Henry Fonda is at the top of a remarkable cast, which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PLAY'S THE THING—A rather fetching revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Italian Riviera. Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister are in the highly satisfactory cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE—Sartre's melodrama concerning a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

LONG RUNS—**BORN YESTERDAY:** An enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. With Judy Holliday. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** The invisible rabbit. His pal is now Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE:** Tennessee Williams' play about a woman's disintegration. With Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

GRANDMA'S DIARY—A comedy written and directed by Albert Wineman Barker, and produced by the American Theatre Group. Herbert Evers, Eileen Prince, and Leonard Elliott have the leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A STORY FOR STRANGERS—A play written and directed by Marc Connelly and produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. The cast includes James Dobson, Joan Gray, Joann Dolan, and Grace Valentine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Some night-club impersonations by Peter Lind Hayes are really the only pleasant things in this whimsical and interminable piece about homeless love in Central Park. The book and lyrics are by Barry Trivers and the music by Jay Gorney. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

INSIDE U.S.A.—In spite of fairly uninspired material, Beatrice Lillie is extremely comic in this big, handsome Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue. She is assisted by Jack Haley and by Valerie Bettis, one of the most engaging dancers you ever saw. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAKE MINE MANHATTAN—Arnold B. Horwitt's sketches, a couple of which are marvellously funny, make a pleasant evening out of this revue. Richard Lewine wrote the songs, and the leading comedians are Julie Oshins and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Sept. 26.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

SMALL WONDER—Several really first-rate sketches, notably one about magazine advertising, make this revue well worth seeing. Tom Ewell is more or less in charge of the goings on, and the cast also includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, Hayes Gordon, and Mary McCarty, who is quite a show all by herself. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** The c
a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, .
W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun
8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Satur
2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 2.) . . . **HI**
TON SHOES: Some nonsense concernin
1913 Rutgers football team, among
things. With Joan Roberts, Phil Silvers
Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-
Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Mat
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Scheduled to open too late for review ir
issue:

MAGDALENA—A musical with a score by H
Villa-Lobos and a cast headed by
Petina and John Raitt. The book is by
erick Hazlitt Brennan and Homer Cu
and the lyrics are by Robert Wright
George Forrest. Produced by Edwin Le
and directed by Jules Dassin. (Ziegfeld, S.
Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, ex
Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays
Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in da
and curtain times, so it is a good idea to ve
them before starting out.)

TOWN HOUSE—Mary Wickes, June Du
Peggy French, and Reed Brown, Jr., i
comedy by Gertrude Tonkonogy, ad.
from a series of stories by John Cheever,
duced by Max Gordon and directed by G
S. Kaufman. Opens Thursday, Sept. 2
tional, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nigh
cept Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night
at 8:10. Matinées Wednesdays and
days at 2:30.)

TIME FOR ELIZABETH—A comedy by
Krasna and Groucho Marx, produce
sell Lewis and Howard Young. Ot
and Katherine Alexander have th
roles. Opens Monday, Sept. 27. (Fu
St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except
at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:
inées Wednesdays and Saturdays a

EDWARD, MY SON—Robert Morley, Peg
croft, and Ian Hunter in a play wri
Mr. Morley and Noel Langley. Prod
Gilbert Miller and Henry Sherek,
rected by Peter Ashmore. Opens Th
Sept. 30. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W
6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:
ing-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wed
and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO—Thurs
ning, Sept. 23: "Ballet Imperial,"
Quatre," "Cirque de Deux," and "I
Danube." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sep
"Coppélia," "Blue Bird," and "Sc
zade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 2
pélia," "Pas de Deux," and "Le Be
ube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 2
de Quatre," "Raymonda," and "Ro
¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 26: "Pas de C
"Cirque de Deux," and "The N
. . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 26: "
perial," "Pas de Quatre," "Cirque
and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Tuesday even
28: "Swan Lake," "Rouge et Noir,
"Gaité Parisienne." . . . ¶ Wednesday ever
Sept. 29: "Mozartiana," "Pas de Qua
"Cirque de Deux," and "Le Beau Danu
. . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 30: "Les S
phides," "Pas de Deux," "Quelques Fl
(première), and "Gaité Parisien
¶ Friday evening, Oct. 1: "Giselle,"
Bird," and "Madroños." . . . ¶ Saturd
inée, Oct. 2: "The Nutcracker," "C
Deux," and "Quelques Fleurs." . . .
day evening, Oct. 2: "Swan Lake,
zartiana," "Quelques Fleurs," and
hérazade." (Metropolitan Opera Hou
6-1210. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at

INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL—Three ball
groups, in brief engagements at the City Center, as part of the city's Golden Anniversary celebration—**PARIS OPERA BALLET:** Thursday and Friday evenings, Sept. 23-24: "The Knight and the Maiden" and "Crystal Palace." . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 25: "The Two

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pigeons," "Istar," and "Salad." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 26: "The Wise Animals," "Port of Call," "La Peri," and "Gala Evening." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 26: "The Two Pigeons," "Istar," and "Salad." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Sept. 28-29: "Elvire," "Punch and the Cop," and "Divertissement." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 2: "Castor and Pollux," "Mirages," and "Crystal Palace." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 3: "Suite in White" and "The Knight and the Maiden." . . . **CHARLES WEIDMAN AND HIS DANCE GROUP:** Monday evening, Sept. 27: "And Daddy Was a Fireman," "Flickers," "A House Divided," "Lynch Town," and "Fables for Our Time." . . . **RAM GOPAL AND HIS HINDU BALLET COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, and Saturday and Sunday matinées, Oct. 2-3: "The Dance of the Setting Sun," "The Dance of Radha," "Rajput Serenade of Love," "Manipuri Folk Dance," "Cobra Devil Dance," "Hymn to Rama," and others. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

RODEO—The annual rooty-toot on the Eighth Avenue range. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, starting Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 29, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

CHILDREN'S MOVIES—Films and short subjects of interest to children are shown at the Trans-Lux 85th St. (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180) on Saturday mornings at 11.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In this summery, though subterranean, conservatory, Jules Lande's orchestra plays sedately for dancing. No music on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's and Harold Nagel's dance orchestras in the big and bustling Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Nellie Lutcher expounds her let-nature-take-its-course philosophy, and Avon Long goes through his stylized song-and-prance act. Everything sounds even better than usual, because of Dave Martin's band. Cliff Jackson plays the piano. Dancing; closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Fifty violins, working their way deadpan through an old Victor Red Seal catalogue, which is not at all the Broadway that Henny Youngman, the incumbent comedian, is used to. Billy Banks' dance band.

LE DIRECTOIRE, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Pearl Bailey, offering fairly definite proof that the gentleman of the species is a dope, plus the industrious little clan of humorists called Les Compagnons de la Chanson. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Gringo's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A pretty girl, a cold bottle, the benevolent music of Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras, and life is yours for the asking. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Fashions for the dusk-to-dawn set, demonstrated by some very decorative clothes horses. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Charles Reader's orchestra provides a polite background for dancing. Some puppets and flamenco dancers are around now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

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PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room offers Paul Draper, violating all the laws of gravity with his customary nonchalance. Dance music by Leo Reisman's and Mark Monte's bands. Opening night, Thursday, Sept. 23, is a benefit for the Traveler's Aid (MU 2-6300). Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Rendez-Vous Room, which opens Tuesday, Sept. 28, with a benefit for the Lighthouse of the New York Association for the Blind (VO 5-2200), there will once again be the orchestras of Nicholas Matthey and Payson Ré, playing in very stylish surroundings. Closed Mondays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Decorous and débutantish, with faint overtones of the Hamptons and the decorous ministrations of Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's band is in the Café Lounge. There's a small show, too, every day but Sunday. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Even though Miss Porter's and Groton have called back their young, the place seems to be holding its own. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, taking a very French view of the thing that makes the world go around. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Fina's orchestra is the main event on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's band lends a hand late in the evening. No supper dancing Sundays. Closes Wednesday, Sept. 29. On Thursday, Sept. 30, operations will commence in the Wedgwood Room, with Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy at supper, and dance music all evening by Eddy Duchin and his orchestra. Opening night will be a benefit for the Musicians Emergency Fund (CI 7-4108). No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley's adroit sleight of hand at the piano at the cocktail and dinner hour, and Cy Walter's intricate études at suppertime. On Sundays, Harold Cooke does both stints. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio for dancing (after eight-thirty) in this plushy nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sightly and peaceable spot to listen (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) to John Kelley's piano. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): One of the best of the old-timers, with Mary McNally at the piano during cocktails and Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **PERROQUET,** Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): After dinner, except Mondays, Hugh Shannon and his special songs for the lovelorn. . . . **LITTLE CASINO,** 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, chirping merrily on his own tiny hearthstone. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate are at the piano, and Mae Barnes sings brashly but amiably. Closed Mondays. . . . **PENTHOUSE,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joan Barton, a Hollywood miss, starts singing at ten-thirty every evening except Sunday. On Wednesday, Sept. 29, the impeccable Maxine Sullivan comes back to town. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A knowing but chummy alcove, with Faconi's violin from dinnertime on, and Sonny Kendis and his trio after ten. . . . **SAZARAC,** 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): A dim but comfortable greenroom where (from Friday, Sept. 24, on) the trade can talk things over, after ten, to the accompaniment of Ralph Strain's piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A placid haven, with Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): In the Raleigh Room, Ann Hathaway, draped becomingly against a Steinway, singing good, throaty torch songs. Jan August is the operator of the Steinway and of a small dance band. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Except Mondays, Val Ernie and his orchestra play for dancing from teatime on. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latin-American life in its jauntiest and most neighborly form. Dancing; closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nype and Coté, that innocent young couple, singing disarmingly every evening. Old movies, too, on Monday nights, but maybe you like to stay home Mondays anyway.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne's elegant demonstration of what to do with a song, and a new collection of those heartwarming Copa showgirls. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. . . . **EBONY,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (PL 7-5314): The matchless Billie Holiday is the excellent (and the only) reason for an evening in this effervescent shooting gallery.

SUPPER CLUBS

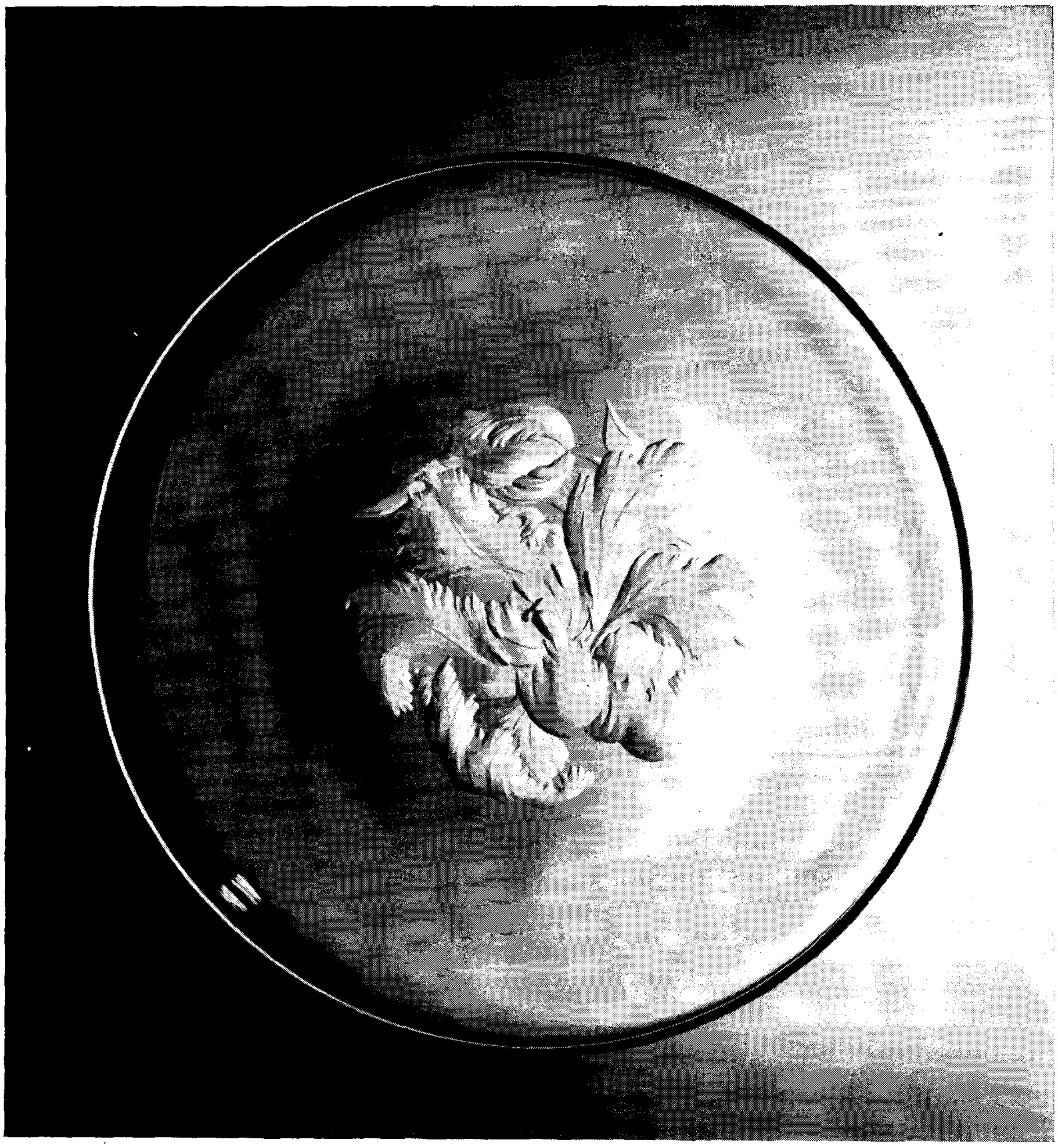
(No dancing.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): John Buckmaster's sardonic commentaries on people and things that are too much with us. Slightly more knockabout humor by Louise Howard and Aileen Stanley, Jr.; ingenious part singing by the Delta Rhythm Boys. The background music is provided by the eminent Stuart Ross and Ellis Larkin's leprechauns. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, singing about a collection of Manhattan types that should long ago have been given back to the Indians. Tony Craig sings, too, and Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton play piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The real gone music of the Normann Paris Trio is the setting for the bright remarks of Connie Sawyer and the team of Fletcher and Sheidy. Songs by the beguiling little Gigi Durston and the worldly Paul Villard. Julius Monk is the guiding spirit. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Thelonious Monk and his band of serious thinkers at work on their quaint tribal bebop folk music; in between, some impressive piano by Billy Taylor, and some songs by Jilla Webb. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, the Paul Bunyan of the trumpet, plus Georg Brunis and other men of iron. Ralph Sutton plays piano during their leisure moments. Anything goes Tuesday nights, when itinerant masters of the art drop in for a busman's holiday. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Ernie Caceres, and friends, in a housewarming mood. Sunday afternoon is jam time here. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' eloquent trio is on hand, and Chippie Hill declaims her blues every night but Monday, when there is a jam session. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's septet, which in-



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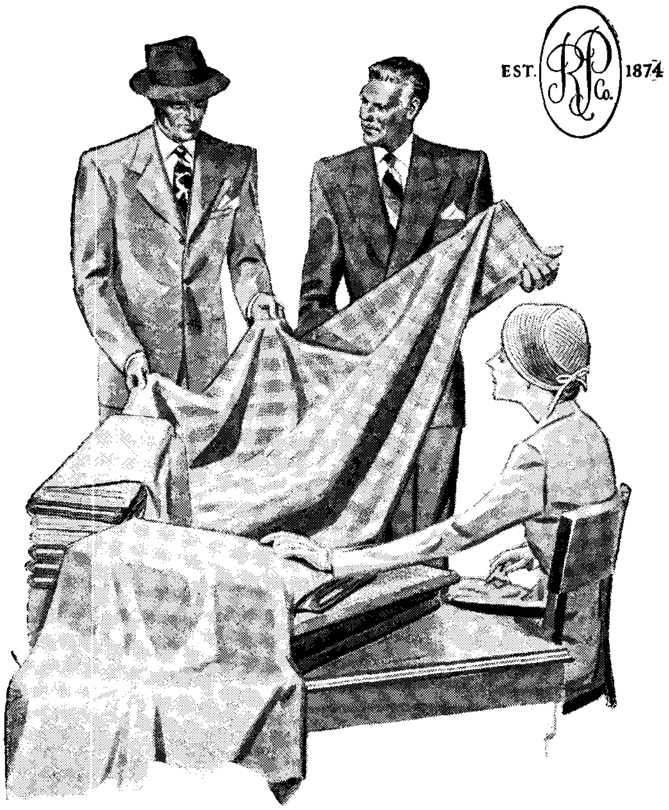

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cludes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, playing subtle but fervent dance music in a place that really is big enough for dancing. No music on Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Mary Osborne Trio will be back inside the oval bar again from Tuesday, Sept. 28, on.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Bernie Cummins' orchestra and an ice show. A fill-in orchestra operates Sundays. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's band starting Wednesday, Sept. 29. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his orchestra open the fall semester here on Monday, Sept. 27. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN FOLK ART—Large, sober portraits of American families, often surprisingly full of realism. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Sept. 25.)

FRANK GEBHART—Imaginatively composed but rather sombre seascapes and still lifes. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Mondays through Fridays, and Saturdays until noon; through Sept. 29.)

GRAPHIC ARTS—An excellent variety of work, executed from copper plates, stone, and wood blocks, and ranging from Miro's singleness of line, Rouault's heavy outlines, and Portinari's sharp black and white chunks to explicit studies in massed detail by Munch, Peterdi, Badmin, Hayter, and Tschacbasov. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St.; through Sept. 25.)

GROUPS—At the **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Everett Spruce, José de Rivera, Charles Umlauf, and others; through Sept. 24. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French and American paintings and drawings, through Oct. 2. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings of New York, including work by John Sloan, Louis Bouché, and Yvonne Pène du Bois; Mondays through Fridays, through Sept. 30. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Recent paintings by Fred Nagler, Waldo Peirce, and others of this gallery's group; through Oct. 2. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: A new show of works by Joe Jones, Bruce Mitchell, Sigmund Menkes, and others; through Sept. 25. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: A group of gouaches and watercolors by American artists, including dock scenes by Sol Wilson, rocky coastlines by Jean Liberté, and small effective figures by Lee Jackson; through Sept. 30. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings in oil, gouache, and watercolor, among them some by Joseph DeMartini, James Lechay, and Andrew Wyeth; through Sept. 30.

WINSLOW HOMER AND EASTMAN JOHNSON—A roomful apiece of small paintings and other works. Also, portraits by Cézanne, Corot, Renoir, and other nineteenth-century French artists. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 30.)

NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY—A first-rate memorial show of Marion Cunningham's silk screen prints, filled with striking pinks, blacks, jungle greens, and shimmering yellows. (National Serigraph Society, 38 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 9.)

LESTER RONDELL—A large collection of oils, sometimes brightly colored. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 2.)

MAURICE UTRILLO—An engaging set of his earlier paintings, which are more lively than his later ones. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Oct. 2.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **SIDNEY JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: F. Léger; through Oct. 16. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56th St.: Augustus John and Isabel Bishop; through Oct. 9. . . . **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

George Russin; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.; Mondays through Fridays, through Oct. 16. **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 1. **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 2.

Note—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square can be seen daily, through Oct. 3, from noon until dark.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In observance of New York's Golden Anniversary, the Costume Institute has arranged a show of portraits by Sargent and other painters of the nineties, together with costumes of the period. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty photographs, by as many photographers, taken during the last hundred years; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Four pieces, two by van Gogh and two by Seurat, recently acquired by the Museum; through Oct. 24. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.)

MUSIC

Lemonade Opera—Final performances of the season (all in English)—Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23-24: "The Duenna." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25: "La Serva Padrona" and "Hansel and Gretel." (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Nightly at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Boston, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 28-30, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, Sept. 23, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 28-29, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 2 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 24, at 2:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25-26, at 2 P.M.

Boxing—Ike Williams vs. Jesse Flores, 15 rounds for the Lightweight Championship; and Ray Robinson vs. Kid Gavilan, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday, Sept. 23. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; first main bout at 10. For tickets, call CO 5-6811.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 25**: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. N.Y.U., at Ithaca, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Navy vs. California, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 2**: Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Cornell, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

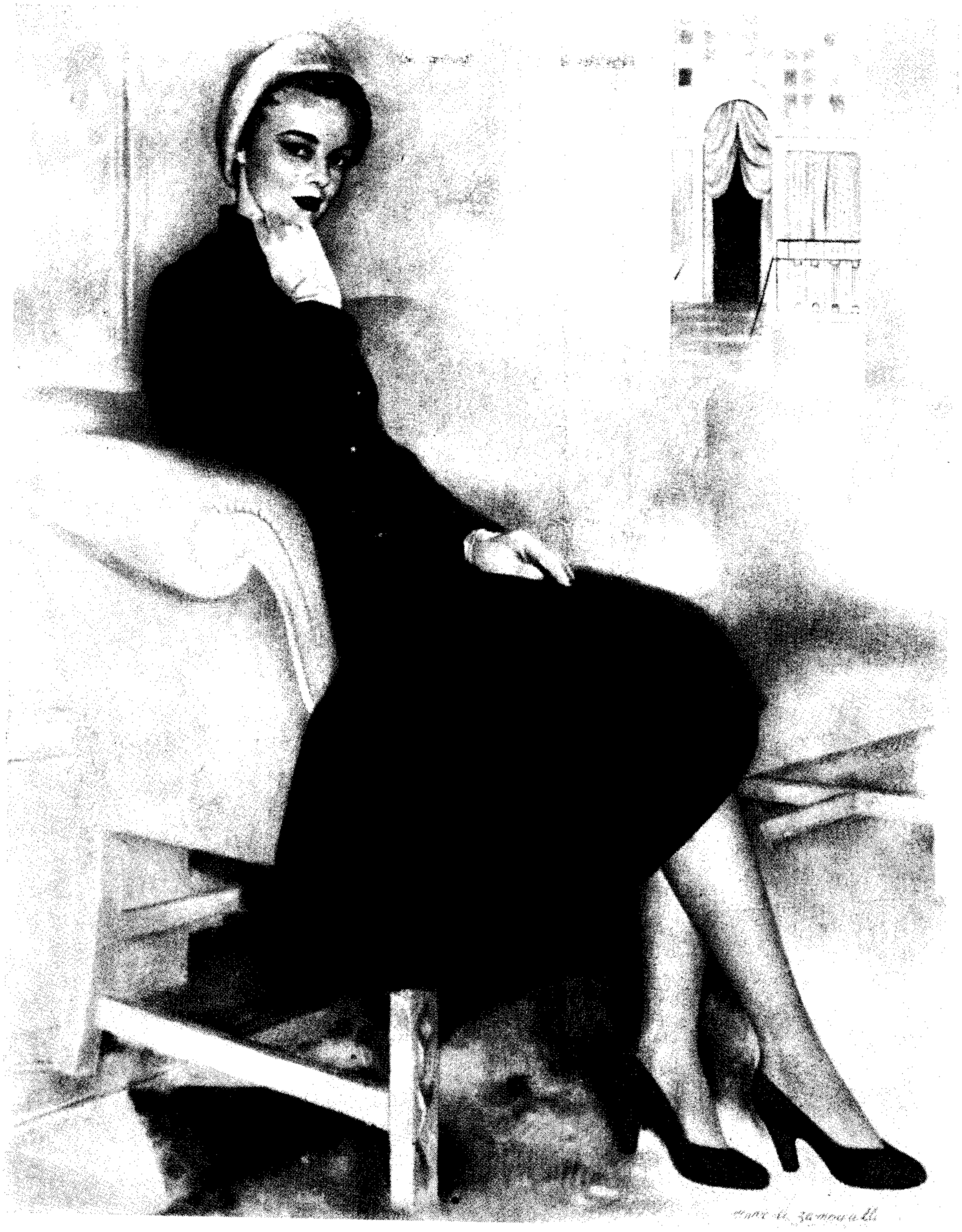
Dog Shows—Suffolk County Kennel Club. (Bay Shore, L.I. Saturday, Sept. 25.) . . . ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Westbury, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 26.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 2.)

Horse Shows—Chester County-Bryn Mawr Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 23-25.) . . . ¶ Montclair Show. (Montclair, N.J. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25.) . . . ¶ Rock Spring Riding Club Show. (West Orange, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 2-3.)

Hunt Racing—*Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association.* (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Sept. 29, and Saturday, Oct. 2.)

Polo—All-star match. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 3:30 P.M. A special train for the polo field leaves Penn Station at 2 P.M.)

Racing—At Belmont Park: Weekdays at 1:15



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P.M.; through Saturday, Oct. 2. The Futurity and the New York Handicap, Sept. 25; the Ladies Handicap, Sept. 28; the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Oct. 1; the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Champagne Stakes, Oct. 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:25 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "The 200-Inch Telescope." Beginning Friday, Oct. 1, there will be a new one, called "Autumn Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTION—English and American furniture and objects of art, owned by Ambrose C. Cramer, and the late Jeanne Roulet Pavey, Percy A. Rockefeller, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 23-25, at 2 P.M.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Queen Elizabeth: Sails Thursday, Sept. 23, at 12:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Britannic: Sails Thursday, Sept. 23, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Sails Friday, Sept. 24, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Arrives Sunday, Sept. 26; sails Friday, Oct. 1, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Wednesday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Wednesday, Sept. 29; sails Friday, Oct. 1, at 12:01 A.M.

NOTES—Daylight-saving time will come to an end on Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour. . . . ¶ Registration days for the coming election are Monday through Friday, Sept. 27-Oct. 1, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 2, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Max Reiter conducting, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ John Charles Thomas, baritone, Sunday, Sept. 26, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Lily Pons, soprano, Monday, Sept. 27, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—James Stewart in "That's Gratitude," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Sept. 26, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Boxing: Ike Williams vs. Jesse Flores, 15 rounds for the Lightweight Championship, at Yankee Stadium, Thursday, Sept. 23, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ College Football: Notre Dame vs. Purdue, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ, WNBC; Ohio State vs. Missouri, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:45 P.M., WCBS; Navy vs. California, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1:45 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION—Newsreels: Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX; daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Sept. 26, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Jessica Tandy in "Portrait of the Madonna," a new piece by Tennessee Williams, Sunday, Sept. 26, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin in a ballet program, Sunday, Sept. 26, at 7:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon and some of his musicians, Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ "Thief of Bagdad," a Korda film, with Sabu and Conrad Veidt, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ College Football: Navy vs. California, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1:50 P.M., WPIX; Columbia vs. Rutgers, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1:45 P.M., WCBS; Army vs. Villanova, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1:45 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Boston, Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:25 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD, of the Dodgers on WCBS, and of the Giants on WNBT.

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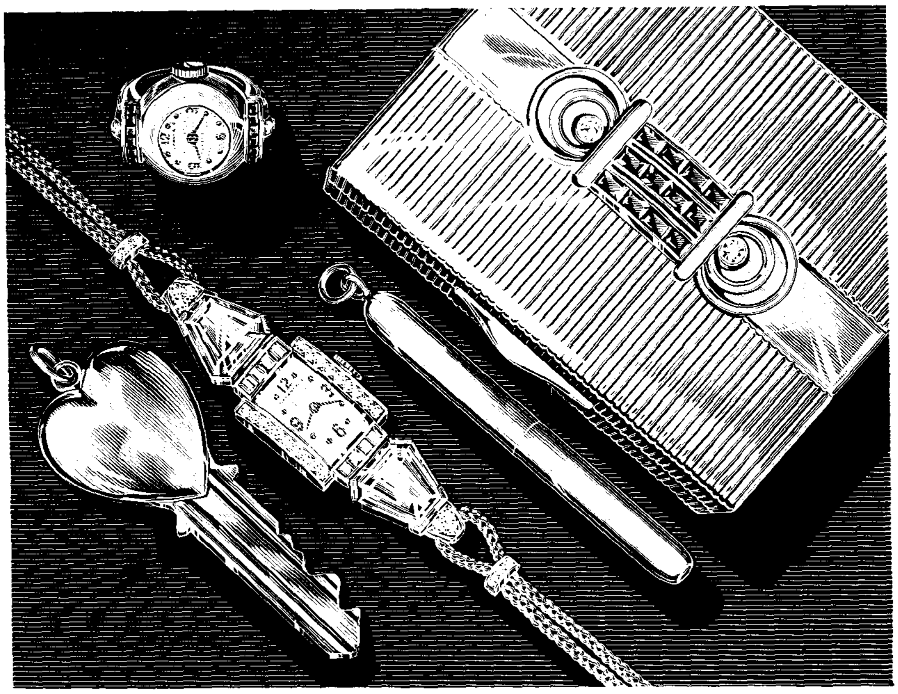

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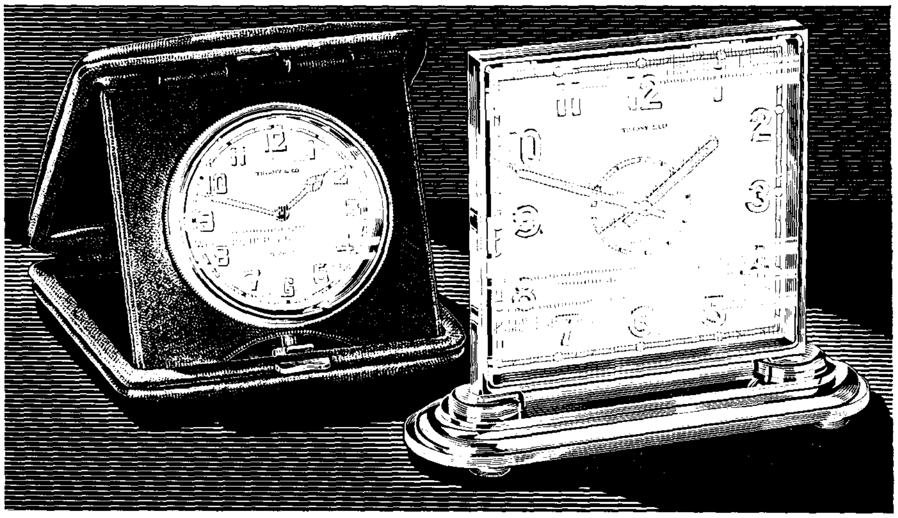

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Big Clock—Weird and alarming doings in a publishing office. The editor of a detective magazine tries to keep his publisher from discovering that he spent several boozy hours with an alluring blonde whom the publisher later had occasion to kill. Ray Milland is the hired hand and Charles Laughton his boss. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 23.)

Day of Wrath—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century is the subject of this Danish film. The picture shows what a great director (in this case, Carl Dreyer) can do with an intelligent script, a splendid cast, and an incredibly discerning camera. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738.)

Four Faces West—A non-violent but reasonably diverting Western, which exhibits Joel McCrea as a kindly bank robber, who is helped along by Frances Dee, Joseph Calleia, and Charles Bickford. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Sept. 29.)

Key Largo—Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson having at each other somewhere off the Florida coast. What with the boys brandishing small arms, and a hurricane whipping about during a good part of the proceedings, the film is seldom dull. Claire Trevor, Lionel Barrymore, and Lauren Bacall round out the cast. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 27-29.)

The Lady from Shanghai—An intermittently exciting Orson Welles melodrama, dealing with an Irish tar, a mysterious lady, and a pair of lawyers, both balmy. Everett Sloane, Glenn Anders, Rita Hayworth, and some excellent views of the Mexican coast are of considerable service to Mr. Welles, who is rather lubberly as the sailor. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 24-26. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 24-25. . . . ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Sept. 26-28.)

Marriage in the Shadows—A German film that, by understatement, reveals more about Nazi customs than hosts of blood-and-thunder pictures on the subject have done. As a Jewish girl married to a Gentile, Ilse Steppat is first-rate, and she gets superior support from the other players. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Melody Time—A fair-to-middling Disney film, featuring Dennis Day, the Andrews Sisters, Buddy Clark, Roy Rogers, and others, and having to do with the adventures of Johnny Appleseed, Pecos Bill, and a tug called Little Toot. Children should enjoy it. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 26-27. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Sept. 28.)

Paisan—Six dramatic episodes that might have taken place during the invasion of Italy, pieced together by Roberto Rossellini, the director of "Open City," into an altogether remarkable film. The cast is predominantly amateur, and the dialogue is in English, Italian, and German. Produced in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Search—A moving account of the effect of war on some of Europe's children. A small boy called Ivan Jandl gives a fine performance as a displaced child reduced to the level of a wild animal by the horrors he has gone through. He is assisted by Aline MacMahon, Montgomery Clift, and another young prodigy, named Leopold Borkowski. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Sept. 29.)

Symphonie Pastorale—An adaptation of André Gide's story about a pastor who takes a blind girl into his home and presently finds himself hopelessly enamored of his ward. Superbly enacted by Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar, beautifully photographed, and perceptively directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Time of Your Life—The Saroyan comedy dealing with loquacious and eccentric barflies, amusingly fixed up for the screen. James and Jeanne Cagney head a cast that also includes William Bendix and James Barton. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Sept. 29.)

REVIVALS

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly nonsense cooked up by Noel Coward. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 26-28.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 23.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; through Sept. 27.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 24-28.)

Life with Father (1947)—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts in a Technicolor adaptation of the play based on Clarence Day's stories. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

The Little Minister (1934)—The James Barrie play, with Katharine Hepburn and John Beal. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 27.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Where people live forever. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 26-27. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 27-28.)

One Night of Love (1934)—Grace Moore in a Hollywood opera. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 24-28.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 26-29. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 28.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the tedium of a dreary marriage by the war. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Sept. 25-26.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule—Through Sept. 26: "One A.M." (1916), and "The Kid" (1921), both with Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 27: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Babe Ruth Story," William Bendix, Claire Trevor.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Luxury Liner," George Brent, Jane Powell.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Rope," James Stewart.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Sept. 23: "Ruthless," Zachary Scott.
From Sept. 24: "Olympic Games of 1948," documentary film.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Rachel and the Stranger," Loretta Young, Robert Mitchum.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Good Sam," Ann Sheridan, Gary Cooper.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 28: "Two Guys from Texas," Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
From Sept. 29: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Sorry, Wrong Number," Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Sept. 28 matinée: "The Velvet Touch," Rosalind Russell, Leo Genn, Sydney Greenstreet.
From Sept. 28, at 5 P.M.: "An Innocent Affair," Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 28: "The Luck of the Irish," Tyrone Power, Anne Baxter.
From Sept. 29: "Cry of the City," Richard Conte, Victor Mature.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Loves of Carmen," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
LIFE WITH FATHER, revival.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Through Sept. 26: "Larceny," John Payne, Joan Caulfield. Theatre closed after Sept. 26.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"The Room Upstairs" (in French), Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"Private Life of an Actor" (in French), Sacha Guitry.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
DAY OF WRATH.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Dreams That Money Can Buy," Hans Richter Surrealist film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
HENRY V, revival.

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through Sept. 26: "Quiet Week End," Derek Farr.
Sept. 27-28: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 29, at 8:30 P.M.: "Hamlet," Laurence Olivier. (Showings are afternoons at 2:30 and nightly at 8:30; special performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
Through Sept. 27: **HOLIDAY**, revival.
From Sept. 28: "The Louisiana Story," Robert Flaherty documentary film.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 27: **THE LITTLE MINISTER,** revival.
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 25: **KEY LARGO;** and "Wallflower," Robert Hutton, Joyce Reynolds.
Sept. 26-29: "Forever and a Day," revival, Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, Merle Oberon; and "Tight Shoes," revival, Binnie Barnes, John Howard.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Sept. 23: **UN CARNET DE BAL,** revival; and "Lady in the Lake," revival, Robert Montgomery.
Sept. 24-28: **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT,** revival; and **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE,** revival.
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 28: **FOUR FACES WEST;** and **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**
From Sept. 29: **THE SEARCH;** and "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Sept. 24: "The Bride Goes Wild," Van Johnson, June Allyson.
Sept. 25-26: **VACATION FROM MARRIAGE,** revival.
Sept. 27-29: **KEY LARGO.**

Normandie, Park at 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
Sept. 23: **THE BIG CLOCK.**
Sept. 24-26: **THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI.**
Sept. 27-28: **LOST HORIZON,** revival.
From Sept. 29: "The Pirate," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through Sept. 28: "Two Guys from Texas," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
From Sept. 29: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through Sept. 24: "The Sainted Sisters," Veronica Lake, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald.
Sept. 25-29: "Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 27: "Furia" (in Italian), revival.
From Sept. 28: "The Bishop's Wife," revival, Loretta Young, Cary Grant, David Niven.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 28: **FOUR FACES WEST;** and **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**
From Sept. 29: **THE SEARCH;** and "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.

Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Sept. 23: "The Street with No Name," Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens; and "The Music Man," Jimmy Dorsey.
Sept. 24-25: **THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI;** and "The Mating of Millie," Evelyn Keyes, Glenn Ford.
Sept. 26-27: **LOST HORIZON,** revival; and "Adam Had Four Sons," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter.
From Sept. 28: **MELODY TIME;** and "Return of the Bad Men," Randolph Scott, Robert Ryan, Anne Jeffreys.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Sept. 23: **MELODY TIME.**
Sept. 24-26: "The Bride Goes Wild," Van Johnson, June Allyson.
Sept. 27-29: **KEY LARGO.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 28: "Two Guys from Texas," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
From Sept. 29: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.

Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Sept. 23: "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein;" and "Casbah," Yvonne DeCarlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre.
Sept. 24-27: "Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer; and "New Orleans," revival, Arturo De Cordova, Dorothy Patrick.
Sept. 28: "Secret Service Investigator," Lynne Roberts; and "Caged Fury," revival, Richard Denning.
From Sept. 29: "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," William Powell, Ann Blyth; and "Feudin', Fussin', and a-Fightin'," Marjorie Main.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 26: "The Fuller Brush Man," Red Skelton, Janet Blair; and "Coroner Creek," Randolph Scott, Marguerite Chapman.
Sept. 27-28: "Love Letters," revival, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten; and "Kitty," revival, Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland.
From Sept. 29: **FOUR FACES WEST;** and **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 25: "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein;" and "Casbah," Yvonne DeCarlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre.
Sept. 26-27: **MELODY TIME;** and "Return of the Bad Men," Randolph Scott, Robert Ryan, Anne Jeffreys.
From Sept. 28: **TORMENT,** revival; and "Passionnelle" (in French).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 25: "Tales of Manhattan," revival, Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers.
Sept. 26-28: **BLITHE SPIRIT,** revival.
From Sept. 29: "Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

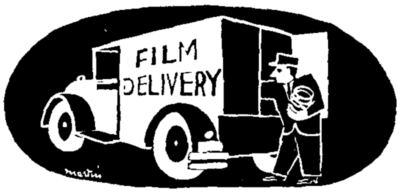
Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 27: "The Fuller Brush Man," Red Skelton, Janet Blair; and "Coroner Creek," Randolph Scott, Marguerite Chapman.
Sept. 28: "Love Letters," revival, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten; and "Kitty," revival, Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland.
From Sept. 29: **FOUR FACES WEST;** and **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 25: **MELODY TIME;** and "Return of the Bad Men," Randolph Scott, Robert Ryan, Anne Jeffreys.
Sept. 26-29: **TORMENT,** revival; and "Passionnelle" (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 28: "Two Guys from Texas," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
From Sept. 29: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Sept. 25: "The Sainted Sisters," Veronica Lake, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald; and "Albuquerque," Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton.
Sept. 26-27: "Mutiny on the Blackhawk," revival, Richard Arlen; and "Ex-Champ," revival, Victor McLaglen.
From Sept. 28: "Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer; and "New Orleans," revival, Arturo De Cordova, Dorothy Patrick.

Colonial, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through Sept. 28: "Two Guys from Texas," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
From Sept. 29: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.



Beacon, B'way at 74th. (TR 4-9132)
Through Sept. 25: "The Bride Goes Wild," Van Johnson, June Allyson; and "Summer Holiday," Mickey Rooney, Gloria De Haven.
Sept. 26-28: **THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI;** and "The Mating of Millie," Evelyn Keyes, Glenn Ford.
From Sept. 29: "The Sainted Sisters," Veronica Lake, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald; and "Albuquerque," Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton.

77th Street, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through Sept. 26: "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein;" and "Casbah," Yvonne DeCarlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre.
Sept. 27-28: "The Secret Heart," revival, Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon, June Allyson; and "Holiday in Mexico," revival, Walter Pidgeon, Ilona Massey.
From Sept. 29: "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," William Powell, Ann Blyth; and "Feudin', Fussin', and a-Fightin'," Marjorie Main.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 28: **FOUR FACES WEST;** and **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**
From Sept. 29: **THE SEARCH;** and "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.

Yorktown, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Sept. 23: "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein;" and "Casbah," Yvonne DeCarlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre.
Sept. 24-25: "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer; and "Carnegie Hall," revival, all-star musical cast.
Sept. 26-28: "Morning Glory," revival, Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Wings of the Morning," revival, Annabella, Henry Fonda.
From Sept. 29: "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," William Powell, Ann Blyth; and "Feudin', Fussin', and a-Fightin'," Marjorie Main.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Sept. 28: "Two Guys from Texas," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
From Sept. 29: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Sept. 23: **LOST HORIZON,** revival; and "Adam Had Four Sons," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter.
Sept. 24-27: "The Pirate," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; and "Adventures of Casanova," Arturo De Cordova, Lucille Bremer.
From Sept. 28: "The Bride Goes Wild," Van Johnson, June Allyson; and "Summer Holiday," Mickey Rooney, Gloria De Haven.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Sept. 28: **FOUR FACES WEST;** and **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**
From Sept. 29: **THE SEARCH;** and "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Sept. 28: "Two Guys from Texas," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
From Sept. 29: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.

Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through Sept. 28: **FOUR FACES WEST;** and **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.**
From Sept. 29: **THE SEARCH;** and "On an Island with You," Esther Williams, Jimmy Durante.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Sept. 28: "Two Guys from Texas," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige; and "Man-Eater of Kumaon," Sabu, Wendell Corey.
From Sept. 29: "That Lady in Ermine," Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Fury at Furnace Creek," Victor Mature, Coleen Gray.

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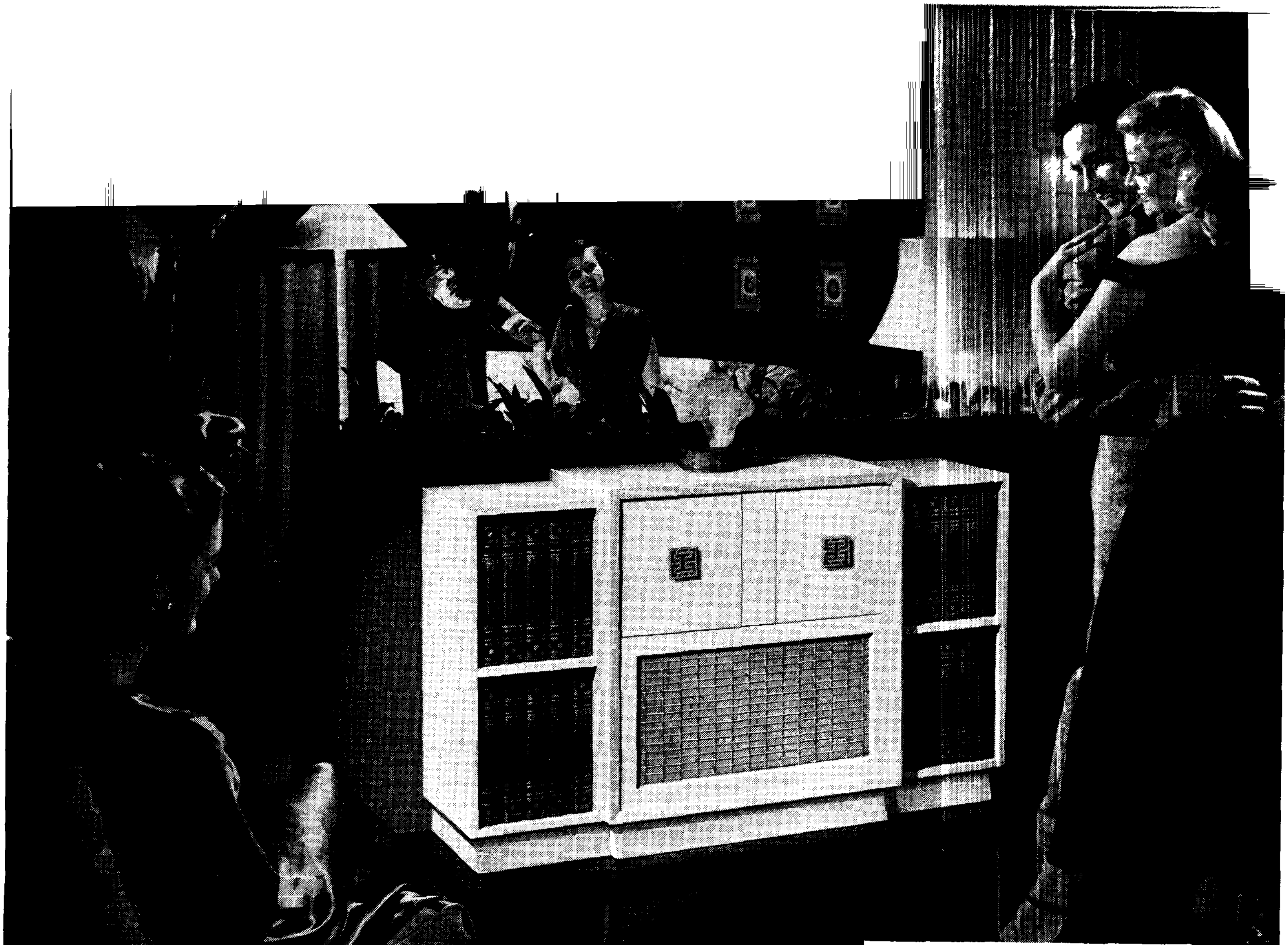

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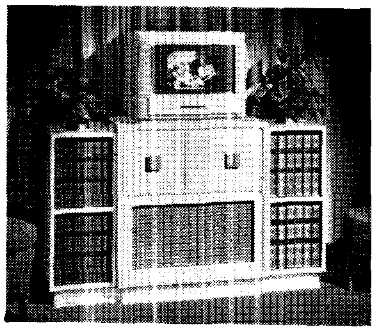

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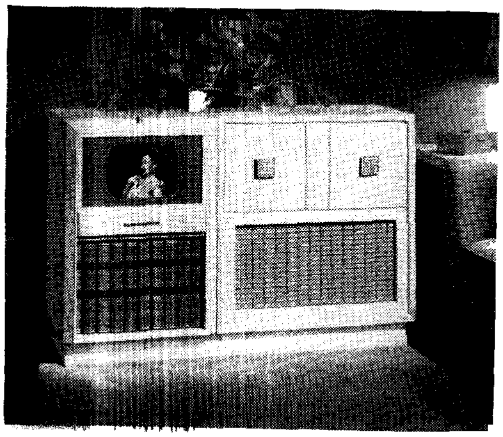

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Maybe you'd like our representative to tell you more about how editorial screening selects your best market for you.

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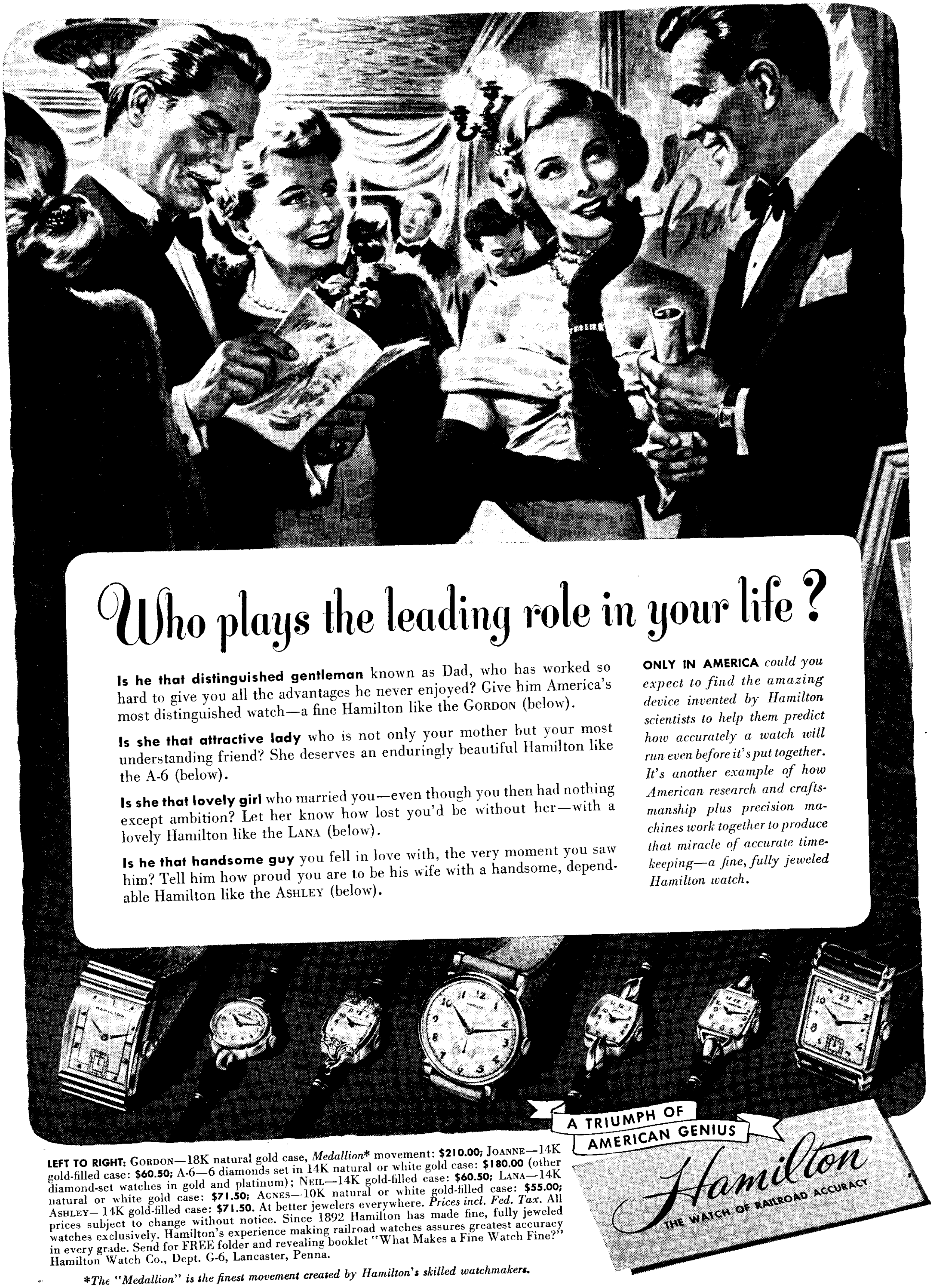

Who plays the leading role in your life?

Is he that distinguished gentleman known as Dad, who has worked so hard to give you all the advantages he never enjoyed? Give him America's most distinguished watch—a fine Hamilton like the GORDON (below).

Is she that attractive lady who is not only your mother but your most understanding friend? She deserves an enduringly beautiful Hamilton like the A-6 (below).

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Is he that handsome guy you fell in love with, the very moment you saw him? Tell him how proud you are to be his wife with a handsome, dependable Hamilton like the ASHLEY (below).

ONLY IN AMERICA *could you expect to find the amazing device invented by Hamilton scientists to help them predict how accurately a watch will run even before it's put together. It's another example of how American research and craftsmanship plus precision machines work together to produce that miracle of accurate timekeeping—a fine, fully jeweled Hamilton watch.*

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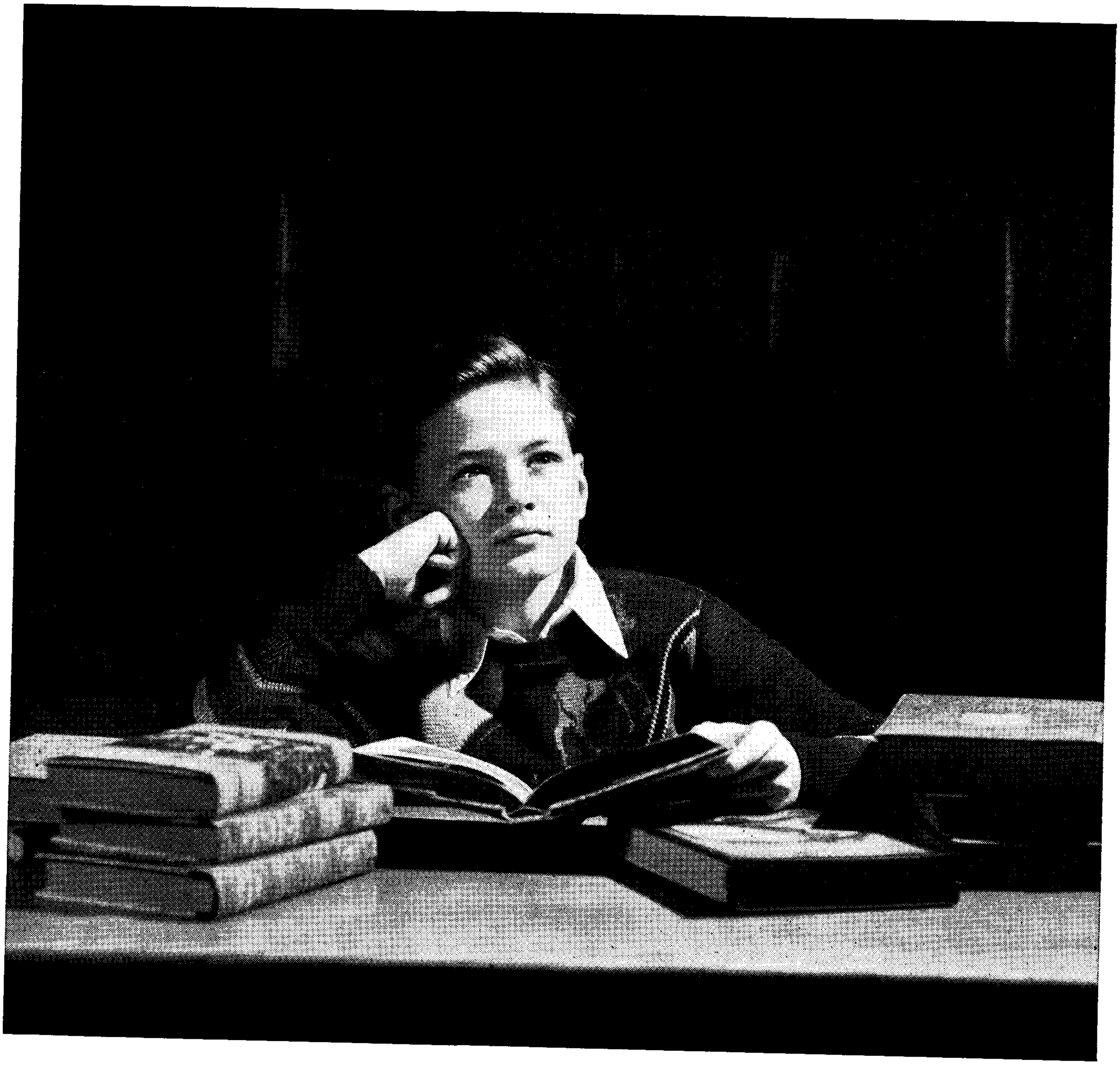

From experience comes faith

Watch a young boy comparing and selecting book after book.

They look much alike to him now. When he is older, through experience, he will have judgment. He will know books he can live by. The rest can gather dust on the shelf.

Life is like that. Out of each new experience, a man gathers wisdom. He learns to hold fast to things of proven worth.

By comparison, man also learns the value of things unseen, things in which he finally puts his faith.

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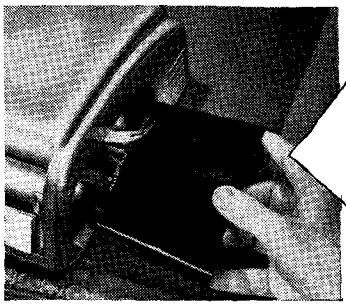

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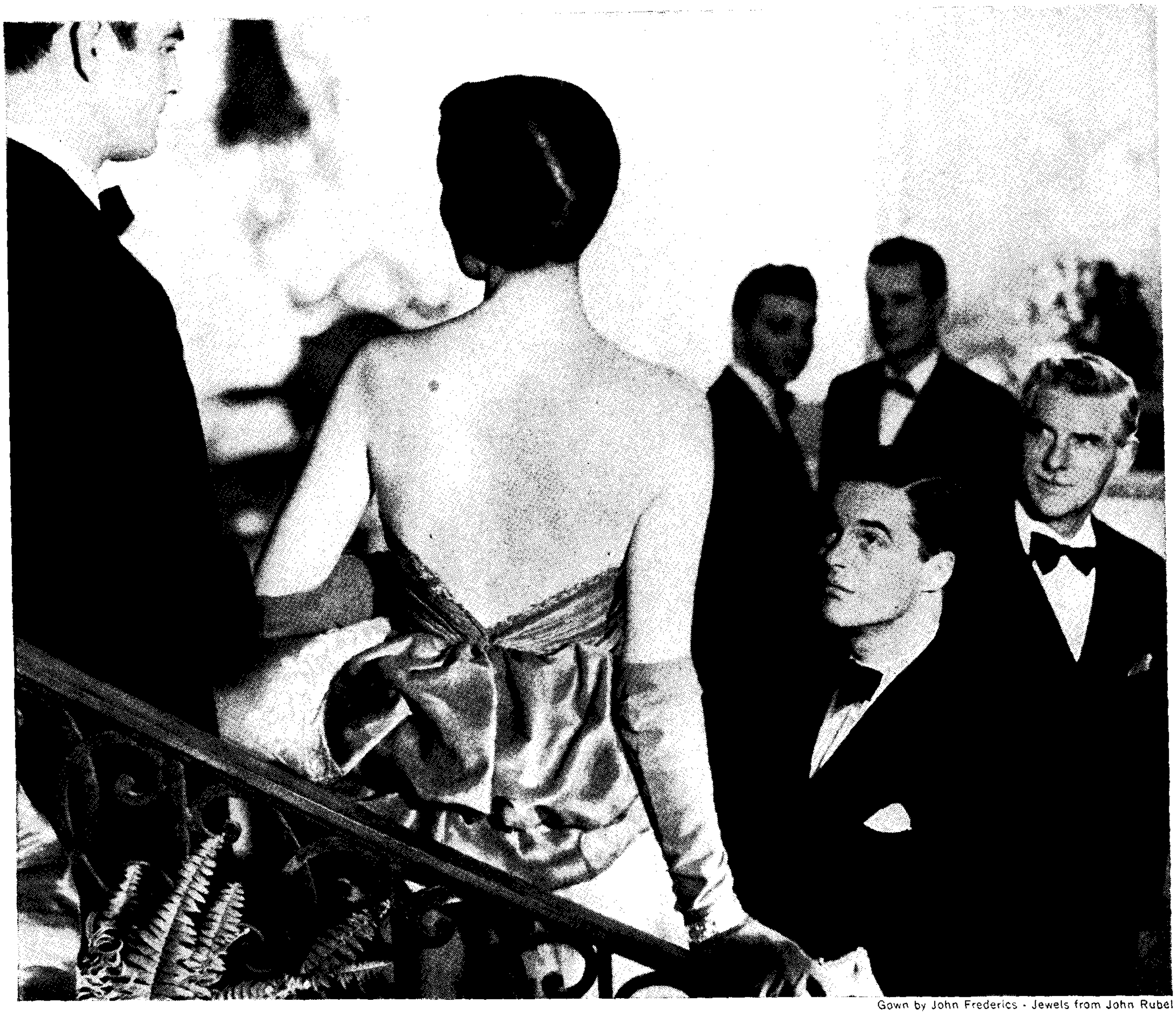

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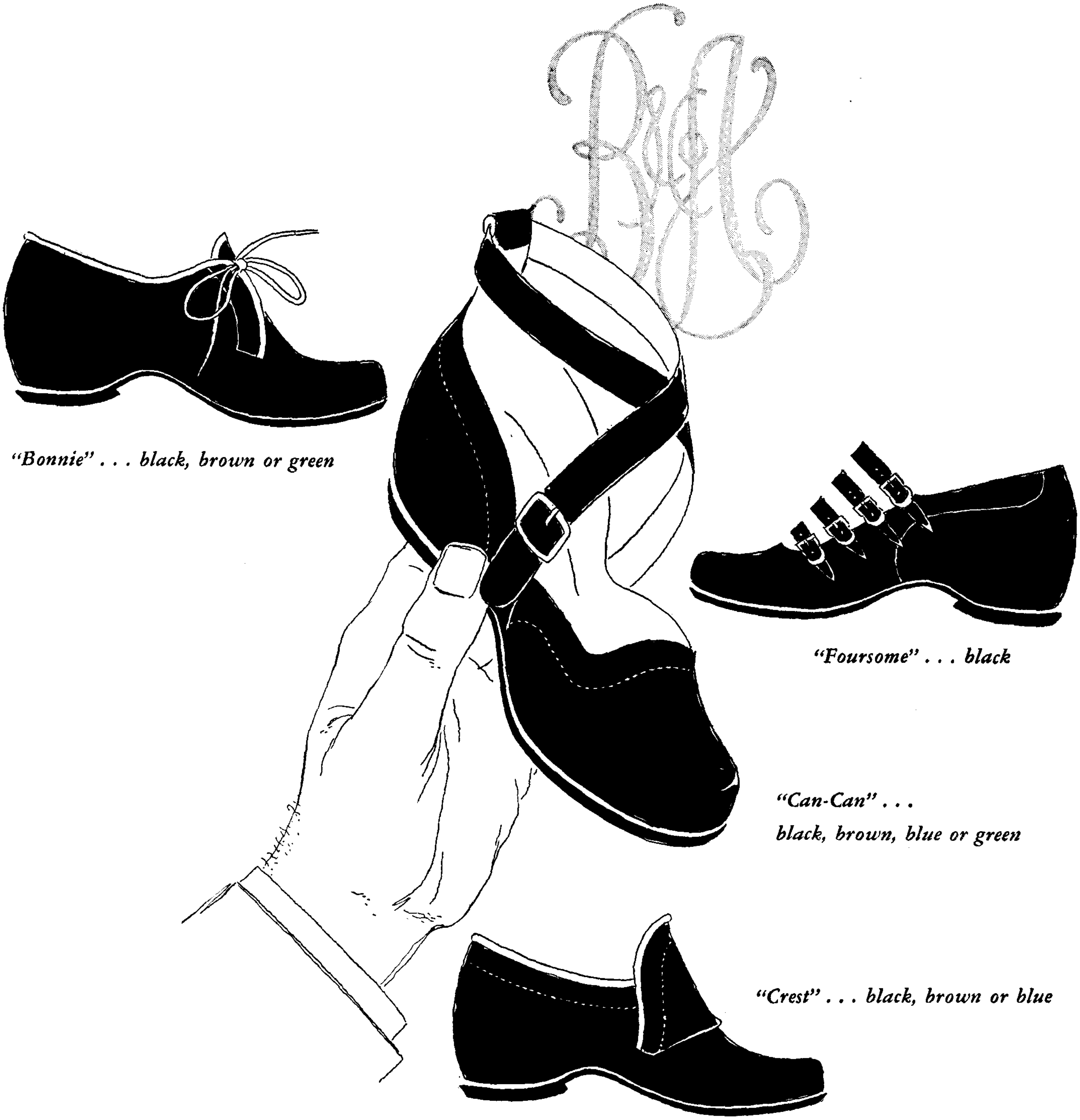

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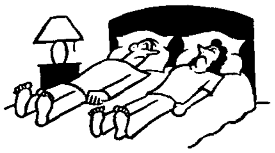
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

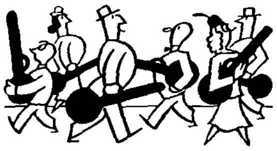
THIS town is full of persons who sleep fitfully on expensive innerspring mattresses that have been stiffened (or decontaminated) by expensive plywood bedboards, thus giving the sleepers' spines a solid support. These same bewitched persons, who paid through the nose for one slice of modernity only to discover that they had to go back and buy another slice to take the curse off it—these same persons, having brought their beds up to date with a bedboard, may now bring their automobiles up to date with a gadget called a Hande-Feed Finger Tip Gas Control. A mail-order firm in St. Louis is advertising it. It is installed in fifteen minutes. It costs $5.95. The manufacturer claims that it will enable you to relax while you drive—no toe on the accelerator. And if you are an old, old man, it may occur to you that what you are buying as an extra for your modern car is simply the hand throttle that used to be standard equipment on all cars in the days before streamlining set in. These are gay times. A man pays three thousand dollars for a new car, and then shells out an additional $5.95 for a hand throttle. Still, it's a hopeful sign. If auto-gadget makers are beginning to dig into the past for new ideas, maybe they'll come up with a lot of things. We may yet be able to buy special mail-order fenders that permit a car to be parked without the help of radar, and a special mail-order driver's seat that affords the pilot a view of the thirty feet of road immediately ahead of his front bumper.



INMATES of Jersey prisons, we regret to report, are no longer allowed to sell manuscripts to magazines. We are frank to say that we hate to see the flow of literary material dried up at the source. Apparently, Jersey has been fretting about its creative jailbirds ever since an unusually industrious one named Edwin J. Becker managed to clean up thirty-five thousand dollars in two years of uninterrupted magazine writing while a guest of the State. There is no question but that conditions in jail are favorable for a writer. "Mein Kampf" is a classic example of what a complete rest and no phone calls can do for a naturally thoughtful man. The new ruling in Jersey, however, poses a couple of rather difficult questions. What is the status of a person who has broken out of jail? Can he write for dough, since he is no longer supported by taxpayers' money? And what is the duty of a magazine receiving in the mail an illicit but very beautiful sonnet, say, from some sweet-voiced embezzler in a Jersey clink? Should the magazine encourage the man? A short, friendly note, perhaps? Or a blueberry pie with a check baked into it?

"Dat Yam Rag"

THE banjo, which, like knickers, went mysteriously out of vogue in the thirties, is now, like knickers, making an unexpected and vigorous comeback—so vigorous, in fact, that eager young banjoists have swelled the rolls of the American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists, and Guitarists a good twenty-five per cent in the last year or so and membership is at the moment increasing at such a pace that some optimistic Guildsmen predict that it will shortly be double its present total of fifteen hundred professionals and fifteen hundred students. After considerable research, we're forced to confess that the cause of the banjo revival remains obscure. There is nothing you can really put your finger on. The boom has been attributed to the renascence of vaudeville on television; there's a banjoist, for example, strumming away like mad in "Captain Billy's Mississippi Music Hall," a weekly thirty-minute exhumation of river-boat routines, but people who ought to know regard this and similar manifestations as consequences of the boom, not the causes. What is unquestionably a consequence is the recent issuance, by Victor Records, of the "American Banjo Album," in which Rex Schepp, an old banjo virtuoso of vaudeville, is starred. The records in this album lean toward the classical. Both sides of one of them are devoted to "Serenade Rhapsodic," a banjo concerto written by Nathaniel Shilkret in the dark days of 1942.



In the trade, the boom is sometimes attributed to the revival of a favorite song of 1924 entitled "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover (That I Overlooked Before)," as recorded for M-G-M Records by Art Mooney's band, featuring a brisk banjo performance by Mike Pingitore. One and a half million copies of this record have been sold since its release, in January. "Baby Face," another old-timer recorded by this group, came out in March, and its sale is now approaching the million mark. Pingitore was a member of Paul Whiteman's first band, and throughout the twenties one of the high points of the evening wherever Whiteman's orchestra was playing came when a baby spot was thrown on Pingitore and he did a solo of "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," "Wabash Blues," or, best of all, "Linger Awhile," which, beginning soft and slow, rose to a racing, thunderous climax, with the sound of the banjo wholly inundated by the final heavy Whiteman barrage, but with Pingitore's fingers flying faster and faster over the strings. The other great banjoist of that period was Eddie Peabody, who was distinguished by a Brooks Brothers, or possibly even a Princeton, air, and who is enjoying the present boom in a night spot outside Chicago. Pingitore, who lives in Cliffside, New Jersey, is just now sweating out the Petrillo ban on recordings. He is the composer of several banjo solos, including one called "Pinga Pep," and is the author of a book of instructions for beginners on the banjo. In his judgment, the banjo boom hasn't reached the halfway point and the recording of more old songs would *really* get it going. Among such old songs are "Dat Yam Rag," "Frog Frolics," "Pickaninny Pranks," "Krazy Kapers," "By the Watermelon Vine," "Sissy Giggles," "Pink Lemonade," "Who Dar!" (a cakewalk), "Hoop-E-Kack" (a two-step), and "Alhambra" (a schottische).

The oldest extant banjo-making firm is the Fred Gretsch Manufacturing Company, of Brooklyn, which was founded in 1883 and turns out a full line of the instruments, ranging in price from thirty to two hundred and fifty dollars. The firm reports banjo production up fifty per cent over prewar years and wishes it could say the same for ukulele production; the ukulele situation is grave indeed.

The banjo is the only instrument musicologists consider indigenous to America. The word itself comes from the Latin *pandura*, the name of a three-stringed instrument something like a lute. The first banjos are thought to have been devised by slaves in the South, toward the end of the eighteenth century, and were probably cheeseboxes rigged with gut strings. The early banjos had five strings. The tenor banjos generally seen around here now have only four, but the trend is back to the original number, and we understand that no self-respecting folk singer would think of launching "The Big Rock Candy Mountains" with fewer than five strings.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The uniform worn by the lady employees of the Acme Super-Markets, a grocery chain in Philadelphia, consists of a neat white dress unembellished except for a scarlet "A" on the breast.

Beside the Mount Vernon Memorial Highway, in Virginia, stands a terse sign: "Hunting Creek—No Hunting."

Survivor

THERE is only one surviving charter member of the Jockey Club, the self-perpetuating body, limited to a membership of fifty, that constitutes this country's central authority on the rules of racing and the registration of thoroughbreds. He is Mr. Alfred Hennen Morris, of 925 Park Avenue. We called on this monumental figure at his apartment the other day and discovered him to be a clean-shaven, powerfully built gentleman of eighty-four—the second octogenarian we have had the pleasure of interviewing within a couple of weeks. He received us sitting in his study, wearing a black suit, striped shirt, and white cravat. Beside him was his wife, a lady with delicate features and an alert expression. "I fear you will find me very uninteresting, as I have always been a happy man," he had written us when we asked for an appointment. His conversation belied the first, but not the second, part of this statement. "Mrs. Morris and I have been married fifty-nine years," he said, "and she has never spoken a harsh word to me." Mr. Morris told us that his grandfather, Francis Morris, became an important race-horse owner in New York during the eighteen-fifties; that in 1867 he won the first Belmont Stakes, with a mare called Ruthless; and that his (Alfred Morris's) father, John A. Morris, together with Leonard Jerome, who was Winston Churchill's American grandfather, built the Morris Park race track, in the Bronx. This was closed in 1904.

"I'll tell you this," Mr. Morris said, thumping the arm of his chair with his fist. "In 1881, when I was seventeen, coming home from two years' study in Germany, I went to England for the Derby and saw Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois win it. First time an American-owned horse won the Derby, and it's happened only three times since—Mr. Croker, Mr. Whitney, and Mr. Duryea." Mr. Morris graduated from Harvard in 1885 and became associated with his father in racing. "We owned some good horses around 1890," he said. "I remember one called Russell and a filly called Correction. In those days, a board of control, representing four or five race tracks in New York and New Jersey, laid down the rules, and so forth. While we were all very harmonious, we thought it wise to form a central organization, so in 1894 fifty owners and breeders, including myself, started the Jockey Club." The club now has its headquarters at 250 Park Avenue. No horse may race on the flat on a recognized course unless it has been registered in the *American Stud Book*, which the club publishes every four years. The club is governed by nine stewards, of whom Mr. Morris was one until last December, when he resigned both as steward and as vice-chairman, the latter an office he had held for five years. He has been the sole surviving charter member since the death of Perry Belmont, last year.

Mr. Morris, in association with his brother, the late Dave Hennen Morris, a lawyer, continued to race horses until 1907. "Before my father's death, in 1895," Mr. Morris told us, "he sent some mares to England to be bred to English stallions. My brother and I went over and brought the mares back, along with some of their progeny. One of the progeny, Bowling Brook, won the Belmont Stakes, and another, The Friar, won the Lawrence Realization." During the nineteen-twenties and thirties, Mr. Morris served as one of the three stewards at the Empire City track, in Yonkers. Until a year ago, when he began to find an afternoon at the track too taxing, he was a familiar figure, in season, at Jamaica, where racing is conducted by the Metropolitan Jockey Club, of which his son, John A. Morris, is president. "Mrs. Morris and I hardly ever leave the apartment now," he said. "I have an air-conditioning machine, so it's pleasant in summer. You know, I like to make jokes about the ladies. Do you know what woman's most successful posture is? It's imposture." Mrs. Morris smiled forbearingly and told us that last May the Jockey Club gave her husband a dinner at the Knickerbocker Club and presented him with a silver cup. "They called him their guiding light," she said.

Coincidence

A NEW ENGLAND librarian relates that he wrote in to the Library of Congress, which supplies a standard form of catalogue card to libraries all over the country, ordering a packet of cards and enclosing in payment a check for one dollar. The packet arrived some days later, followed closely by this scholarly epistle:

DEAR SIR:

You recently sent an order for cards amounting to $1.00 and enclosed a remittance of $1.00. The order happened to amount to $1.00. The transaction is thereby closed.

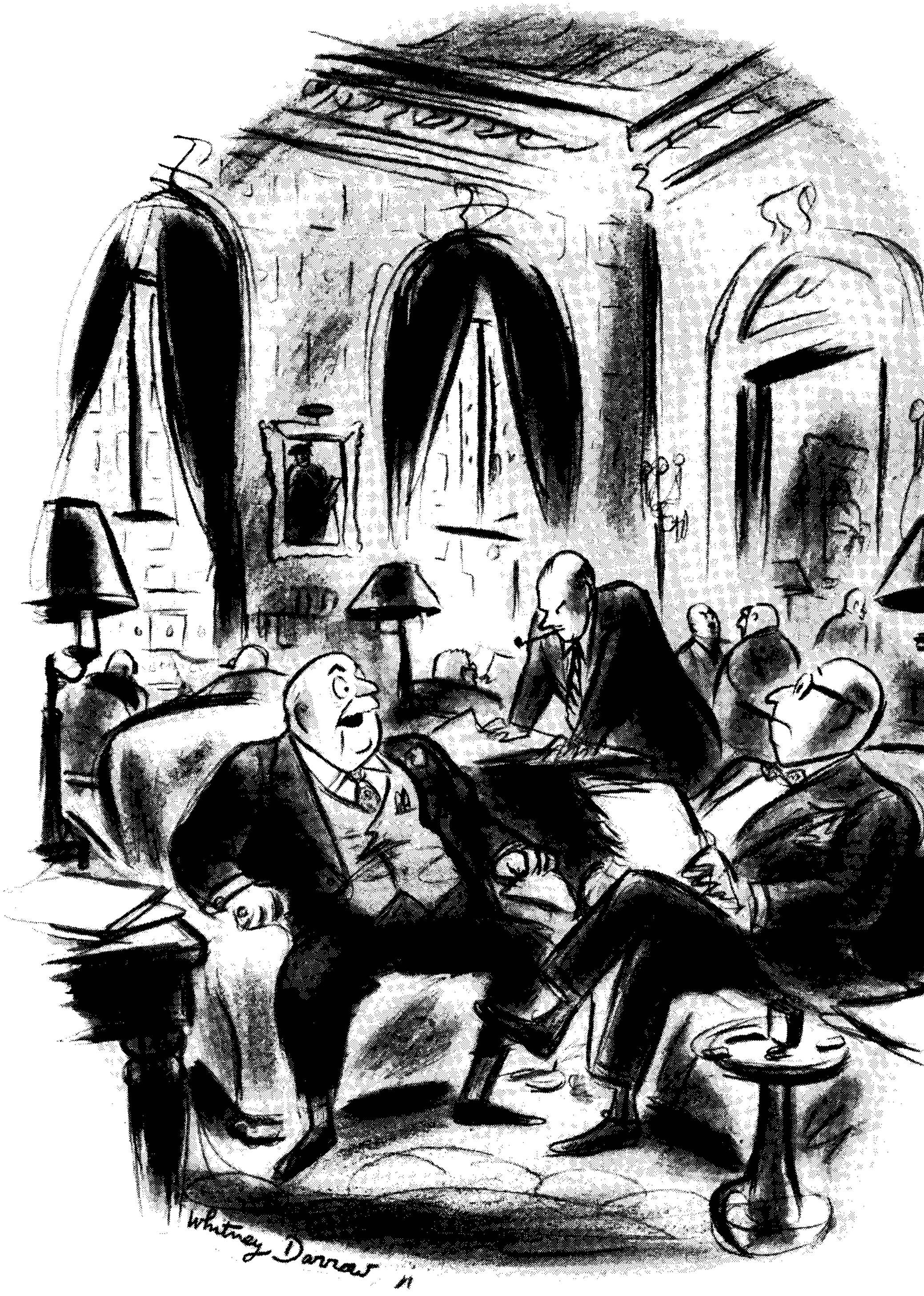
Clean

WE came away from an informative preëlection briefing by George J. Abrams, chief investigator of the

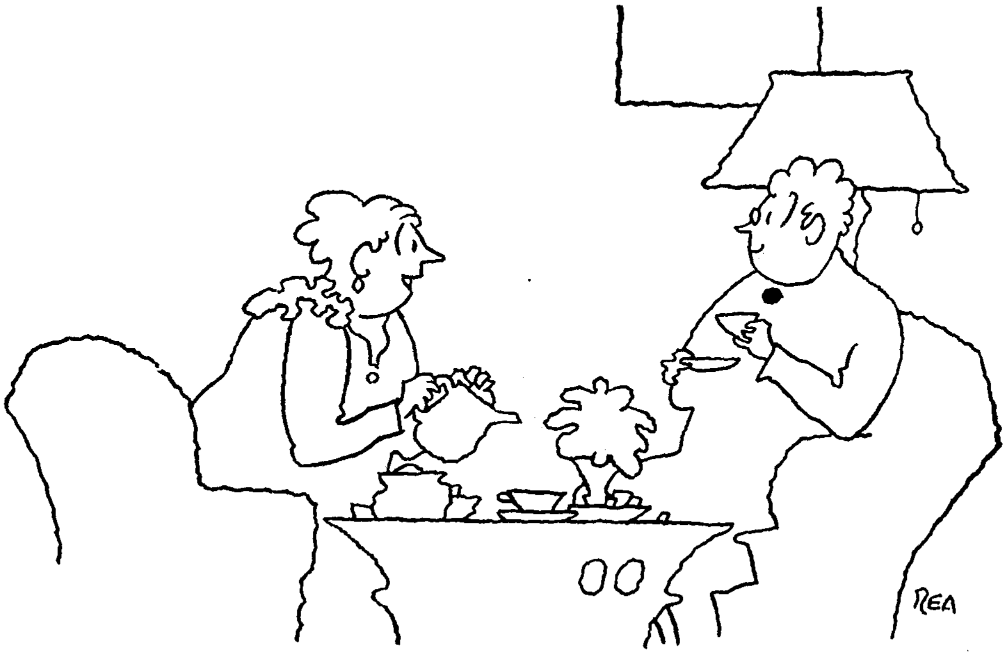
Honest Ballot Association, with two major impressions: (1) that there'll be comparatively few monkeyshines at local polls this year; (2) that although Abrams put up a cheerful front, he finds the prospect of a clean election rather depressing, since he has been exposing election frauds for twenty years now. The Honest Ballot Association, which has offices at 27 William Street, was organized in 1913, with the backing of Theodore Roosevelt and other notable citizens, and for a long time found the going rough. "Even up to just before LaGuardia got into office," Abrams told us, "the situation was really bad. Now, however, even the police coöperate with us, which would have been unthinkable in the old days. We figure that in any election held here there's an irreducible minimum of seventy-five thousand fraudulent votes. Even so, that makes New York cleaner than any other big city in the country."

The Association will shortly open headquarters in midtown Manhattan, and later, if it seems necessary, branches in Brooklyn and the Bronx. About seventy-five investigators will be hired, most of them men who have passed Civil Service examinations qualifying them for positions with the F.B.I. or the Police Department; their task will be to run down fraudulent registrations. Next, between Registration Week (September 27th to October 2nd) and Election Day, the Association will recruit five thousand volunteer poll watchers and wise them up. There are roughly four thousand polling places in the city, and the Association plans to post watchers in about a thousand of them. "I'm not saying which," Mr. Abrams said. "We don't want to tip our hand. But I'm not giving away any secrets when I say that in the past we've been particularly interested in Hell's Kitchen, Harlem, the lower East Side of Manhattan and of the Bronx, and Williamsburg, Coney Island, East New York, Brownsville, and the Bowery."

On Election Day, every watcher will be equipped with a watcher's certificate furnished to the Association by one of the local political parties. (Each party is entitled to have two watchers at each polling place, and, with the exception of some Democratic elements, which are likely to take the line that watchers of their own selection are quite capable of insuring honesty at the polls, the parties are usually willing to hand over to the Association all the certificates it needs.) One of the principal duties of a watcher is to challenge would-be voters whom the Association suspects of being fraudulently registered. He



"I just had a horrible nightmare. I dreamed that A. T. & T. skipped a dividend."



"Of course, Mrs. Dewey would be completely strange to the White House, and Mrs. Truman knows just where to lay her hand on things."

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is also expected to make sure that the voting machines aren't tampered with, and that the secrecy of the ballot isn't violated. An old trick is for the precinct captain to burn a little hole in the voting-machine curtain with a lighted cigarette and then keep a cold pupil on the voters. Watchers aren't allowed to accept presents from anybody. "Not even a candy bar," Abrams said. "Might be doped. A Mickey Finn is the best way of getting a watcher off the premises if you want to run in a bunch of floaters. Now, me, I always accept a cigar if a politician offers me one on Election Day. If a Democrat gives it to me, I pass it on to the next Democrat I meet. Do the same with Republican cigars. That way, I take no chances." Floaters are retainers of political organizations, and it's still common practice to "colonize" doubtful districts with them. They frequently give their address as a nearby apartment house, and the superintendent is bribed, or otherwise persuaded, to tell anyone inquiring that they are bona-fide residents.

On Election Day, Mr. Abrams will cruise from one trouble spot to another, accompanied by two police lieutenants. Having a police escort has been standard practice since the mayoral election of 1933, when a good many skulls were cracked at the polls. "They pulled everything that year," Abrams said with a nostalgic sigh. "At one point, we calculated that there were six thousand fraudulent registrations in one assembly district alone—floaters living in the Coney Island subway stop or some Turkish bath somewhere. Things were so hot that our president, William M. Chadbourne, was arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct when he demanded the arrest of two members of an elections board." Abrams hasn't suffered an injury since 1928, when a Tammany leader in Harlem kicked him in the ankle.

Plea

BEFORE an elementary-school teacher we've heard of called the first roll of her class last week, she asked the new pupils to let her have any nicknames their playmates or parents might have given them. Among those who didn't come forward with a nickname was a lad named George, by whom she was vividly impressed because of his startlingly protruding teeth. She just assumed that he didn't have a nickname, but she learned that she was wrong when, at the end of the day, he came up to her desk and handed her a folded note. She opened it and read, "Beaver, but *please* don't tell anybody."

New Streamliner

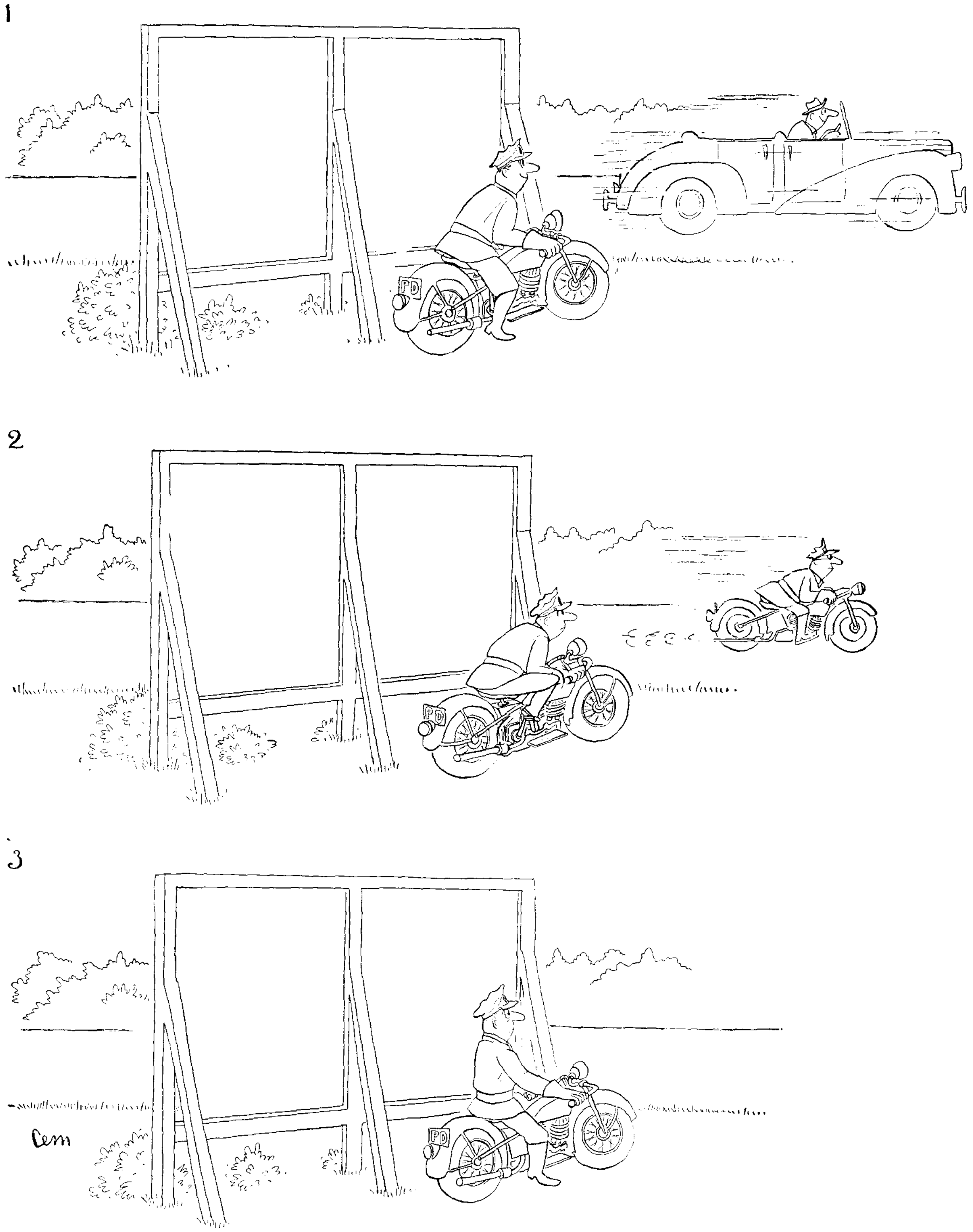
LAST week's inaugural ceremonies for the new Twentieth Century Limited found us in Grand Central Station sitting on one of two hundred small chairs on the platform of Track 30. Directly ahead of us was the new streamliner's Lookout Lounge, or observation car, to which was attached all the rest of the train (one of two; its twin was being simultaneously inducted into service in Chicago), except the locomotive. This splendid Diesel was advantageously displayed on the track immediately to the rear. A while later (in our excitement, we had arrived fifteen minutes early), Miss Beatrice Lillie, one of the inauguration officials, wearing two purple orchids, a triple-strand choker of pearls, and an air of intolerable beatitude, took her place demurely on a chair on a wooden platform that had been built over the tip end of Track 30. "Miss Leellie!" a man next to us breathed ecstatically. He told us he represented a French paper. Miss Lillie was soon joined by Mayor O'Dwyer, in a dark double-breasted suit, and General Eisenhower, in a light d.-b. suit. "I last saw Eisenhower in Brussels," our French neighbor said. (The hell with the accent.) "He was a general then." A young man came up to us, identified himself as a member of the Carl Byoir public-relations staff, and pointed out several distinguished guests: Alfred P. Sloan, George Whitney, the Harold Vanderbilts, and Patrick E. Crowley, who retired as president of the New York Central in 1932. "Is Robert R. Young here?" the French journalist asked. The young man looked around apprehensively and said he thought not.

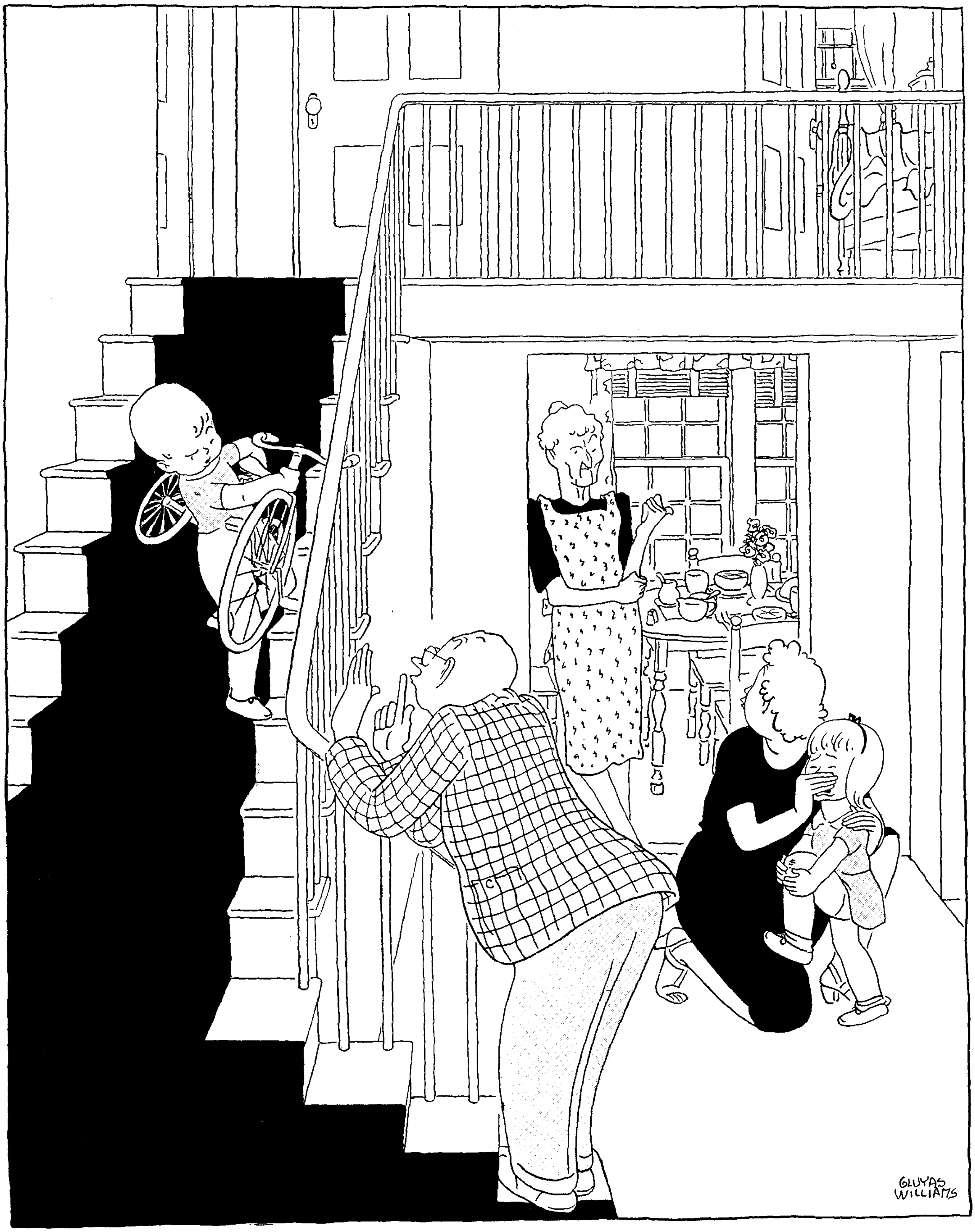
Mr. Crowley, who is in his eighties, received handshakes in a constant stream until a radio man, whose eyes had been steadily on his wristwatch, waved a paper, and the ceremonies got under way with a speech by Gustav Metzman, president of New York Central, who introduced the Mayor. Both men read their speeches, as did General Eisenhower, who came next. Copies having been furnished to us, we noted that while Mr. Metzman followed his text exactly and the Mayor ventured only one departure from his—"On behalf of the City of New York" instead of "For the people of"—General Eisenhower introduced a dozen minor changes, mostly in the interests of simplicity. Then Miss Lillie, after prefacing one of her lines (with which we were also provided) with an unscheduled "Well," sidled up to the end of the Lookout Lounge clutching a netted bottle festooned with red, white, and blue streamers. This contained, President Metzman stated, "a mixture of water taken from the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers, Lake Erie, and Lake Michigan, the historic chain of bodies of water along which lies the New York Central's famous Water Level Route." Following two dud swings, accompanied by cries of "Persevere, Miss Lillie, persevere," from the most polished of a score of cameramen present, Miss Lillie reversed her hold on the bottle and, smashing its neck against the car, knocked its head off. She had assumed the stance of a right-handed batter for this exploit, thus facing the newsreel men, and she now repeated it, left-handed, for the benefit of the still photographers, with a new bottle, which she broke at the first crack. Flushed with success, she was looking around for a third bottle when General Eisenhower stepped up to congratulate her, and the ceremonies were over.

Thanks to an inspection of the train and an "Inaugural Press Packet," weighing as much as a respectable black bass, we can report that the sleeping cars on the latest Twentieth Century are of three types—those with twenty-two roomettes, those with ten roomettes and six double bedrooms, and those with twelve double bedrooms—and that there are two hundred and fifty-three beds in each train, each double bedroom has its own lavatory, there is circulating ice water in every room, all mattresses are of foam rubber, all passenger cars are connected by pneumatically operated doors that open at a touch, and all passengers are connected by inter-car telephone. The dining car, which is serviced from a kitchen car, a part of which is a dormitory sleeping fifteen, has a continuous serpentine leather sofa running along each side, under the windows. The new Twentieth Century club car has a shower, a barber, a valet, a service bar, card tables, a radio telephone, which is operative over the four hundred and thirty-five miles between New York and Buffalo, and a secretary, who will take dictation at no extra cost. This car is in addition to the Lookout Lounge, of course. The Lookout Lounges are to feature original contemporary oil paintings, on loan from the Grand Central Art Galleries. "Ice Harvest" is the one in the Manhattan-inaugurated Lounge now. The paintings will be changed monthly. They are to be selected by a committee consisting of F. H. Baird, the Central's general passenger traffic manager; Erwin S. Barrie, manager of the G. C. Art Galleries; and Henry Dreyfuss, who designed the interior of the trains. Next month's choice is a secret.

Novelty

FELLOW went into a Stouffer's last Friday, sat down at a table, and asked his waitress to bring him a bottle of ale. "You mean ginger ale?" she asked. He said no, just ale. "Well, I'll see," she said, looking at him as if she thought he had just that moment made the word up. She trotted off, and presently returned. "We seem to have it after all," she said, and set before him a bottle of ale, a glass, and a straw.




GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE VISITING PUBLIC

The guests who say they may sleep late and not to worry about them.

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE

"IT gives me great pleasure . . ." says the program chairman (who is usually, but not always, the president of a women's club), and she—and I, the visiting lecturer—know that, like a croquet player, she is approaching the last two wickets. The audience, too, must know that she is nearing the stake, because there have been few introductions on any women's-club platform that did not wind up with "and so it gives me great pleasure to present the . . ." The audience is relaxed; only the chairman and I, from past experience, are uneasy. Sometimes I am standing in the wings waiting to hear myself introduced; more frequently I am sitting in a chair on the stage. Wherever I am, my toes are curled with anxiety, and, from the way the chairman shifts her position, I have a conviction that hers are, too. Will she be able to explain to the audience who and what I am?

A club president introducing my friend Helen Howe for a program of monologues caused that artist some moments of uncertainty on this point. Miss Howe is the distinguished daughter of the distinguished Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe. The club president, however, in an erratic carom shot, presented her in the following words: "It gives me great pleasure to present Miss Helen Howe, the distinguished daughter of the distinguished Mark Antony DeWolfe Hopper, winner himself of the Pulsifer Prize, for writing the 'Barrett Wendell Letters.' "

A president of a Minnesota women's club shot through to me, however, with disconcerting accuracy. "Ladies," she said, "I know how disappointed all of us were not to have General Romulo with us this afternoon, and we were so afraid that we would not have a program at all we would have been glad of anybody. It therefore gives me great pleasure to present Miss Emily Kimbrough."

A chairman in Wisconsin, too, approached me with a forthright aim that made me flinch. "Ladies," she said, "I apologize to you for our last program. I have no hesitancy in saying that it was so poor I consider it a disaster. We hope that our speaker this afternoon will help us to forget that previous selection, and so it gives me great pleasure to present Miss Emily Kimbrough." Miss Kimbrough's knees were buckling as she stepped up to the lectern.

THE program chairman of a Women's City Club in Texas never got through to me at all, and small wonder. She was harried out of position once too often.

We came on the stage together that afternoon, I marching a few paces behind her, as she had instructed me while we were waiting in the wings for the audience to settle. She carried a black leather notebook; a book on parliamentary rules, bound in red; and a small, pale-blue handkerchief. She had confided to me in a whisper earlier that she never carried a pocketbook onto the platform, because it was too hard to handle and made her nervous. At the center of the stage, she stopped behind the lectern, laid her books and handkerchief on it, and bowed me to a high-backed chair upholstered in green velvet that was placed behind her and a little to her left. It was one of a row of chairs spreading across the stage from wing to wing, but it was the only one done in green velvet. I wondered who was coming to fill the empty seats.

The chairman tapped the desk lightly with her gavel. "Ladies—" she began, and stopped. A girl—one of the ushers—was standing in an aisle below the stage, waving a note at her. I could see that, in addition to the nervous strain of the interruption, the chairman was suffering from a trembling involvement with her bifocals as she tried to adjust her vision to the usher and the waving note. I think she was flustered, too, at having to stoop down and bend over the footlights to take the note, because that necessitated holding on to her hat with one hand. Obviously, a new permanent wave had pushed her hat high up on her head, to a less secure position than its accustomed one. It was a jaunty hat, made of bright flowers and a ribbon bow, but it wobbled.

She brought the note back to the lectern and, before reading it aloud, made a few experimental tries to get it exactly the right distance away from her under the small reading lamp that was clipped to the far edge of the lectern. The message caused a considerable flurry in the audience. One of the members, it said, had parked her car at an angle more acute than that of the other cars, and another member, swinging into place beside it, had dented the fender. The offender stated her honorable intention of making amends, gave the license number of the injured car, and requested the name of its owner. There was an agitated snapping of pocketbooks and a general fumbling while the members of the audience extracted their car registrations to ascertain the license numbers of their cars. A small blond woman, whose hat was also beflowered and beribboned, rose to her feet, waving a card at the chairman.

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"It's my car," she said. "I knew it wasn't parked very well, but I tried twice, and I thought I wouldn't get a good seat if I tried again—people were coming in so fast. I just can't seem to park when I have to go in at an angle."

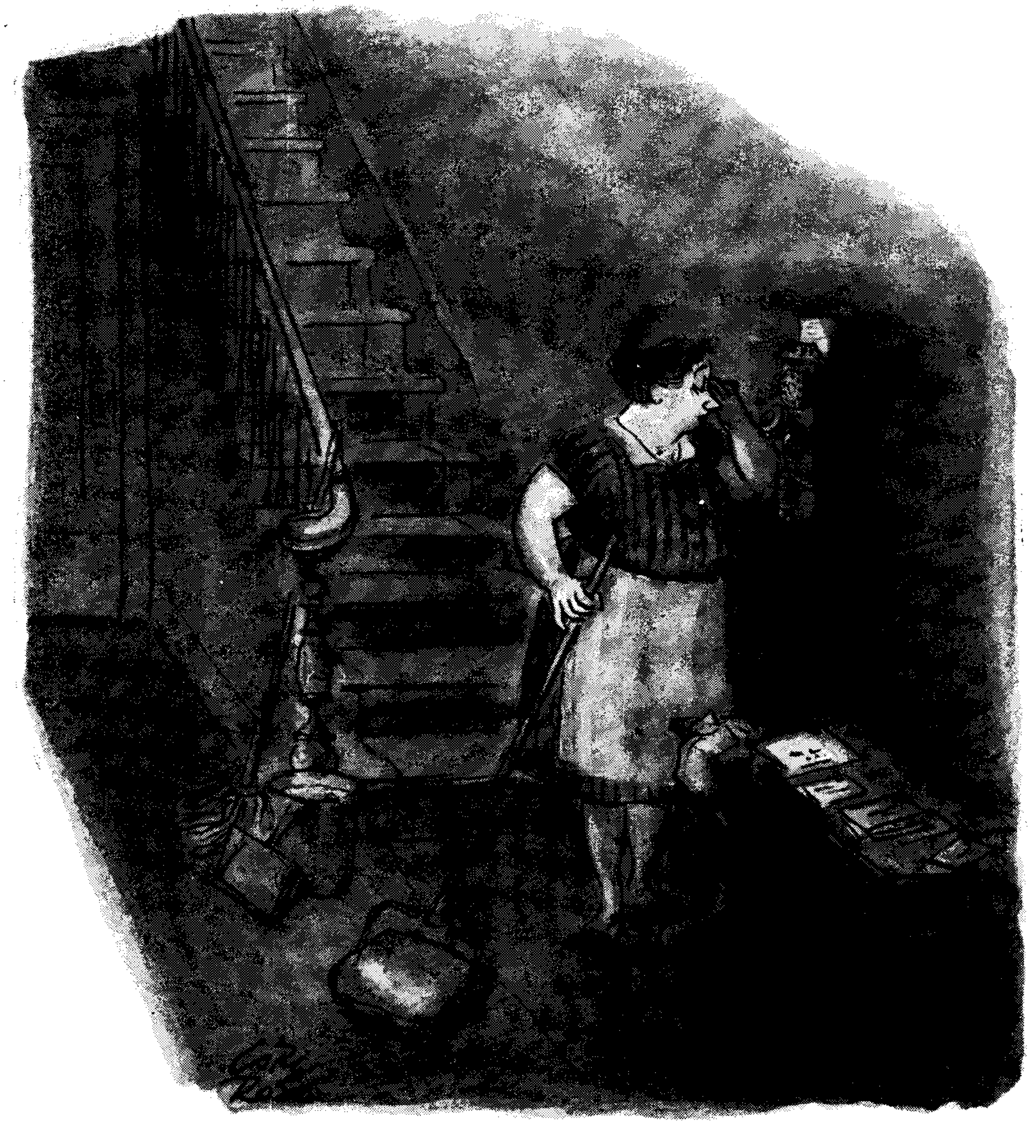
There were murmurs of sympathetic understanding throughout the audience. The writer of the note rose up in one of the back rows and identified herself. It had been all her fault, she declared; she should never have tried to get into that space. She was as sorry as she could be. She didn't believe, though, that the dent would ever show after it was fixed. The victim of the accident said she was sure it wouldn't. She and the culprit bobbed heads at each other to indicate that there was no hard feeling, and sat down.

The audience required several moments to express its satisfaction with the exchange before returning its attention to the platform. Then we were off again.

"Ladies!" the chairman cried, gathering them all in sternly for a second start. This was, she said, the opening meeting of the season. The older members, who had been placed in the front row in order that they might hear more easily, smiled complacently and nodded in corroboration. Then she nodded suddenly to a generously proportioned lady I had not noticed before. She was seated at a piano below the stage and to the right of us, watching the chairman with the tension of a runner awaiting the pistol shot, and at the nod she set off immediately with a loud but indefinite chord.

Until this moment, I had been only an interested spectator. The chord, however, was like a pistol shot to me, and I leaped to my feet. From past experience, I assumed that it prefaced a community rendering of the National Anthem. I was mistaken, but during the few moments before I perceived my error I had an excellent view of the back of the hall. Two girl ushers, dressed in white, with broad green satin ribbons running from shoulder to hip, like the cross strap of a Sam Browne belt, were stationed there. They knew the meaning of the chord better than I. At the instant I arose, they opened wide the folding doors at the back of the hall, to disclose a line of women standing there, waiting.

One of the ushers called "Ready!," the pianist resolved the chord, miraculously, into the opening bars of "Pomp and Circumstance," the chairman called out, high and clear, "Our past presidents!," and, single file, a procession advanced toward the front of the hall. The past presidents varied in age, size, and shape, but each one wore across her bosom a wide green satin ribbon, like the ribbons of the ushers. Some of the bosoms were substantial and others meagre, and each bore, in addition to the ribbon band, a magnificent orchid. The past presidents evidenced a regal indifference to keeping time, and the line moved forward erratically. My musical confusion caused the only distraction from the solemnity of the moment. Some of the audience had interpreted my rising as a tribute to the marching leaders and had risen, too. Others had not. The women in the front row were displeased, because when they turned in their seats to watch the approach of the presidents, they found their view obstructed by the members who had risen. The past presidents themselves were deflected from their individual rhythms by the risings and sittings along each row, and the line wavered indecisively. The chairman seemed to sense that I had something to do with all this, and she dealt with me efficiently. Turning around halfway, to include me unmistakably and yet not lose her grip on the audience, she called above the music, "Be seated, please!" We all sat down immediately.



"I'm sorry, but Mr. McGonigle won't be back for twenty years to life."

Reassured, the procession moved forward slowly and reached a flight of steps that led to the stage just as the pianist reached the end of "Pomp and Circumstance." Evidently, the past presidents were supposed to come up and take their places on the stage in the row of empty chairs on either side of me. The pianist tried a few chords to cover the ladies' ponderous ascent of the steps to the stage, but the dignitaries did not have the agility to meet this rapid impromptu. The leader paused disapprovingly, and the line bunched uneasily behind her.

"Again!" cried the chairman, with a brisk wave to the pianist, and the pianist, after one or two irrelevant arpeggios with the left hand while she turned back to page 1 with the right, set off briskly on another round of "Pomp and Circumstance." The leader of the past presidents, startled but pleased, looked at the chairman. She apparently thought the instruction had been for her to lead her company around the hall, and, I think, would have complied happily, if the chairman hadn't deferentially, though firmly, beckoned her toward the platform. The leader gave in, mounted the steps, and walked slowly across the stage to stand in front of the chair at the farther end of the row. When the last past president stood before the last chair at the near end of the row, we all looked toward the pianist, who was well into the second page and giving herself more completely to the music than she had been able to on the first rendering. Now she sat well back from the piano, oblivious of the past presidents and all else, and swayed to the majestic rhythm of Elgar's music.

The chairman's program did not include a second complete performance of "Pomp and Circumstance." "Thank you, Mrs. Kettery," she called in full voice, and had to say it twice more before Mrs. Kettery came back to us, tapering off her chords regretfully.

THE chairman stepped from behind the lectern and stood beside it. Instantly, everyone in the audience was on her feet, including the past presidents on the stage—but not including me. I was somewhere away with Mrs. Kettery and came back to the ladies only when I heard them saying, in unison, "I pledge allegiance."

I rose immediately, abashed because of the bad timing of my rising and sitting

and because I do not know the pledge of allegiance to the flag. When I went to school, it was not taught, and though I have always meant to learn it for occasions such as this, I forget my intention between occasions. I usually mumble convincingly enough to cover up my deficiency, but now there was an extra hazard: I was suddenly aware that the ladies on the platform were rendering the pledge with gestures. I have yet to decide whether it is more embarrassing to try to imitate the gestures and always be a gesture behind or to be the only one not making any. (I have been in both positions.) This time, I decided to go along with the gestures. When I got under way, each past president had placed her right hand on her left bosom. When they pointed to the flag, I was at the hand-to-bosom position, but we came out together at the end. We all sat down, but this time I waited until everyone else was seated, to make sure what we were going to do.

The chairman took her place behind the lectern again, adjusted her bifocals, and opened her black leather notebook. She made a pretty play of pretending to familiarize herself with the agenda for the day. Looking up from it in arch surprise, she said, "Why, there is no agenda for today, because this is the opening-day party." We laughed so merrily over this sally that she had to rap with her gavel to bring us to order again.

"But," she continued, "I have the very pleasant business and pleasure of presenting—" Before she could bring out my name, she was stopped by a disturbing sound from the wings to the left of us. She looked off uncertainly toward the sound. So did the past presidents and I.

"What's the matter now?" one of them said. They all craned forward, except a tall, thin, white-haired woman, who had the end seat at the left. She rose to her feet, holding a black hearing-box in front of her, and stepped authoritatively toward the wings. On the way, she stopped to announce, "It's Ella."

She disappeared offstage and was back in a moment. "It's Ella," she repeated, "she's got a message," and resumed her seat.

The chairman was trembling a little. She looked toward the wings and then down at the lectern. Perhaps she was hoping to find something in the rules-of-order book that would give her the technique for dealing with the unexpected. Her hat slid forward dangerously, because she had forgotten not to move her head quickly, and the hand she put up to adjust it was shaking. She took a few steps toward the wings and then returned to the lectern. I think she lacked the strength to make the trip.

"Will you come out, please, Ella, and deliver the message?" she asked weakly.

Ella came slowly and shyly out from the wings. She was the cloakroom maid, a young colored girl, plump but trim in her starched white uniform. The importance of her message gave her courage, and although her eyes were wide with astonishment and dismay at finding herself out on the stage, she spoke up loud and fervently in the general direction of the audience. "Mrs. Woolston," she said, "Beulah just called. You should go right home. The doctor says it's mumps."

A girl with dark hair curling down to her shoulders, who looked not more than eighteen, stood up in the middle of a row halfway back in the hall and began edging past the knees of the members between her and the aisle.

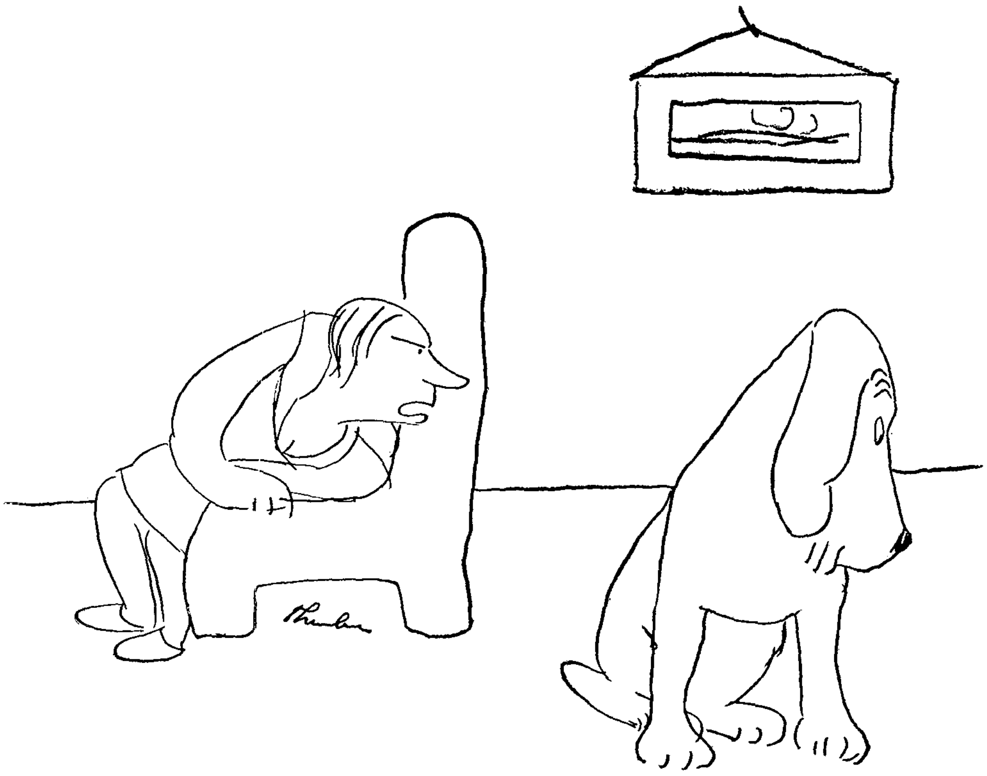
"Tell Beulah I'm on my way," she called to Ella. "It's Billy," she explained to the membership. "I sent for the doctor before I left. I knew it was something."

"Yessum," Ella answered soberly from the stage, "I sure will," and added, with charming dignity, "And, ladies, I beg your pardon for interrupting you."

As Ella left the stage, the lady with the hearing-box stood up again and called to the retreating Mrs. Woolston, "Keep him warm, Caroline!" Other members murmured their sympathy. Mrs. Woolston stopped in the doorway to thank them all and to apologize for having upset the meeting. There was a chorus of assurance that indeed she had not, and wishes for a light case. Mrs. Woolston left, and the ladies settled down again and turned their attention back to the chairman. Her hat had slipped off to one side once more, but she seemed unaware of it. She wiped her forehead several times with her pale-blue handkerchief.

"Ladies," she said, urging their attention again, in a voice that quavered slightly, "I know we are all very sorry about the bad news that our dear member Caroline Woolston has just received, and we send her our sympathy, and Billy, too."

The lady with the hearing-box stood



"You ought to spend more time with your own species."

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up. "I should like to propose, Madam Chairman, that the club send the flowers to Mrs. Woolston that we always send to a member who is sick. After all, Caroline is going to be quarantined with that boy, and he's a *limb*. She probably *will* be sick before she's through, and, having to leave in the middle of our first meeting, I think we should send her our regular floral sympathy." Another member promptly seconded the motion. A third lady suggested vigorously that she thought it would be much nicer to send a toy to Billy and just sympathy to Caroline. A fourth member arose to say that that would establish a precedent, and if they once began sending things to the children of members just because they got mumps, with all the contagious diseases there were for children to get, the treasury wouldn't have a cent left in it. Someone in the back of the hall proposed that they give a series of bridge parties and start a fund for any members' children who might fall ill.

BY now, the chairman was pounding the lectern somewhat hysterically with her gavel and begging the club to come to order. Applying her tiny blue handkerchief to her temples again, she reminded them that this was not a business meeting and that they were all out of order. The result of this was an even greater protest, several members declaring acidly that the little Woolston boy's mumps could hardly wait for a business meeting. After an imploring glance at the book of parliamentary rules, the chairman said she would appoint a committee to decide whether Mrs. Woolston or Billy should receive an offering of sympathy from the club, and would ask the ladies to give a vote of confidence in the committee and empower it to proceed. She named the past president with the hearing-box chairman. This suggestion was accepted and seemed satisfactory to everyone.

The chairman felt for her hat, gave up trying to locate it, and said, "Ladies, with your permission, we shall resume the business of the afternoon, which, as I remarked, is not business at all but my privilege and pleasure to introduce—"

The folding doors at the back of the hall opened suddenly and a stern, heavy-set, gray-haired woman stood in the doorway. "Excuse me, ladies," she said.

The chairman gave a slight scream. "What is it, Mrs. Hancock?" she cried.

"We have to set up some tables in the lounge and we can't get into it from the kitchen because the door's stuck," the newcomer said from the back of the hall. "It's on account of that new painting job and the heat. There isn't any way we can get in to set up the tables in the big room unless we go through here. It won't take us a minute. The girls have got everything ready. And then, when you're through your entertainment, we'll bring the food right in."

From where I sat, I could see the chairman's knees sag, but she put a hand fiercely on either side of the lectern and straightened up again. "Very well, Mrs. Hancock," she said. "I'm sure the ladies will understand the emergency."

All the ladies, with a buzz of interest, watched half a dozen colored maids file halfway down the hall and out through big folding doors at the side, carrying tablecloths, silver, trays of glasses, and plates. They were followed by two porters, who made several trips with collapsible tables. Mrs. Hancock, at the end of some ten minutes, asked if there was anything more to come. A porter and one of the maids said they didn't believe so. Mrs. Hancock waved to the chairman. "I hope we won't have to interrupt you again," she said, and went out, closing the folding doors behind her.

The chairman took a deep breath, reached for her hat, failed to find it, placed a tiny ball of pale-blue handkerchief on the lectern, and said, "Ladies, on this happy occasion of our first meeting of the season, it gives me great pleasure to present—" And then she stopped.

"It gives me great pleasure to present—" she repeated, and shook out the little blue ball and mopped her face. When she had got that far, she waved the blue rag toward me in a wildly beckoning gesture. "Honey," she said, half turning to me, "*you* tell them who you are and what you do." With a last clutch at parliamentary form, she said to the audience, "And it gives me great pleasure to present her with this opportunity of doing so."

—Emily Kimbrough

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THE EMPTY HOUSE

Then, when the child was gone,
I was alone
In the house, suddenly grown huge.
Each noise
Explained itself away
As bird, or creaking board, or mouse,
Element or animal.
But mostly there was quiet as after battle
Where round the room still lay
The soldiers and the paintbox and the toys.
But when I went to tidy these away,
I felt my mind swerve:
My body was the house,
And everything he'd touched, an exposed nerve.

—Stephen Spender

THE POOL OF NARCISSUS

WHEN the Muschenheim limousine slid up to the curb, like a great, rolling onyx, it had hardly stopped before the chauffeur, in broadcloth cerements, leaped out and flourished open the door. Mrs. Muschenheim emerged slowly, her enormous bulk divided and encircled with ruchings, the elegiac balloon of velvet that compressed her black pompadour looking like the knob on the chess queen.

Hester, watching intently from a cramped stone niche in the courtyard entrance, where she had been sitting in Sunday-afternoon stiffness, knew that this arrival was the signal that the birthday party at the Reuters' was about to begin. While Mrs. Muschenheim stared before her with majesty, the chauffeur reverently brought forth several cakeboxes of a whiteness and size that drew awed murmurs from the kids around the entrance, then bore them smartly behind his employer as she lumbered through the courtyard and into the apartment house on her way up to the Reuters', on the ninth floor.

Hester could never decide which attracted her more—the elaborate sweets or the solemn pageantry of the Reuter family life. Sometimes she was given tastes from the boxes of mocha torte or glazed cherries when Clara, the fifteen-year-old granddaughter of the Reuters, descending to Hester's twelve-year level on bored, boyless afternoons, asked her upstairs, and the two of them hovered hopefully on the periphery of the stately orgies of pastry, coffee, and talk.

The Reuters belonged to the solid phalanx of upper-middle-class German-burgher families that moved in its own orbit in New York. During the first World War, just past, the women had learned to knit by the jerky American method and had bought Liberty Bonds stolidly, but through this period, as always, they lingered over the coffeepot on smoky winter afternoons, did their hair leaning over rivulets of scalloped dresser scarves made by the daughters of the house, and married off their sons and daughters to one another—not by compulsion but through the graceful pressure of cocoa parties together at the age of ten and dinner parties at the age of twenty.

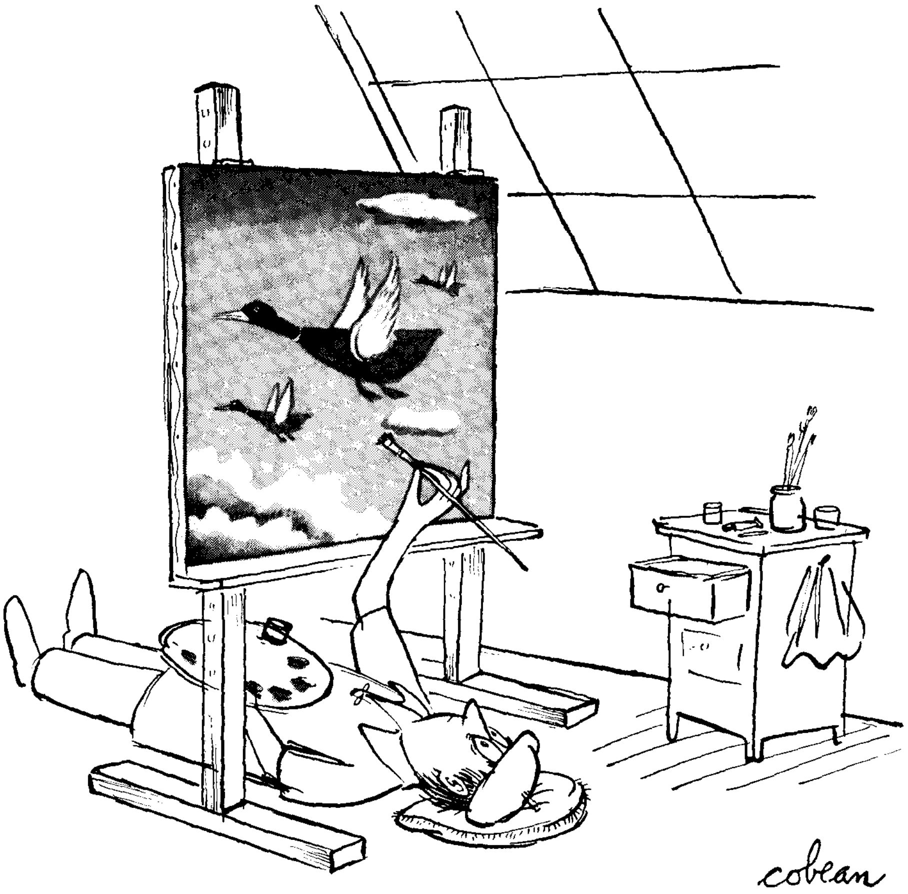
Hester detached herself painfully from her cold seat, permitted herself one superb glance around at the other kids, who did not share her entrée, and followed Mrs. Muschenheim in, just slowly enough not to catch the same elevator. She went up to her own family's apartment, four floors below the Reuters', and scurried back to her room, sliding off her coat. Because of the inactivity of Sunday afternoon, her new dress was still fresh. Ramming her barrette to a firmer hold on her hair, she burrowed in her bureau drawer for the tissue-wrapped handkerchief that would serve as her ticket of admittance to the birthday party. Holding it by its rosette of ribbon, she slipped out of the apartment, climbed the four flights to the Reuters' floor, and rang the bell. Clara opened the door.

"Oh, h'lo, Hester," said Clara, her eyes on the little package.

" 'S for your mother's birthday," Hester muttered, and thrust the package at her.

"Oh, *thank* you, Hester! She'll be pleased," said Clara with sweet artificiality. Both were aware that a handkerchief was not to be considered a real present but, rather, a kind of party currency. Then Clara dropped her adult tone. "Listen! Guess what!" she said, and hurried Hester along the hall toward her mother's bedroom. Going past the piles of tissue paper and ribbon on the waxed foyer table, turning her head to peer back through the living-room doorway at the people gathered inside, Hester thought there was no place for a party like the Reuters', where all the material panoply of life was treated with such devotion.

BOTH Mrs. Reuter, the grandmother, and her sister, Mrs. Enke, rivalled Mrs. Muschenheim in size. Their mammoth hips swelled like hoop skirts under their made-to-order dresses. Behind her nose glasses, Mrs. Reuter's enlarged blue eyes melted innocently in the genial arrangement of red pincushions that was her face. From Mrs. Enke's more elegant profile, wan folds draped away sculpturally, as befitted her long-standing widowhood. In this citadel of women, which included Clara and her mother, Mrs. Braggiotti, Mr. Reuter might have felt oppressed had he not been equally large, and likely to find, on his four-o'clock return from the lace business, various Adolphs and Karls, of severe clothes and superb, gold-linked linen, who had already deserted the garlanded cake plates for a bottle of schnapps, over which they would discuss the market. Once, Hester had even seen the German consul there, his domed head rolling and stretching out on his creased neck like a sea lion accepting the deference of the crowd. When, on such occasions, Mrs. Reuter's eyes turned too explicitly to Hester's grubby play dress and battered knees, the two girls



played in Clara's room with the frilled doll that had belonged to Clara's mother, or made exploratory tours of the other bedrooms.

All the bedrooms were of such complete neatness that Hester had never been able to imagine the Reuter women as really going to bed at all, but saw them moving serenely through the night ready to meet the first caller of the day, their hair unawry, their watches pinned to their waists. To her, these rooms full of starched bolsters, where every plane was animated with linen and crisped with laces, seemed the ideal toward which any girl would aim her hope chest, but sanctuaries, nevertheless, in which it was improbable that any of the natural functions went on. The closet floors were not cluttered with stray shoes or saved boxes, and in the dresser drawers there were no broken earrings tumbled among cards from the upholsterer, bits of cornice off the mirror, and odd ends of elastic. Each object, useful and needed, reposed in a wash of space and calm. Mrs. Braggiotti's room had, in addition, the aura of the romantically pretty woman.

In this room, Hester and Clara always went to the dresser first, passing from the etched-crystal tray, with its kaleidoscopic row of perfume bottles, whose number and style varied with Mrs. Braggiotti's admirers, to the rosy pincushions, where, among hat daggers and florists' pins, sometimes lay two great dinner rings, with rows of huge diamonds in pavements of smaller ones. These, Clara said, had been the Reuters' gift to her mother on her marriage. Who or what Mr. Braggiotti was or had been, Hester had never been told. If she conceived of him at all, it was as an alien, a kind of slim, Italianate poniard that had once got embedded mistakenly in the firm dough of the Reuter household.

What drew Hester most in this room was the shoes. Clara would ostentatiously swing open the closet door, and there, in the soft cretonne pockets that covered it from base to top, were her mother's thirty pairs of small, high-arched shoes, some in leathers of special kinds—snake or piped kidskin—but most of them dyed in pale costume shades that resembled in their gradations of color the row of sewing silks on a drygoods counter. Looking at them, Hester could see Mrs. Braggiotti, who, with her tilted nose, masses of true-blond hair, and bud mouth, was what every shag-haired girl staring into the Narcissus pools of adolescence hoped to see. Hester thought of her as she had often met her, riding down serenely in the elevator, a pale, wide hat just matching the flowers in her chiffon dress, a long puff of fur held carelessly against the faintly florid hips. Mixed with this image was a more perplexing vision, of Mrs. Braggiotti at the piano, where she played Chopin with much ripple and style but wearing a pince-nez that mercilessly puckered the flesh between her brows, giving her the appearance of a doll that had been asked to cope with human problems. Hester preferred to think of her as endlessly floating from one assignation to another in an endless palette of costumes that matched.

It was toward Mrs. Braggiotti's dresser, then, that Clara pulled Hester, pointing out the huge bottle that stood on the tray, eclipsing all the others. "George gave it to her, just now!" said Clara.

"Who's he?"

"He's *in love* with her."

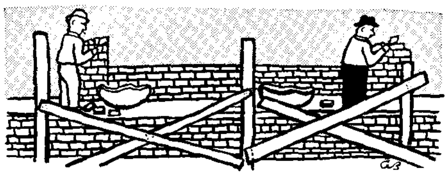
It was only recently that Hester had learned not to giggle at the term. Now the phrase fell on her ear like something dropping softly, momentously, from a tree.

"Is *she* in love with *him*?"

"How should I know?" Clara stared down her nose at her. Apparently, Hester had again made one of the major errors that were always emphasizing the age gap between them. Obviously, to Clara's way of thinking (which must also be the adult one), the important thing was to *be* loved and to enjoy all the gestures thereof.

Without stopping to inspect the rest of the room, the girls went back along the hall and edged into the overheated living room. Mrs. Reuter was with a group near the door, and on the far side Mrs. Braggiotti, this time without the pince-nez, was playing the piano for a number of gentlemen gathered around her. "How pretty your dress is, my dear! Did your mother make it?" panted Mrs. Reuter, her glance approving Hester's cleanliness, one hand blotting the drops of sweat from her hot face and just preventing them from falling on her gray satin prow.

"She did the flowers." Hester looked down doubtfully at the lavender voile, its color harsh against her olive-brown hands. All over its skirt and sleeves, unsuccessfully tiered to hide her lankness, large bunches of multicolored flowers were worked at careful equidis-



NOT EVEN FOR BRUNCH

When branches bend in fruitful stupor
Before the woods break out in plaid,
The super-market talks more super,
The roadside stands go slightly mad.
What garden grew this goblin harvest?
Who coined these words that strike me numb?
I will not purchase, though I starvest,
The cuke, the glad, the lope, the mum.

In happier days I sank to slumber
Murmuring names as sweet as hope:
Fair gladiolus, and cucumber,
Chrysanthemum, and cantaloupe.
I greet the changelings that awoke me
With warmth a little less than luke
As farmer and florist crowd to choke me
With glad and lope, with mum and cuke.

Go hence, far hence, you jargon-mongers,
Go soak your head in boiling ads,
Go feed to cuttlefish and congers
Your mums and lopes, your cukes and glads.
I flout the whimsey that you dole us,
And roam where magic casements ope
On cantemum spiced, and cuciolus,
On chrysanthecumber, and gladaloupe.

—Ogden Nash

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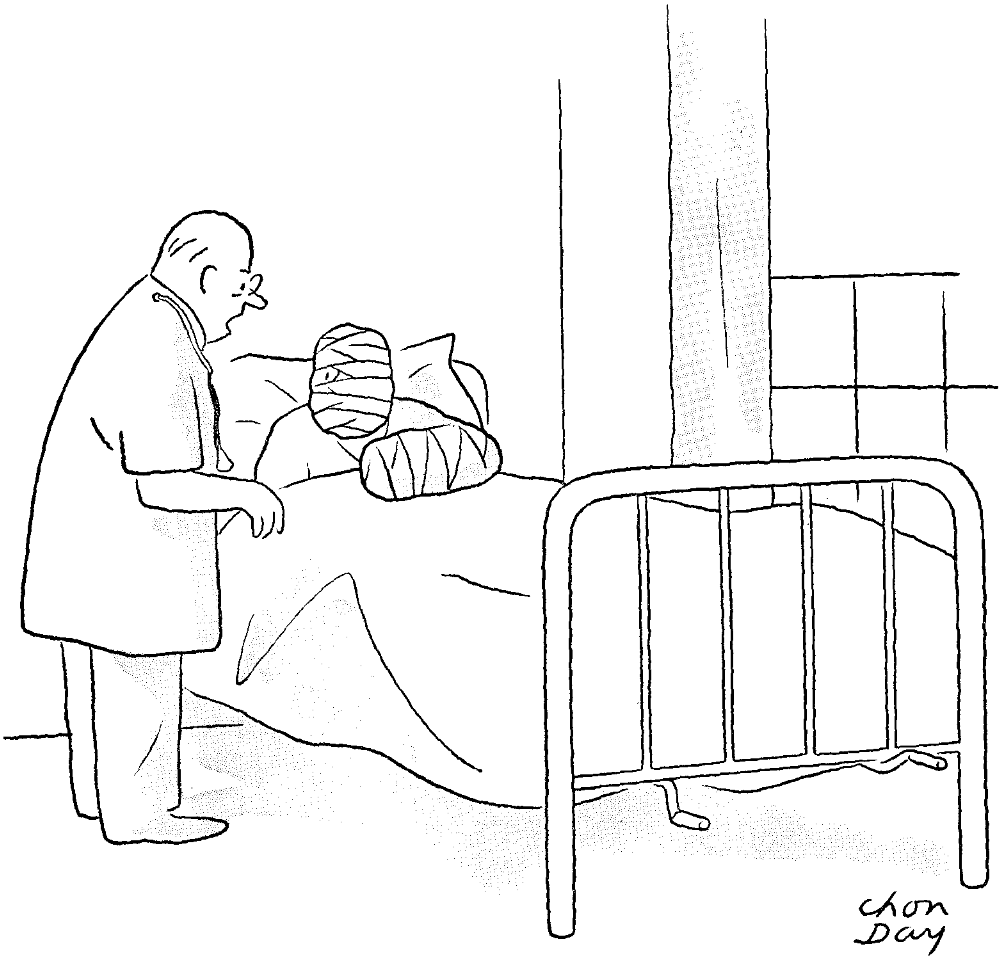


"Hmm—I don't like the looks of that eye."

tance. It had been the tenant of her mother's workbasket all the preceding summer.

"My, she does beautiful work!" Mrs. Reuter fingered the dress tenderly. "Did you have some Nesselrode?" She nodded to Hester and left her.

"That's him," Clara whispered, at Hester's elbow.

"Where?"

"By the window," said Clara. She left Hester and went over to her mother.

Looking, Hester saw a man somewhat under middle height standing near Mrs. Enke. Against the Wagnerian proportions of the others, he appeared unobtrusive but not negligible, as if their fleshy tide might flow past but not engulf him. There was something about his pleasant, even-featured face that was as firm and self-contained as a nut. He crossed the room to speak to Mrs. Braggiotti, whose head and neck made a pretty arc as she inclined upward toward him, her circlet of crystal beads shining in the afternoon sun. Clara pranced over to Hester again. "Guess what!" she said. "George is going to take you and me and Mama for a soda!"

"Maybe I better not go."

"Oh, sure. It's just to a drugstore, silly. He *owns* it—a nice one, not like the one downstairs. Over on Madison Avenue. You needn't even tell your family you're going. I'll lend you a coat, and we can take turns on my skates. Come *on!*"

THEY walked the few blocks over to Madison Avenue, George and Mrs. Braggiotti far ahead, linked as sedately as any married couple. Combined with the cold thrill of the brilliant afternoon Hester felt the lovely unease of wearing someone else's clothes. As they walked, they could glimpse the frozen brown fronds of the park between the tall buildings, on which the hard, white winter sun struck, audible as a gong.

Set discreetly into the limestone corner of a block of private houses, Sunday-quiet behind their fretworks of iron, the ruby urns of the Town Pharmacy sent out a message of mystery and warmth. George unlocked the door and let them in to the aromatic smells of the pharmacopoeia and vanilla. Rising from the long expanse of tiled floor, the glass shelves, serried with pomades and panaceas, looked housewifely and knowledgeable, as if filled with the lore of the ages. Clara rushed to the small marble counter near the door and balanced on one of the high, curved metal chairs.

"A sundae, George, with everything."

"I don't open until four, Madam," he said, sliding off his coat and standing revealed in his suspenders and full, white shirtsleeves before he slipped on an alpaca jacket. Hester thought that he looked very intimate, but Mrs. Braggiotti, sitting formally on another chair, one pale-blue heel hooked over the rung, seemed not to notice. She refused a sundae, saying, "Oh, no, George, thanks. You know Mama's dinners!," in her high, untimbred voice.

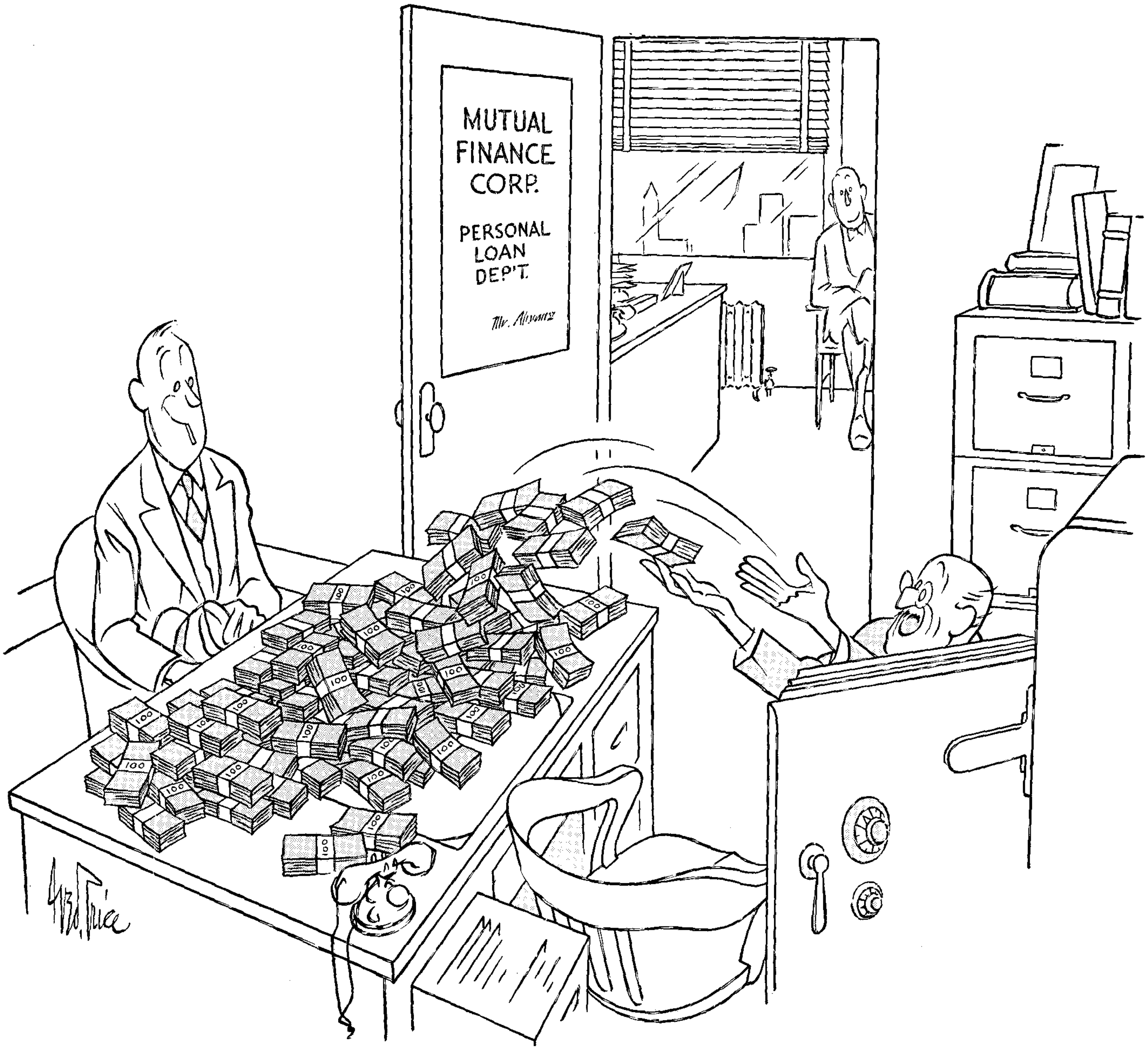
After the sundaes, Hester and Clara went outside. Clara put on her skates and, promising not to take too long a turn, went grinding down the empty asphalt, rounded a corner, and was gone. Hester grew chilly waiting, and the sundae was cold inside her. Tiptoeing back around the half-open door into the store, she crouched down on a wooden box behind the marble counter and fingered the levers that controlled the soda water and syrups. Warm and hemmed in, she felt that it would be good to spend one's life in this shadowy store, away from the airless routine of an apartment but suspended a step above the rough street—like being on a little island, with faucets for running water and a bathroom at the back. There was a movement at the darker end of the store.

"Etta!" George's voice said pleadingly. "Etta!"

Hester peered out cautiously. Mrs. Braggiotti, hatless now, was pressed back against the prescription counter, leaning away from George, who stood in front of her with his hands against her waist.

"No, George." She reached along the counter to her hat, but he caught at her hand. They looked awkward, as if they were about to begin dancing but were not sure of the steps.

"We're not young enough to go on like this," he said. "Courting, like a couple of kids." Mrs. Braggiotti looked back at him woodenly, between her brows the same perplexed groove that she wore at the piano. She looked stilted, like an actress unsure of her lines. "Sometimes I think that's all you want,"



"Say when."

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George said. "Someone hanging around." His voice sank.

Mrs. Braggiotti worked her blue shoe on the tiled floor, like a child enduring a familiar reproof.

"Why do you always"—he gripped her shoulders—"do you always . . ." He dropped his hands. "You can't go on forever being the pretty Reuter girl. Not even you."

She reached along the counter again, her rings chipping the light, her hand smoothing the hat expertly, assuredly. The hand wandered to the nape of her neck, patting the smooth hair, outlining, reassuring. He seized her with a kiss that grew, his face deep red, his hand kneading around and around on her back, one dark, tailored thigh thrust forward against the watery design of her dress. Inside Hester, a buried pleasure turned over, and vague, ill-gotten rumors and confirmations chased in her head.

Mrs. Braggiotti pushed George away sharply. "My shoe! Oh, you've got dirt all over my shoe!" She bent down to brush it, real distress on her face.

"What is it you *do* want, Etta?"

Mrs. Braggiotti tilted her face up at him, her eyes clear, her forehead unfurrowed. "Why, I don't want anything, George," she said, in the same tone with which she had refused the sundae.

Hester crept out of her niche and slid carefully around the door. Across the street, the other limestone houses were still there, withdrawn, giving out none of their meaning. Behind her, the dim island of the store no longer drew her with its promise of suspension, of retreat. Looking down at her hands, she thought suddenly that they were a good color; it was the lavender voile that was wrong. She wavered against the blind hush of the street, wishing it full of people she could jostle, buffet, and embrace. Down the block she saw Clara coming back, her skates clashing and chiming. She drew a long breath and stepped further out into the seminal sunlight. —HORTENSE CALISHER

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"I am a lady and I told him to get the hell out of my car."—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Thank God there are a *few* ladies left.

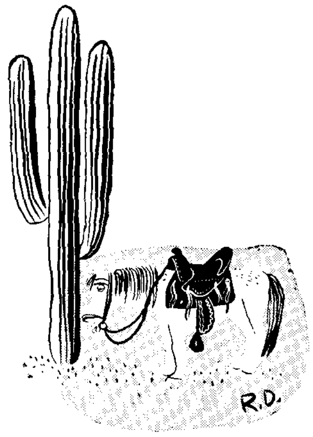
THAT WAS BERLIN

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A ROOF

II—DAYS REMEMBERED

Hedi Hofmann is a small, dark, intense German woman, with great blue eyes. When I was in Berlin three years ago, she lived in a roofless three-story house near a lake in the district called Grunewald, in the British-occupied sector. Living with her were her second husband, Fritz; Lilo, her blond, pretty, fifteen-year-old daughter by her first marriage; and Hedi's mother, the Gentile widow of a Jewish photographer who, as a corporal in the German Army, was killed in action early in the first World War. When Hitler seized power, in January, 1933, there were six hundred thousand Jews in Germany, amounting to less than one per cent of the population. There were also a great number of half Jews and quarter Jews, and these, by the Nuremberg Racial Laws of 1935, were classified as, respectively, Mongrels (*Mischlinge*) of the First Degree and Mongrels of the Second Degree. Because, though it was a prison offense, so many Mongrels did what is known in Harlem as "passing," there are no reliable statistics on them. Estimates run from a half million to several millions.

Mongrelism (*Mischlingismus*) was a problem that the Nazi government never made up its mind about, and "Rights of Mongrels" was a headline that appeared in the newspapers, from time to time, over the latest official decisions. Mongrels were allowed to attend all schools, including institutions of higher learning. They were permitted to belong to the Armed Forces and to the Labor Service, to display the national flag, and to *heil* the Führer until their right arms dropped out of their sockets. There were, however, certain restrictions. Though a Mongrel might have the honor of carrying a shovel in the Labor Service or a rifle in the Army, he could never become an officer in either. (After the fall of France, the Führer, apparently feeling that he could now afford to be fastidious, had all known Mongrels discharged from the Armed Forces. Later, when it began to look as though the Thousand Year Reich might not last quite that long, he indelicately ordered them reconscripted.) Mongrels were, of course, denied membership in the Party, and in the countless Party organizations and clubs that dominated almost every phase of German life. A Mongrel had the right to practice pharmacy, but not medicine, even if he had been the most brilliant student in his class at medical school. No matter what his talents or his attainments, every Mongrel was barred from the Civil Service, which prevented him from taking up a long list of occupations, among them teaching. Farming, the law, publishing, and editing were also closed to him. This affected many a gifted citizen whose forebears had followed Bismarck's famous recipe for the ideal German: "A Prussian sire and a Jewish dam." Under Hitler, it was illegal not only for Jews but for Mongrels to marry Aryans. In 1943, in Berlin, the Mongrel halves of numerous "mismarriages" contracted before 1933 were carted off to the Rosenstrasse Prison, where they had to stay until they could be transported to concentration camps. A large group of the Aryan partners of these marriages gathered before the prison one day and raised such an uproar that the Nazis released the Mongrels. This was the only open revolt of any consequence in Berlin against the Racial Laws during the Third Reich. Hedi and Lilo were, respectively, First and Second Degree Mongrels. Hedi's mother, because she had married a Jew back in 1909, was guilty of retroactive *Rassenschande* (Racial Shame). Late in this war, when things were not going well for the Germans, a parody verse about *Rassenschande* achieved wide circulation in the Reich. It ran as follows:



Fetch out the Hohenzollerns in their
frames,
And all the Hitler pictures throw away;
Come, let us turn again to racial shames,
As once in May.

Hedi was married for the first time during the Republic; she was divorced during the Nazi regime, and she retained her husband's name of Busch, a common Aryan one, which seemed a prudent thing to do. Hedi and Lilo engaged in what might be termed modified passing. Since life was easier if you didn't bring up the fact that your father was Jewish, Hedi kept her origins a secret from everyone but close friends. Still, when Lilo reached the age of ten and it came time for her to join the Jungmädel, the junior wing of the Bund Deutscher Mädel, which was the girls' branch of the Hitler Jugend, Hedi had a talk with the school principal, and Lilo did not have to enroll. After her divorce, Hedi fell in love with an Aryan construction engineer named Hofmann. Because of the Racial Laws, they could not get married, but they lived together and he took care of her and her mother and Lilo, and they took care of him. After the Nazi regime collapsed, Hofmann and Hedi were married.

All that Hedi can remember of her father is how he looked the last time she saw him, which was on Sunday, August 2, 1914, the day he went off to war. She was only four, but some details of that parting are still sharp in her mind: her father's laughing face and the turned-up ends of his mustache; the three white roses sticking out of the muzzle of his slung rifle; her mother's concern over the weight of his knapsack; the sensation of riding on his shoulder, clutching at the spike of his helmet, as he marched with his regiment to the station, her mother at his side, hanging on to his arm. She can also remember the crowds lining the streets and throwing flowers at the troops, and the clear, bell-like notes of the glockenspiel above the brass and reed and percussion instruments of the band as it played "Püppchen," a popular song that her father had taught her:

> *Püppchen*, you apple of my eye.
> *Püppchen*, to me you're just like pie.

Twenty-five years afterward, on Friday, September 1, 1939, Hedi was sitting with Lilo, late in the afternoon, at a table in the front garden of a pleasant café on the Kurfürstendamm, not far from their home. Lilo was drinking lemonade; Hedi had ordered beer. She was thinking how dissimilar the beginning of this war—which had started at four-fifty that morning, when the German Army marched into Poland—was to the beginning of the last. Lilo was nine, or five years older than Hedi was in August, 1914. Hedi wondered what Lilo would remember of this day. As she sipped her beer, she looked across the table at her daughter, who was absorbed in an album of Wilhelm Busch's illustrated verses she had bought her that afternoon. The frightened, distracted look Lilo had had when she had come home from school was gone, thank God. Hedi had sensed that something more than even the declaration of war was bothering the child. Lilo had insisted that nothing was the matter, but, after a good deal of coaxing, she said, "What time do you think they're coming?"

"What time are who coming, darling?"

"The Polish planes that are going to bomb us all."

"Now, who on earth told you that?"

"Some girls at school. They said we'd all be bombed this afternoon. Only, nobody was sure what time."

Before Hedi could answer, her mother came into the room they were in, carrying a gluepot, a pair of shears, and some large sheets of the waxed paper that they wrapped leftover food in before putting it in the refrigerator.

"I thought I'd do these in here first," Hedi's mother said, walking to a window. She held a sheet of the paper in front of the glass.

"What is it for, Mother?" Hedi said.

"Protection against poison gas," her mother explained. "It says in the paper that all windows, ventilators, and crevices should be sealed securely with oiled or waxed paper." She sounded as though she were reading aloud from "Household Hints."

Hedi made a move to leave. "Lilo and I are going downtown," she said.

Before they started out, Hedi took Lilo to a secluded bench beside the lake. The morning had been gray and threatening, but now the skies were clear and the lake sparkled in the sun. "Darling," she said, "I can't promise you that the Poles won't bomb us, because if I promised you that and then they did bomb us after all, you'd be very cross at me." Lilo stared at her and then smiled faintly. "I really don't believe that they will, though," Hedi continued. "You see, there are so many more Germans than there are Poles, and so many, many more German planes than Polish planes, that I should think it would be almost impossible for any of theirs to get here. But if they are going to bomb you and me this afternoon, let's at least be having fun when it happens. How would it be if we went to the zoo?" Then Lilo really smiled.

Hedi and Lilo spent most of the afternoon looking at the baboons on the Monkey Rock, watching Roland, the sea elephant, and talking to a keeper in the Reptile House about the feeding

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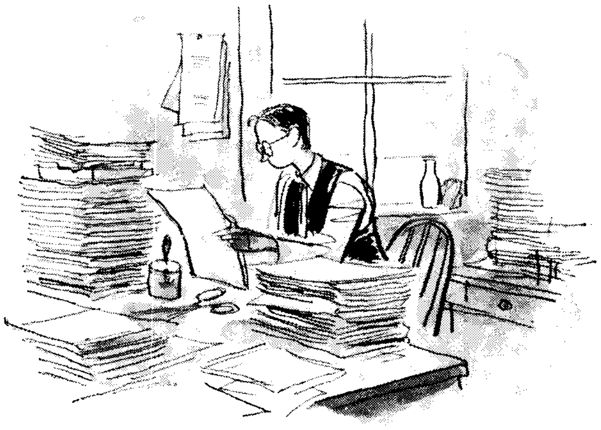

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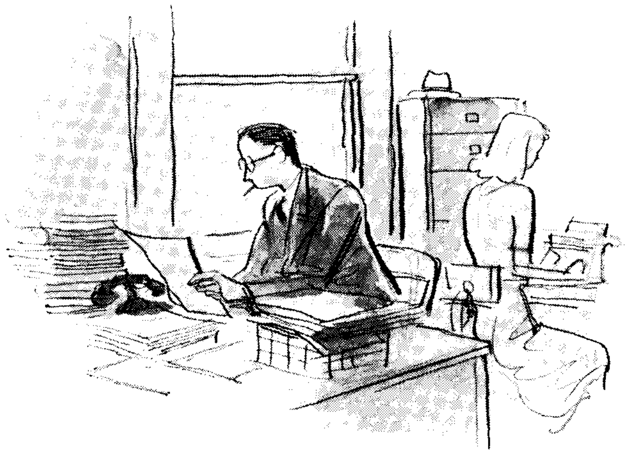

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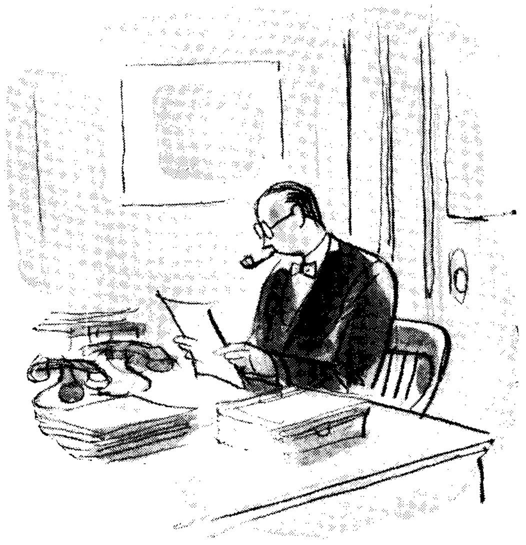

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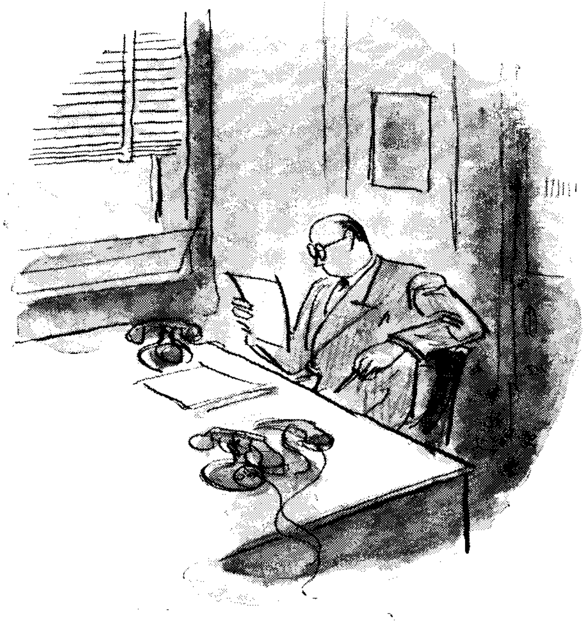


habits of the giant boa constrictor. On their way home, they stopped at a bookshop and bought the Busch album, and then they went to the café. Lilo had evidently got rid of her *Angst*, and perhaps, Hedi thought, she would even remember the day pleasantly.

As they sat in the café, Hedi recalled some of the things that had happened in the last few months. This time, there had not even been a mobilization order. There had been merely what the government termed "an organization of all means against eventualities." For several weeks, trucks and moving vans and buses filled with soldiers had passed through Berlin. Between the Hofmanns' house and the lake lay a railroad track, and, night after night, they had seen trainloads of troops rolling by, headed east. There had been a furtive air about these preparations. The trucks and vans and buses had not moved in convoys, and the troop trains had never gone by in the daytime. No crowds, no flowers, no parades, no elation—only the dazed faces of women and the glum faces of men. They stood in little groups on the sidewalks, conversing in low tones, and every now and then a man would shrug helplessly. From the café, Hedi could see just such a shrugging man, in just such a group, before a newsstand. Beside it was a *Litfaszsäule*, one of those round metal poster pillars, named for their inventor, a Herr Litfasz. During the night, Dr. Goebbels had had a poster pasted on every *Litfaszsäule* in Berlin, to encourage the citizenry. "*Das Leben Geht Weiter!*" the poster read—"Life Goes On!"

How different people's faces had looked after the radio announcement of the pact with Russia a week before! "Ha, ha! No encirclement now," they had said, beaming. Or "This makes us blockade-proof, so there'll be no war." Or "It's certainly a good one on the English. Why, we even have a trade agreement with the Russians! All that oil and grain! What can the poor English do? They can do what they did at Munich last year." Or "*Jawohl!* The Führer has brought it off again!" And how quickly the government had led everyone to the other side of the street after six and a half years of telling people to hate the Russians and to look on them as the scum of the earth! Dr. Goebbels' paper, *Der Angriff*, which had screamed at the Soviet Union louder and more often than any other, now said that the pact was the natural result of "a long and traditional friendship" between the two nations. For a few days, Berliners had felt a wonderful glow of enthusiasm for the Russians. The Russian motion picture "Potemkin," which had been banned since 1933, was exhibited by the German Film Academy, and there was a rumor that Ernst Thälmann and other Communist leaders had been let out of prison. Some humorist devised a new salute—the arm outstretched as usual but the thumb and fingers forming a "C," a compromise between the Nazi's extended palm and the Communist's clenched fist. The night after Ribbentrop signed the pact, Hedi was dancing to radio music at a party. The music was interrupted for a bulletin announcing that a Russian delegation had arrived in Berlin. Then the "Internationale" was played on the air—a very old phonograph record, to judge by the scratching and quavering. Hedi started to make a joke about it to her partner, but she noticed that he was standing at attention. All the other guests were standing at attention, too.

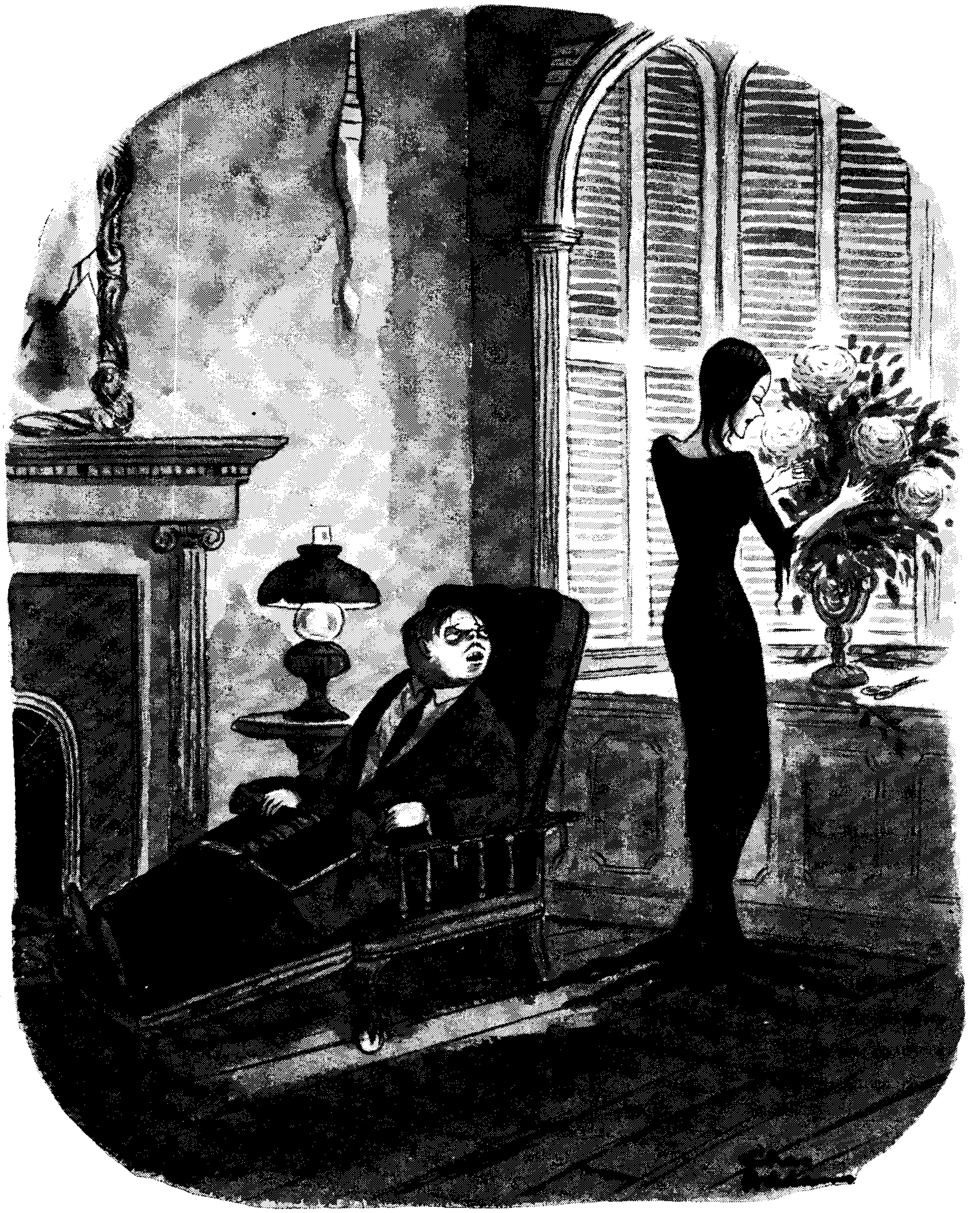
Berlin had revelled in this glow until the following Sunday. Then, as though a man pleasantly muzzed on wine had been suddenly hosed down with ice water, this mood was destroyed when every Berlin household was visited by a policeman delivering ration cards for coal, soap, shoes, clothing, and food. Rationing, the police said, would start next morning. People were shocked not only by the abruptness of the action but by the niggardliness of the rations. The food allowances were skimpy, and everyone was to be allotted only an eighth of a pound of soap, which would have to last for the next four weeks. In the newspapers and on the radio, the government recommended saving soap scraps in knitted bags instead of throwing them away; washing one's hands with soda; using paper napkins; and eating meals off bare tables. Also, it was announced that the great Party Congress at Nuremberg, always held in September, had been cancelled. Throughout Berlin, that Sunday, there was an atmosphere of pessimism and dismay.

Hedi looked down at the extra edition of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* in her lap. The *D.A.Z.*, as it was usually called, was Berlin's last remaining respectable daily—respectable, that is, in its regard for typography and the German language. Editorially, it was under Nazi influence. The Führer's first war speech, delivered that morning before the Reichstag, assembled in the Kroll Opera House, was on the front page. Hedi had listened to the speech on the radio. The Führer had not been reassuring to his people, Hedi thought. His very voice, which seemed to echo their bewilderment at the awful pass he had brought them to, must have alarmed them. There was no longer any of that incredible assurance in his delivery. Instead, when he croaked, "There is no other means left now than to meet force with force," the words, calamitous, disaster-laden, seemed to come from the bottom of a dungeon. He did not sound at all like the head of a great nation leading his people in a "counterattack"—as the war with Poland was officially designated—against a nation less than half as large. There was no sagacity or lofty purpose in the

speech, and there were many implications that most, if not all, of the war's burden would fall on the speaker. Hedi picked up the paper and read:

> I will carry on this fight no matter against whom it may come. . . . I will march as the First Soldier of the German people. I have put my old soldier's coat on again and will not take it off till victory is achieved. . . . My whole life has been nothing but one long struggle, but there is one word that I have never learned the meaning of and that is "surrender." . . . I am willing to sacrifice my life for the German people. . . .

It was getting dark. Hedi glanced at her wristwatch and saw that it was almost seven o'clock. She summoned her waiter and paid her check. As she was picking up her change, she noticed a peculiar, penetrating odor and asked the waiter what it was. "It comes from that truck," he said, pointing to the street. The traffic in the Kurfürstendamm, a sort of combination of Broadway and Park Avenue, had halted for a red light. By the curb was a large vehicle with the name of a chemical firm on its side. "He's hauling a load of glue," the waiter told her. "Passes here several times a day, and we can always tell when he does, no matter how fast he drives."



"You're in a strange mood today, I must say."

Hedi and Lilo had walked just a few steps when the air-raid sirens started to yowl and the street lights were extinguished. It was only a practice alert, but the citizenry had not been told, and many people thought that the Polish Air Force had arrived. (Later, Göring went on the air to announce that he had ordered the alert, which lasted half an hour, "to test the steadfastness of my Berliners.") Lilo put her head down and ran in terror across the Kurfürstendamm against traffic, and a big Mercedes containing a couple of staff officers missed her by inches. Hedi ran after Lilo and caught her. The street was soon packed with people, creeping along toward an air-raid shelter around the corner, beyond the café. As Hedi and Lilo went by the café, a hatchet-faced woman in a fur coat climbed on a chair, removed a napkin from over her nose and mouth, shrieked "They're coming with gas! They're coming with gas!," and clapped the napkin over her face again. People began to get excited. "It's only glue!" Hedi shouted at the woman. "What?" shrieked the woman, taking the napkin away again for an instant. A man sitting at the panicky woman's table got up and flung a pitcher of beer in her face.

An enormous crowd was waiting outside the entrance to the shelter, and moving into it so slowly that Hedi decided it was useless to wait and that she might as well take Lilo home. Thus ended their first day of the war.

ONE December afternoon, Hedi began to talk to me about Germany's wartime Christmases. She talked for several hours, and when I got home that night, I wrote down, in rough translation, what she had said.

"Christmas also suffered under the Nazis,"

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she told me. "To be sure, we still had trees, with candles and ornaments, but on the top of many a tree a swastika was perched, instead of the star of Bethlehem. There was usually a swastika on the roof of the manger at the foot of the tree, and there were small swastikas fastened to the crooks of the shepherds who watched their flocks by night. The year Germany was called upon by the Führer to fight half the world, Christmas, too, had to contribute its share toward victory. Candles and candlesticks for the trees were sold by the government to help support the *Volksdeutsche im Ausland*, who were Nazi Germans living abroad, and during the holiday season pressure was put on the children in school to buy Hitler Jugend calendars. That first year of the war, at the Christmas Market—which was always set up on the square in front of Berlin Castle—instead of the sausages and the charming cakes you could get there in the old days, there was little more than the art-crafty handiwork of the Bund Deutscher Mädel on display. At six o'clock, the market had to close, on account of the blackout, and you went home in the dark. Public conveyances were badly overcrowded from the first days of the war. All that Christmas Day, whenever we turned on our radio, hoping to hear carols, we got a rebroadcast of the Führer's Christmas speech, and the roars of his cohorts, who sounded thoroughly drunk. At the end, they sang the 'Horst Wessel' song, terribly off key. We felt we might have been spared it that particular day of the year. On the whole, however, a great many people were pleased about the war that Christmas of 1939, for it had been triumphant.

"By the Christmas of 1940, morale had become noticeably worse, because the end, now so longingly awaited by all, had not come. The invasion of France had been accomplished, but there had been no landing in England, although Hitler had said in a speech at the Sportpalast in September that one was imminent. Everybody had confidently expected peace that fall. There had been no drastic change in living conditions. If there was great loot from France, as there was said to be, it must have been monopolized by Their High Lordships of the Party, for it was not in the shops. We had pralines that Christmas, but no chocolates; there had been none since the beginning of the war. And there was a shortage of fats and flour. Just the same, most people talked about victory exactly as they had

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in 1939 and shouted *'Heil!'* with the same conviction. Now and then, a pessimist would predict the ruin of the Nazis and the destruction of Germany. If he was lucky, he was merely laughed at, but if he made his remarks in the wrong place, he generally went to jail. Usually, nothing heavier than a jail sentence was imposed for such an offence, because Their High Lordships still felt extremely sure of themselves. A year later, this kind of talk, if reported, could mean death or a long term in a concentration camp. There was one big difference between the first war Christmas and the second. In 1939, the churches were almost empty, but in 1940 they were filled to bursting. In 1939, people probably thought that, with the Führer to follow, they didn't need God. Now, after things had failed to work out as promised, they penitently returned to Him. Compared to what came later, it was almost a peacetime Christmas in 1940. Lilo had a lovely tree that year. You could get champagne, liqueurs, and cigarettes at normal prices, and as much of them as you wanted. What food shortages there were, most people had made up for by saving a little every week. Nothing had yet seriously disturbed the triumphant calm.

"By the next Christmas, the situation was several degrees worse. We were now fighting Russia, and while it was possible to announce one victory after another, there were high casualties. The Russian campaign had begun in June, and we had been told that it would be finished within three months. When, in December, Dr. Goebbels called upon the women of Germany to contribute their furs, gloves, scarves, thick stockings, and heavy underwear to the Army, it was a considerable shock. We were also fighting America, but we were assured that America was so decadent that she wouldn't make any appreciable difference. People celebrated that Christmas hoping the Royal Air Force wouldn't come over and chase them into their air-raid shelters, and it didn't. Liquor had become very hard to get, and many Berliners, for that Christmas Eve, wished for just one bottle to help them forget the war and all its unpleasantnesses for a night. So the government allowed every citizen between the ages of twenty-one and fifty to buy a quarter of a litre of *Kognak.* For everyone else, there were only glazed tiles. The government flooded the country with glazed tiles. The manufacture of almost all consumer goods had ceased long before, but the Nazis

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decided that there had to be something in the shops for presents. Glazed tiles were their answer. Some were monotone, others were multicolored; some were framed, others were inscribed with mottoes. Later, we heard that most of them had been made in the potteries at the Dachau concentration camp. In the name of the Führer, every child received a quarter of a pound of pralines, and every household received a large goose. The authorities seemed to be trying to preserve our spirits. But the thought that Lilo had never had anything like the wonderful Christmases I had as a child, and probably never would have, made me heartsick.

"By the fall of 1942, the Führer's unlucky star was in the ascendant. Of course, he still felt himself mighty enough to declare that Russia lay beaten to the earth and would never rise again. By December, however, people were worrying about Stalingrad, which should have surrendered but hadn't. They no longer listened to the lectures of our good Dr. Goebbels but were tuning in on the British broadcasts to learn how the war was really going. You could make yourself a career with political jokes. The ones about the Führer's passion for chewing carpets began circulating then. There was not enough coal that Christmas, and there were no more whole geese—only mysterious parts. Christmas trees were scarce, and often it was possible to get one only after a scuffle in a market. The chief presents were magnificent Nazi books. Hardly any other books had been published during the year, and most of the ones that had were printed on miserable paper and wretchedly bound. The Nazi books were bound in linen or leather, and printed on beautiful paper. This was the first year that people in Berlin suffered deeply from the war—so many of their men were at Stalingrad—and scarcely anybody could be happy that Christmas. There was an attempt to cheer people up with excellent musical programs on the radio, but only a disinterested person could enjoy them, and nobody was disinterested.

"The year 1943 began with the Stalingrad disaster. That spring, there were the defeats and retreats in Africa. And in November came the first big air attacks on the city. When the war began, Göring claimed that our air defenses were so nearly perfect that if one enemy plane ever bombed Berlin, his name would be Meier. Now everybody was calling an air-raid siren *Herr*

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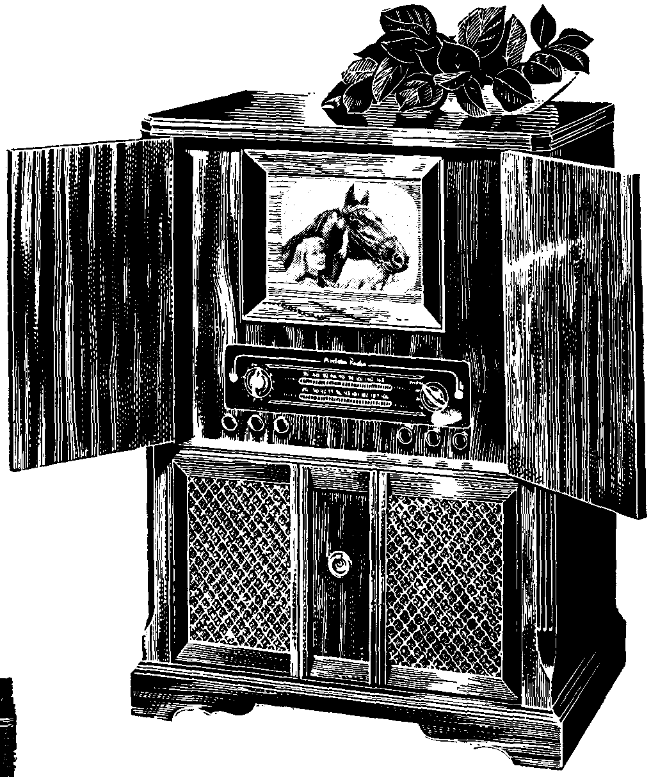

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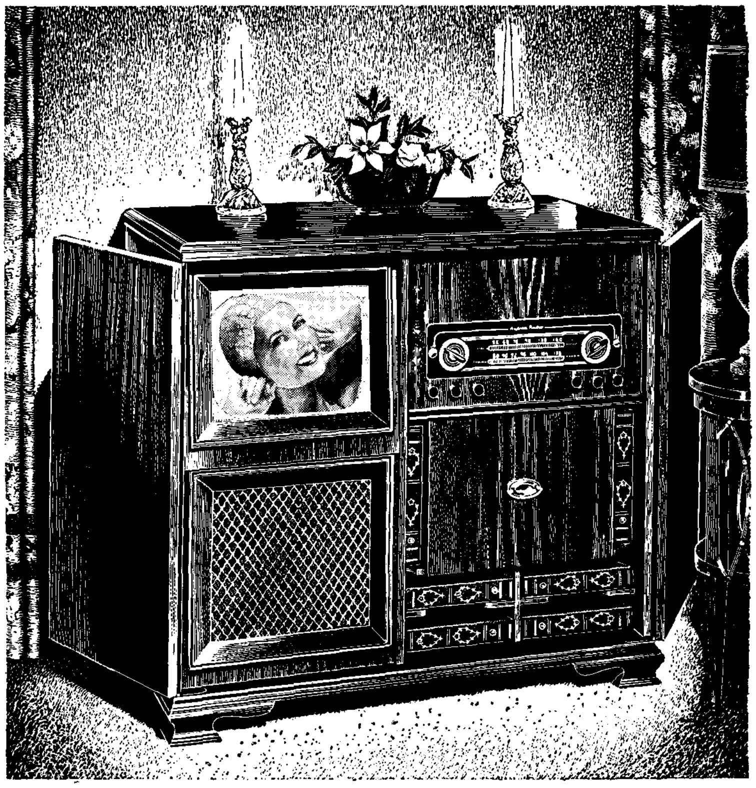

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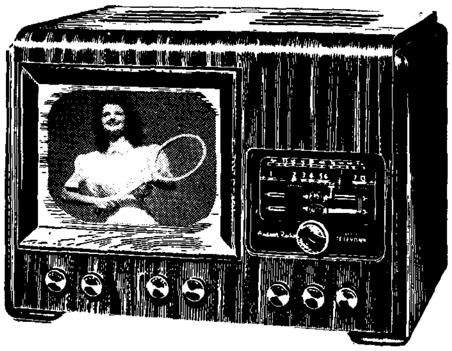

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FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

Meier's Wunderhorn. The alerts became known as 'funeral yodels.' Everybody kept his radio on all the time, because when enemy planes were detected in the vicinity of the city, the Air Raid Protection Service would announce in which direction the raid seemed to be headed. Between the breaking off of the program and the beginning of the warning bulletins, the ticking of a metronome could be heard. It sounded like a man saying 'Tch-tch-tch-tch,' and Berliners told one another that it was Göring. By Christmas, nearly all Berlin families with children had been broken up, on account of the bombing. Some children had been taken to evacuation camps in the country, and many more were with relatives in other towns. Dr. Goebbels, Berlin's *Gauleiter,* had ordered their 'voluntary' evacuation. The order was written in a jolly, confidential style and distributed as a handbill; it never appeared in the newspapers, lest the enemy discover what effect the raids were having. The authorities urged evacuation to eastern Germany, which, they declared, was absolutely safe. They gave names like the Mother and Child and the Old Folks' Special to the evacuation trains. A number of children ran away from their evacuation camps and returned to their parents. I think that, in a way, the Christmas of 1943 was the unhappiest of all for Berliners. Many were bombed out during the holidays. The Berlin divisions were serving in the hottest spots on the fronts, and a great number of soldiers were reported dead. The Nazis had forbidden the singing of Christmas carols. It was harder than ever to buy a Christmas tree. The prevailing mood was one of revolt.

"The year 1944 seemed the shortest of all the war years, because one event followed another so rapidly. The Royal Air Force had kept on bombing Berlin by night all winter, and in March the decadent Americans began bombing us by day, while night attacks by the English continued. Before these big attacks started, there had been bombs, of course. As far back as August and September, 1940, the Royal Air Force had been disturbing our sleep. But after nearly four years of war almost the only spectacular bomb-damage show place was the heap of ruins on the Pragerplatz, in the New West End. People used to say then, 'I know somebody who has been bombed.' After the big raids got under way, people said, 'I know somebody who hasn't been bombed.' For a while, the authorities issued free postcards to anybody who had been bombed, with everything

HOFFMAN
Steady Sparkle
CLUB SODA
HOFFMAN
Pale Dry
GINGER ALE
DINK SIEGEL

When Those in the Know Catch
the Newest Show at the *Versailles*
they Mix with HOFFMAN

"NATURALLY, we are very proud of the headliners in the world of entertainment continuously featured in our famous Versailles floor show. We're even prouder of Versailles food and service." Such is the combined opinion of Nick and Arnold, impresarios and managers of East 50th Street's world renowned center of New York night life.

And part of Versailles' fine service, is Hoffman Quality Mixers . . . the famous Hoffman Club Soda, whose steady sparkle keeps drinks alive...makes them taste better...and the popular Hoffman Pale Dry Ginger Ale...extra good because it's extra dry.

Why not do a Versailles in your own home? Improve your drinks...delight your guests . . . with Hoffman Sparkling Club Soda or Pale Dry Ginger Ale.

In Metropolitan New York*
MORE PEOPLE SAY:

"HOFFMAN
is the finest!"

CLUB SODA ★ GINGER ALE

*Results of Repeated Surveys in Metropolitan New York by Leading Independent Research Organizations.

Copr 1948, Hoffman Beverage Company, Newark, New Jersey

For men of action*

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Maroon plastic set of gentlemen's shaving requisites. Bowl of Lenthéric Shaving Soap, $1.00, refills 75¢. Matching flask of After Shave Powder, $1.00†. . . . These requisites in de luxe lucite containers: Shaving Bowl, $5.00; Powder, $5.00†. †Plus tax.

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1948, Lenthéric, Inc.

the government thought one needed to tell friends or relatives printed on them:

We are living.
We have had deaths.
We have been $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text{half}\\ \text{considerably}\\ \text{totally}\end{array}\right\}$ bombed out.

After a while, they stopped issuing these cards. Censors continued to inspect letters and cards in the mails to see if they contained anything treasonable, but finally they gave even that up. In October, 1944, I received a postcard from a friend in Wiesbaden. Here it is, and this is what it says:

> You know the dreadful hole Mother and I were quartered in? Well, we finally managed to get a comparatively decent place to live. I moved all our things there at once, and Mother, who had been ailing, was supposed to come the following morning. That night, there was a bombing. I ran to our old place before the all-clear sounded. The house had been completely demolished. They told me that everybody in the cellar had been killed immediately. It took me four days to dig Mother's body out. Then, while more attacks went on, she lay in the street for two days and two nights, covered only with that kind of grooved cardboard they pack eggs in, which I found in the ruins of a grocery store. I stood watch over her. That was fourteen days ago. Tomorrow she will be buried in a mass grave. Who will do us that last kindness?

My friend signed her name and sent her new address. Six months before, such a postcard would have brought her a death sentence.

"That fall, a north-to-south route of evacuation was laid out, and Berlin was on the route. As the Allies approached from the east and west, the cities on this route became overcrowded. We left Berlin, but we moved to the west, because the S.S. had their eye on my husband. When the fighting made things too hot for us in the west, we doubled back, but we went to my aunt's, in Potsdam, instead of to Berlin, because Potsdam was less likely to be bombed. We spent that Christmas there. Getting a tree for Lilo was a real problem. The place that sold trees was jammed with people and surrounded by a police cordon. Every few minutes or so, the police would drag somebody off for making an anti-Nazi remark. I waited six hours to get Lilo's tree." —JOEL SAYRE

(This is the second of a series of articles.)

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INSHTATHEAMBA [See BRIGHT EYES, 1854-1903].—*Dictionary of American Biography.*

The hell we will.

AMERICA'S MOST *POWERFUL,* MOST *LUXURIOUS* MOTOR CAR

—ONE GUESS WHAT NAME IT BEARS!

THIS page needs no signature.

Even the car itself dares to carry no nameplate. For there is no mistaking the identity of "America's most *powerful,* most *luxurious* motor car."

No other car built in America today offers you the performance of a precision-built, 160-horsepower engine.

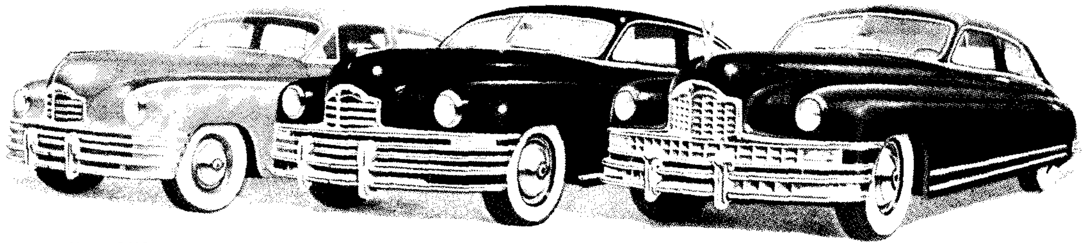
No other car offers you such delightful smoothness, such roadability, and so broad a range of appointments.

This car shares its distinctive styling and engineering with no other car of lesser name. It is the proudest achievement of America's oldest builder of fine motor cars.

At home, and in the far corners of the world—for 49 years—its famous "face" has been the symbol of the very finest expression of American craftsmanship and painstaking attention to detail.

One guess what name it bears!

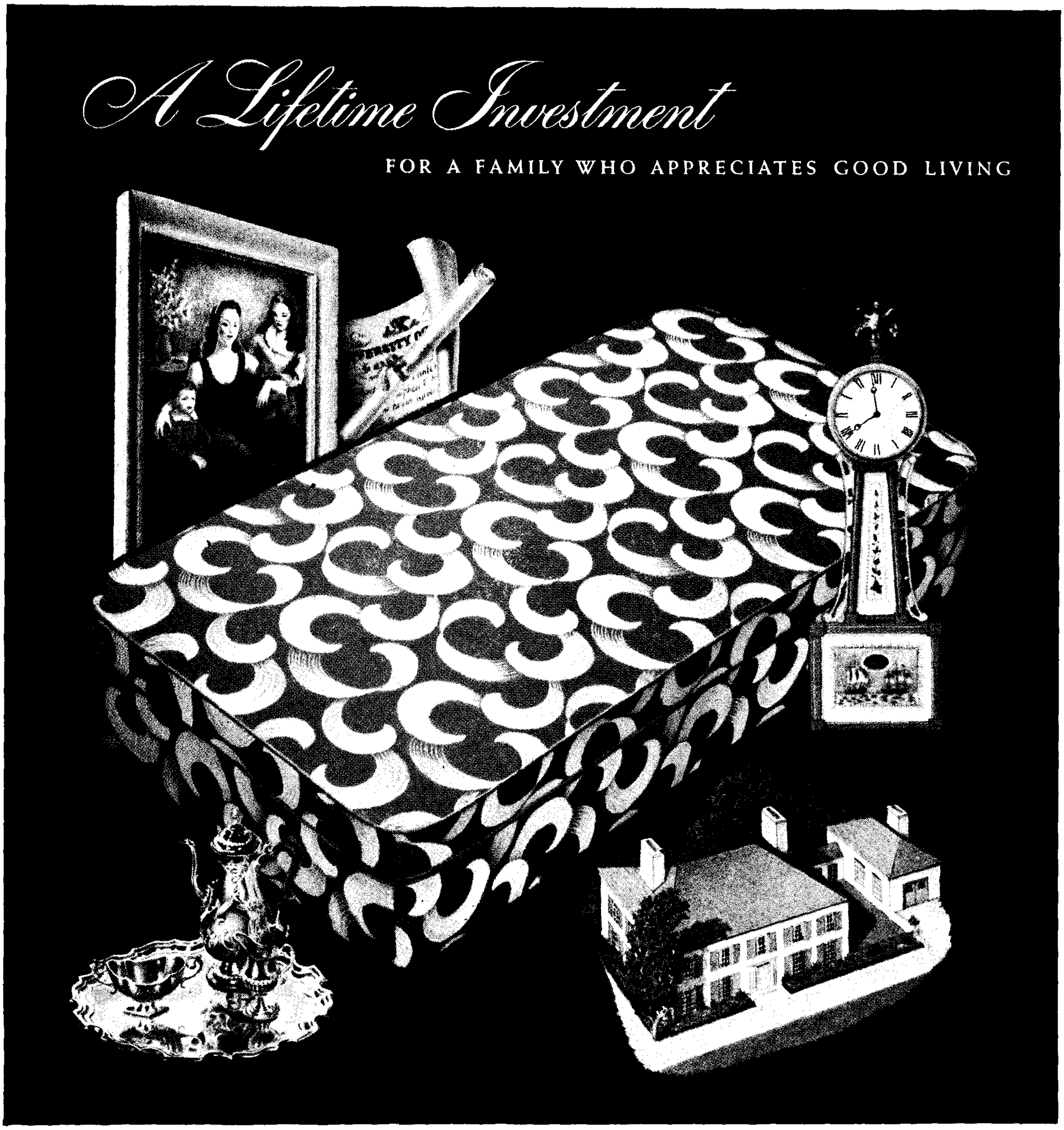
ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE



130-HP EIGHT

145-HP SUPER EIGHT

160-HP CUSTOM EIGHT


A Lifetime Investment
FOR A FAMILY WHO APPRECIATES GOOD LIVING

THE FINEST MATTRESS EVER MADE

A good night's rest is the very basis of the good life. Health starts with it. Sound nerves are sustained by it. The very will to do things depends on it. In fact, since one third of your life will be spent sleeping . . . or trying to . . . surely you owe yourself . . . and your family a private pink cloud for pleasant sleeping . . . a mattress that in every way exemplifies all that science can do to solve this problem. When you shop for Koylon you'll be astounded how many things your favorite store has to say about it. It's far too big a story to try to tell here . . . too rich in scientific fact and detail. Check on it and see how much sense it makes. Then you'll realize you're heading in the direction of the best rest . . . and the best investment you've made in years.

Mattress . . . 79.50 to 112.50
Foundation . . . 59.50 and 64.50
Koylon Pillow, 11.95

U.S. Koylon FOAM
MATTRESS

MADE ONLY BY
U.S. RUBBER
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

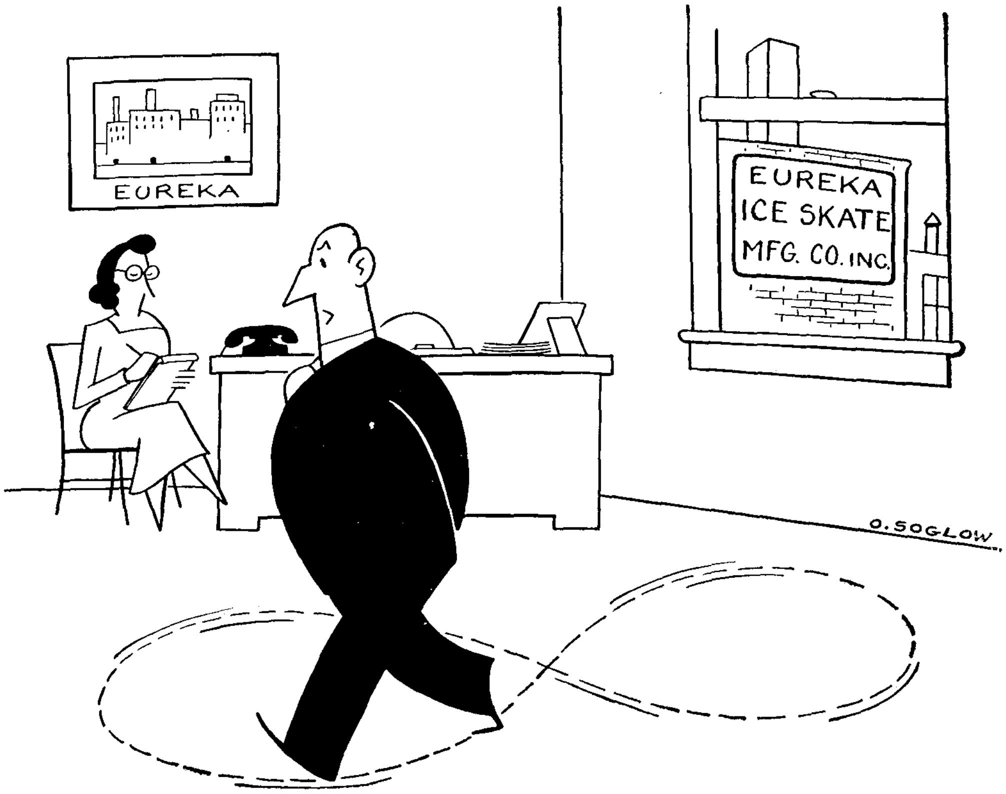
THE THEATRE

WIT AND WHIMSEY

RATHER more than half the comedy in "Small Wonder," a not especially intimate revue at the Coronet, struck me as funny, which is a remarkably high percentage these days. Since the music, by Baldwin Bergersen and Albert Selden, and the lyrics, mostly the work of Phyllis McGinley and Billings Brown, are usually satisfactory, too, and the cast, on the whole, is lively, intelligent, and handsome, I think you ought to have quite a cheerful time at it. The sketches, contributed by Charles Spalding, Max Wilk, George Axelrod, and Louis Laun, lean heavily on visual effects, so I doubt that I can give you much more than the general idea. The proceedings are supervised by Tom Ewell, an amiable comic with a pointed, rustic face and a pleasantly tentative manner, who is described in the program as "The Normal Neurotic," meaning that, given a minute to think it over, he can worry about practically anything, from the supersonic plane, which threatens to get you to your destination before you even start out for it, to the medieval design of the human body. ("Who needs thirty-two teeth? One continuous blade, top and bottom. *That's* the thing.") These complaints take the form of monologues, and while they are bright enough, Mr. Ewell is at his best when his satires involve the rest of the company, as they do when he is going on about best-sellers, national variations in moving-picture technique, and magazine advertising. The first of these, a tribute to books about quaint relatives, to studies in disillusionment, and to overweight historical novels, is O.K., though inclining toward broad burlesque rather than sharp satire; the second, a discussion of the happy ending as variously portrayed on the Continent, in England, and in Hollywood, is nicely pointed and wonderfully confused; and the last, in which Mr. Ewell turns over the pages of his magazine with growing dismay while behind him the animated advertisements shout their terribly personal questions, may easily be the funniest thing you'll see this year. In my opinion, they are all just a little too long, but I am a man who feels that almost everything written for the stage, not excepting the works of Mr. Tennessee Williams, would benefit by drastic editing, so I guess you can disregard that. Among those abetting Mr. Ewell in taking civilization apart are Alice Pearce, who makes the most of a face and figure that suggest a small, agreeable pig; Mort Marshall, a Yale man but a sound comic; and Mary McCarty, who is about the most fascinating roughhouse comedienne to turn up on Broadway since Ethel Merman. In addition to her appearances with Mr. Ewell, Miss McCarty is in quite a few other numbers, and she delighted me in them, too, especially in "Ballad for Billionaires," a maniacal commentary on conditions in the State of Texas, and "Flaming Youth," which stuffs the Clara Bow era in its coffin and spikes down the lid.

While "Small Wonder" is distinguished chiefly for its sketches, it also offers some pretty good singing and dancing. Miss McCarty, who seems to be running away with this review, has a nice tune, if no particular message, in "Saturday's Child;" Marilyn Day does very well with two called "When I Fall in Love" and "Commuters' Song" (I think this was the one in which Miss McGinley pleased me by rhyming "Connecticut" and "petticoat"); and Hayes Gordon, though generally subordinated to the ladies, is clearly a melodious man when he gets a chance. The dances, arranged by Gower Champion, are executed chiefly by Kate Friedlich and Tommy Rall, an attractive couple, agile as mountain goats.

"HEAVEN ON EARTH," the season's first musical comedy, deals with homeless love in Central Park, a theme that has generated a good many picturesque works, ranging from Robert Nathan's "One More Spring" on up or down, depending on your taste. This time the hero is an ex-G.I. who lives in a tree until he and his bride are smuggled into a model home, erected in the Park for demonstration purposes. The man who brings about this improvement in their condition is an Irish hansom-cab driver, equipped with a real horse and a mute, pixy secretary, to whom he tap-dances out letters, which she reads back to him in ballet, a performance just about as arch as it sounds. Besides these characters, the story involves a deranged housing commissioner, whose comedy is a little uninhibited for me; an effeminate policeman and a tough policewoman, who, naturally, chases him around; and


EUREKA
EUREKA ICE SKATE MFG. CO. INC.
O. SOGLOW

BROOKS' OWN MAKE OXFORD SHIRTS

We Believe That They Are The Finest Shirts Available Ready-To-Wear

"Brooks" in line and "Brooks" in quality. They're cut on our own patterns and made in our own workrooms, in the distinctive collar styles that have been favorites with Brooks' customers for generations.

BROOKS' OWN OXFORD SHIRT WITH BUTTONED-DOWN OR PLAIN COLLAR *(Left and Right):* Domestic Cotton Oxford, $5, White only, Pullover or Coat style. Imported Egyptian Cotton Oxford, Pullover or Coat style, White, $6.50. Blue or Grey, Pullover only in the Buttoned-Down model, Coat style only in the Plain Collar model, $7.

BROOKS' OWN ROUNDED COLLAR SHIRT *(Center):* Coat style, Egyptian Cotton Oxford. White, $6.50, Blue, $7.

Mail and Telephone Orders Filled

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

a manufacturer of prefabricated houses, who makes a lot of noise, though to no particular comic purpose. The total effect produced by all these people is, I'm afraid, rather overwhimsical for a *nervous man,* and I left the Century in a state of melancholy irritation.

The cast, if you really want to go on with this, is headed by Peter Lind Hayes, a strikingly self-possessed young man, who is lost in the role of the benevolent cabbie but reasonably effective when allowed to do the night-club impersonations that apparently have been his specialty up to now. He was assisted with the comedy by David Burns, Wynn Murray, Irwin Corey, Claude Stroud, and Dorothy Jarnac, all of whom would undoubtedly have done better with less roguish material, and with the romance by Robert Dixon and Barbara Nunn, a decorative pair, similarly handicapped. Barry Trivers wrote the book, which has been discussed, and the lyrics, which bore strong spiritual resemblances to the poetry of Edgar A. Guest. Jay Gorney's tunes kept reminding me of something I'd heard before, and the scenery and costumes, by Raoul Pène duBois, are bizarre, to put it as politely as possible.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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POESY DEPARTMENT
(GREEK LETTER DIVISION)

[*From the U.C.L.A. Daily Bruin*]

HEARTS ARE TRUMP

By A. J. Newhouse

Monday night was an exciting one
I'm sure you will agree,
When you hear that Sigma Pi Ev Rea
Is pinned to Jody Woford, KD.

On cute Shirley Ewing of the Alpha Chi house
Pat Davis' Beta pin I spied.
And for ZTA Marian Ayer and Don Irving
The knot will soon be tied.

Milly Woodbury poured water for Alpha Xis as
Jack Ramsey's (Lambda Chi) pin she now wears.
And Shirlee Laurenson, Gamma Phi is engaged to Bob Barrett
An SAE, who roots for the "Bears."

Jack Brown, SAE and Howard Hill, Theta Delt
Have given their pins away
You'll see Pi Phi B. J. Winslow and Gwenn Hanson
Wearing them every day.

Ginger Sukenik, Sigma Delta Tau and Jim Horowitz, SAM
Are planning to wed soon.
Rumor has it that the best time of all
Would be the month of June.

WHO IS THE SMILING MAN?

CLUES

1.
His children's education is as good as paid for.

2.
He's moving into his dream house in 1958.

3.
He's going to get $4 back for every $3 he invests today, after 10 years.

4.
He's helping his country and himself, at one and the same time.

ANSWER: The Smiling Man is the man who invests regularly in U. S. Savings Bonds. What he has done—actually—is to guarantee his own future, to insure the security and happiness of his family.

Every Savings Bond you buy will stretch your smile a little further. They're the wisest investment you can make, today—they pay you back $4 for $3 after ten years, and that's a promise by Uncle Sam!

What's more, every dollar you invest in Savings Bonds is helping to fight inflation over here, helping to maintain democracy over there.

If you draw a salary, enroll in the easy, painless, *automatic* Payroll Savings Plan.

Or, if you aren't on a payroll but have a checking account, use the equally convenient Bond-A-Month Plan.

Inquire today about these sure, profitable savings plans. *And watch your smile grow along with your savings!*

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

soft-touch exclusive

Fluid, uncluttered wool jersey is this season's *prized fabric*—and we pamper it with gentle velveteen for the baby collar, buttons and contour belt. Country-city wonder in green, navy, wine, black. 10-20. . **45.00**

Mail and Phone Orders Invited—
VOlunteer 5-4800

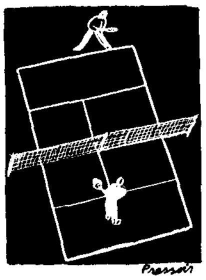
DE PINNA

FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST., N. Y. 19

ON THE COURTS

Youth Movement

JUDGING from the results of the 1948 National Singles Championship, the Davis Cup will remain in the United States—or, rather, California—practically forever. The quarter-finalists in the Forest Hills fracas last week, which broke all records for upsets of seeded players, were six Californians, one Czech, and one South African; the semifinals included the foreign threats, Jaroslav Drobny and Eric Sturgess, and two California children, Herbert Flam and Richard Gonzales, neither of whom can yet buy a drink in a reputable bar out West and who were not even considered as competitors for this year's Davis Cup matches, which we won from Australia with such embarrassing ease earlier this month, also at Forest Hills. The final was won by Gonzales from Sturgess in straight sets.



Supposedly, Davis Cup challenge-round teams consist of the three or four best players from each of the two countries involved, but of the six Cuppers (three Australians and three Americans) entered in the National Singles tournament, only Frank Parker succeeded in getting past the round of sixteen, and he lost to Gonzales in the quarter-finals. It should be added, though, that Ted Schroeder, our second-ranking singles man, made the heretical announcement that the refrigeration business was more important to him than tennis, and he went home to attend to it before the tournament got under way. Since Australia is reported to have no young players of any particular promise, and since Drobny, who teamed with his fellow-Czech Vladimir Cernik to provide the only real threat to Australia's reaching the inter-zone cup final, has his best tennis years behind him, and since Sturgess is the only South African player of consequence, I don't believe it's an overstatement to say that we could field half a dozen teams that could defend the cup against all comers. Drobny, incidentally, is thinking seriously of remaining in this country and taking up professional big-league hockey, which would remove any last, lingering hopes the Czechs may have for next year.

The semifinal matches, in which Gonzales defeated a Drobny who was playing just about at his best and Sturgess ousted a nervous, wavering Flam, provided an extraordinary contrast in playing styles. Gonzales has one of the most powerful services ever seen at Forest Hills—or anywhere else, for that matter—and Drobny is not far behind him. Between them, they scored forty-three aces, twenty-seven of which were by Gonzales, as against only two in the other match, both by Sturgess. Most of the two hundred and thirty-two points it took to decide the first two sets of the Drobny-Gonzales battle followed the same pattern—a vicious serve, a dash to the net, and a volley or smash that was either unreturnable or an error. Flam and Sturgess, on the other hand, engaged in long, baseline rallies, and there were frequently a dozen or more exchanges before the point was decided. Sturgess, perhaps the coolest and most resourceful player in the tournament, made up for a lack of power by outthinking Flam at almost every turn; he refused to try for an earned point until he was sure he had maneuvered Flam sufficiently out of position to warrant it. From the point of view of court tactics, it was a really fine exhibition, but, coming right after the fireworks of Drobny and Gonzales, it seemed so anticlimactic that hundreds of people in the gallery deserted the stadium in favor of a mixed-doubles semifinal on the grandstand courts. Sturgess, it might be noted, was perhaps a little fortunate in getting through his quarter-final match with Earl Cochell, a cocky Californian whose outspoken admiration for his own game has not done much for his popularity in tennis circles—which apparently include referees. Near the end of the fifth set of their match, Cochell complained of cramps in his racket hand and asked for a minute or two of respite, a request Sturgess was more than ready to grant. The umpire, however, sharply insisted that the game go on, since the rules require continuous play. True enough, but I've never before heard of such strict application of the rules under similar circumstances.

Gonzales' play in the final, in which he beat Sturgess 6–2, 6–3, 14–12, was possibly his best performance in a brilliant week of play. His service was even faster than it had been against Drobny, and he showed an unexpectedly large repertoire of strokes, including a deep lob that won him quite a few earned points against one of the ablest retrievers in the game. It was just

When an advertising man finds a gold mine of **RESPONSE,** *he doesn't always shout it from the housetops*

THERE is a certain advertiser, in a certain industry, who is famous for his thoroughness. He takes nothing for granted. Tests everything. Copy. Illustrations. Media. He even tests his tests.

Needless to say, this man's methods are carefully watched. In a highly competitive field, you keep an eye on the other runners, particularly the pace-setter.

Now it happened that this advertiser added Holiday to his schedule. A routine test. A few months later he whispered the results. Holiday was producing returns at a lower cost than any other magazine ever tested, monthly or weekly.

We asked him if we might quote him. He turned us down flat. Said he, "Does Macy's tell Gimbels?"

Fortunately for us, most advertisers don't have to be so cautious. A New York dress manufacturer proclaimed publicly, "The direct consumer response was far beyond my greatest expectation. From all over the country women wanted to know where they could buy the dress 'as seen in Holiday'!" And a shirt maker is on record as saying that "Holiday is the most effective medium we have ever used."

Nor was a Midwest food company bashful. When asked about the response to his ad in Holiday, the president of the company told the world that Holiday did as well as or better than magazines with circulations in the millions. Or there are the reports from two shoe makers. The first one announced that "Holiday response exceeded the combined response of the other two publications." The second boasted that his dealers had never had so much direct response.

The key word in all reports is the same—response. Holiday has something that a lot of nice people crave. They read it, they enjoy it, they save it and clip it. They respond!

The size and quality of this year-round response is the most dramatic fact in the publishing and advertising business today. More than 800 calculating advertisers are taking advantage of it. Are you?

Holiday's more than 800,000 families are America's most responsive new market. Read this list of seven contributing factors:

1. Holiday families are alert, intelligent . . . eager for new experiences.
2. Holiday families are community leaders.
3. Holiday is read by *all* the family . . . equally interesting to men and women.
4. Readers prize their copies, read and reread them for pleasure and reference.
5. People read Holiday in a relaxed, responsive holiday mood.
6. Readers look to Holiday's advertising pages for ideas . . . find there a wide variety of products and services.
7. Holiday is "America's Most Beautiful Magazine." A Curtis Publication.

The most responsive new market today is exclusive with

HOLIDAY

THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE POTOMAC, THE STADIUM, AND THE SOUTH

A FRIEND of mine who spent his youth in Harlan, Kentucky, says that every Election Day down there, up until the late twenties, a character known to the inhabitants as Old Hoss would ride down out of the mountains on a lank nag, fire a revolver in the air, and shout, "Sink or swim! Live or die!—I'm for the Old Log Cabin!" The Old Log Cabin, as near as anybody could figure it, was a catchword surviving from the campaign of 1840, probably handed down to Old Hoss by his father and grandfather. "Log Cabin and Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" had been phrases without relevance to the points at issue even in 1840, but in the popular memory, of which Old Hoss's memory was a segment, they had outlived every other aspect of that ancient election. I confidently expect that, in the event of a G.O.P. victory in November, on Election Day eighty or ninety years from now some old-fashioned Republican will ride his helicopter into Pleasantville or New Canaan from a peripheral hill and feebly pipe, while discharging an obsolete cigarette lighter, "Flesh nor fish! What a dish!—I'm for the Old Red Herring!" Because of my conviction that the Presidential race of 1948 will be remembered as the Red Herring Election, I have been collecting variant usages of the term as they appear in the public prints, with a view to someday doing a monograph on the subject and presenting it to an institution of higher learning, possibly the University of Pennsylvania.

The press quoted Pennsylvania's distinguished new president, Dr. Harold Stassen, as saying in a speech in Detroit on September 7th, a little more than twenty-four hours after President Truman's Labor Day address in the same city, "The third major campaign complaint of your visitor of yesterday is that the Republicans are pulling red herring across his trail. [Mr. Truman's complaint, as I understood it, had been that the Republicans were pulling red herring across the trail of the Eightieth Congress, not of him.] Let me assure him that the Republicans are not pulling red herring across his trail—they are driving the red herring out of the official waters of the Potomac. [I thought that Dr. Stassen, who was a wartime naval officer before he became an educator, should have known that red, or smoked, herring are more likely to be found in delicatessen stores than in rivers, pending the discovery of a process by which the herring can smoke itself underwater.] Too many red herring have been in Washington for too long a time. The President should help man the red herring nets instead of complaining against the fishermen." In assimilating the members of the House Un-American Activities Committee to fishermen for smoked herring, the Quaker City savant, it seemed to me, had evoked a rich new image, like a detail of Breughel's painting "The Proverbs." Closing my eyes, I could visualize the whole band, in jerkin, hose, and codpiece, wading through the official waters, Congressman J. Parnell Thomas, of New Jersey, on one end of the net, Congressman Karl E. Mundt, of South Dakota, on the other. "Pull it over this way, Tommy!" I fancied I heard Congressman Mundt shout. "I think I got a *marinierter!*"

I BEGAN reading about Dr. Stassen's Detroit discourse in an Associated Press dispatch in the Washington *Post*, on a train coming up from the city of the herring-infested official waters. (I had always attributed the taste of Washington tap water to too much chlorine, but it may very well be old bloaters.) The dispatch reported that the universitarian had spoken before a crowd of 3,000—"which failed to fill the 4,500-seat hall." The New York *Times* story, a special, which I read when I got to New York, spoke of "a capacity audience of 3,000 persons in Masonic Temple," indicating a rapid contraction of the premises after the A.P. count. The *Herald Tribune's* story, also a special, spoke of "an overflow crowd of 3,000," although, according to the A.P., there were 1,500 seats left over. In a state of mild arithmetical confusion, I turned to the *Daily News* story, which carried an Associated Press slug, but found that the *News* had cut out the reference to the size of the crowd. In the New York *Star* I discovered the Associated Press story as I remembered having seen it in the Washington *Post*. It included, besides the bit about the size of the hall, some other material that I had read in the story on the train but had not come across either in the *Daily News* version of the A.P. dispatch or in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* special jobs. This read, "Unlike the crowd that listened to Truman's

AJAX
NOVELTY
&
TRICKS
COMPANY
A. BAL
MEN'S
COM
BA
Kovarsky

The high cost of living has us all in the uneasy seat!

Business dislikes the high cost of living as much as you do. For fewer people buy when prices are too high.

At National Dairy we do everything possible to keep prices *down* and quality *up*. Each month our key men sit down at a "round table" to exchange ideas on how to increase efficiency and improve products. The aim is *top quality at lowest possible price.*

Here are some figures which show how milk prices compare with food prices, from 1939 to 1948:

Increase in cost of food 116%

Increase in cost of fluid milk . . 78%

Notice that milk has not increased nearly so much as the average of other foods. Our profit from all of our milk divisions averaged less than ½ cent per quart sold in 1947—far less than the public thinks business makes—and much less than the average profit in the food industry.

When you buy milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—you get more for your money than in anything else you eat. We guard the quality and flavor of milk and butter, cheese, ice cream and other products made from milk. *And we make them available at the lowest possible prices to the greatest number of people.*

An impartial national survey shows that most Americans consider 10%-15% on sales a fair profit for business. Compared to this, the average profit in the food industry is less than 5%. And National Dairy's profit in its milk divisions in 1947 was less than 2%.

NATIONAL DAIRY

PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Kraft

Sealtest

Breyers

The best shoes you can buy are the best buy!

"The Dandy" created by DELMAN

Soft-spoken lines of a classic pump, spiked with nostalgic overtones of the spat.

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

as well that he won as quickly as he did. A combination of rainfall and an almost interminable third set in the women's final (in which Mrs. du Pont, for a change, beat Louise Brough, 4–6, 6–4, 15–13) delayed the start of the men's for more than two hours, and darkness was well on the way before the match was over.

When Gonzales won the Meadow Club Invitation Tournament, at Southampton, early in August, I devoted several hundred words in this department to saying how preposterous it was for the U.S.L.T.A. to have ranked him in seventeenth place this year. I even said that I wouldn't be too surprised to see him win the National Singles. In the two succeeding August tournaments, at South Orange and Newport, he failed to get past the quarter-finals, and I resolved that I would never again go in for predictions, however vague. But now all such resolutions are off and I predict that he'll be ranked first next year. Anyhow, he ought to be.

WHAT may very well turn out to be the most important innovation in sports since the introduction of the ball was brought forth at Forest Hills by Mercer Beasley, without doubt the most innovation-minded tennis coach in the business, during the week preceding the Davis Cup challenge matches. Known to the Federal Communications Commission, with which it has been duly registered, as W1OXVD, and to captious reactionaries in the West Side Tennis Club as Beasley's Blarer, it consists of a small radio transmitter with an antenna about three feet high, and a tiny receiver that is worn by the player on a specially wired belt. The receiver, whose loudspeaker is a flesh-colored hearing aid, weighs about a pound and enables the wearer to receive an uninterrupted flow of his mentor's wisdom and censure during play. This fascinating bit of equipment was developed by Beasley in collaboration with Charles Lundgren, a Bloomfield, New Jersey, radio engineer. To date, Beasley has used it only in practice sessions, possibly on the assumption that players in tournaments already get more advice from the stands than they can handle.

—P. W. W., Jr.

•

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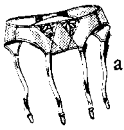

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OF ALL THINGS

THE United Nations General Assembly, meeting at Paris, has many important problems to solve. The peace-loving peoples of the world are demanding a miracle, but they would probably settle for considerably less.

•

Rumors have been going around that Dewey, if elected, would put an end to the subsidies that keep food prices so high. Our Governor indignantly denies this base charge.

•

The Princely State of Hyderabad surrendered quickly to the Indian troops, but the Nizam evidently hopes that he will be allowed to keep his job. He can point out that he has forty wives and a lot of children to support.

•

In the G.O.P. landslide in Maine, the name of Margaret Smith led all the rest. The Senator-elect seems to have captured not only the Republicans but the independent voters, the lukewarm Democrats, and all the Smiths.

•

Boston hopes to regain its old position as Hub of the Universe by having a World Series between the Braves and the Red Sox. The city has never forgotten the great Transcendentalist teams of the eighteen-thirties, and the dazzling fielding combination of Thoreau to Alcott to Holmes.

•

The F.B.I. reports that it has investigated over two million federal employees and found very few suspicious characters. Our government is practically a hotbed of loyalty, Chairman Thomas will be more or less happy to hear.

•

President Truman is drawing large crowds and loud cheers on his campaign tours. Of course, it is entirely possible that some citizens have just come out to have a last look.

•

Cymbidium orchids are now being flown from Australia to New York in six days. This is a welcome move to ease the dollar shortage in Australia and the Cymbidium shortage in New York.

•

Senator Taft wishes that people would think more about liberty and less about pay and security. According to him, we should keep our minds on higher things than prices.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Want to be [illegible]

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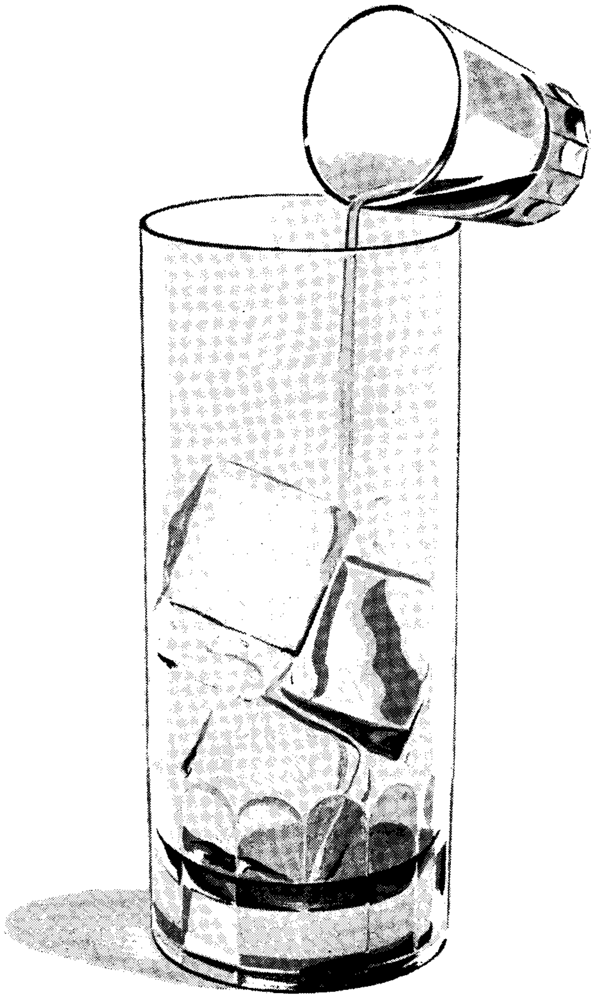

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AT FINE STORES

Mary Dunhill, 660 Fifth Avenue, New York

talk here yesterday, spectators were coached in applauding before Stassen took the air for his broadcast over an NBC network. Walter Tibblas, radio man for the Republican National Committee, 'warmed up' the crowd, which failed to fill the 4,500-seat hall." This procedure, I thought, marked a step forward in the technique of statesmanship, which has been lagging behind that of radio comedy. The small, well-trained audience may yet revolutionize the campaign business, and I offer to the leaders of all three parties the suggestion that they organize audiences similar to this one, each to be made highly mobile and prepared to travel with the speaker, thus obviating the necessity of his antagonizing local voters by making them listen to him.

The slight variations in the published accounts of Dr. Stassen's *Heringsabend*, while of no earth-shaking consequence, made me think of a prospectus an editor friend of mine received, early in this campaign, from an organization called the Canadian-American Newspaper Alliance, Box 438, Lexington, Virginia. It follows:

> Henry Wallace begins his southern tour on August 29. Will you be adequately covered for his initial addresses? If not, we would be glad to have you take advantage of our presence there.
>
> *CANA Service No. 1.* Particularly aimed at newspapers which seem to have been giving Wallace and the Progressive Party a little more publicity than the average—expected to contain more "meat and vitality" than the routine news services usually furnish. $7.
>
> *CANA Service No. 2.* Brief straight to the point factual coverage of the Wallace speech in Richmond. $2.
>
> *CANA Service No. 3.* Written specially for your organization—constructed according to your needs, slant, specifications, and space needs. $10.

THE Progressive Party rally that Mr. Wallace addressed at the Yankee Stadium on the night of September 10th, although it was approximately sixteen times as well attended as the Stassen affair (Dr. Stassen is not, after all, a Presidential candidate), provoked little statistical controversy among the reporters who were present. The *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *News*, *Mirror*, *Journal-American*, *Sun*, *World-Telegram*, *Post*, and *Star* all accepted the report of the sponsors that there were 48,000 in the audience, which seemed plausible when one looked around the Stadium. It is a matter of public knowledge that the Stadium will hold about 80,000 when packed to cracking, and the Wallace crowd was approximately the size that Cleveland draws here on a nice

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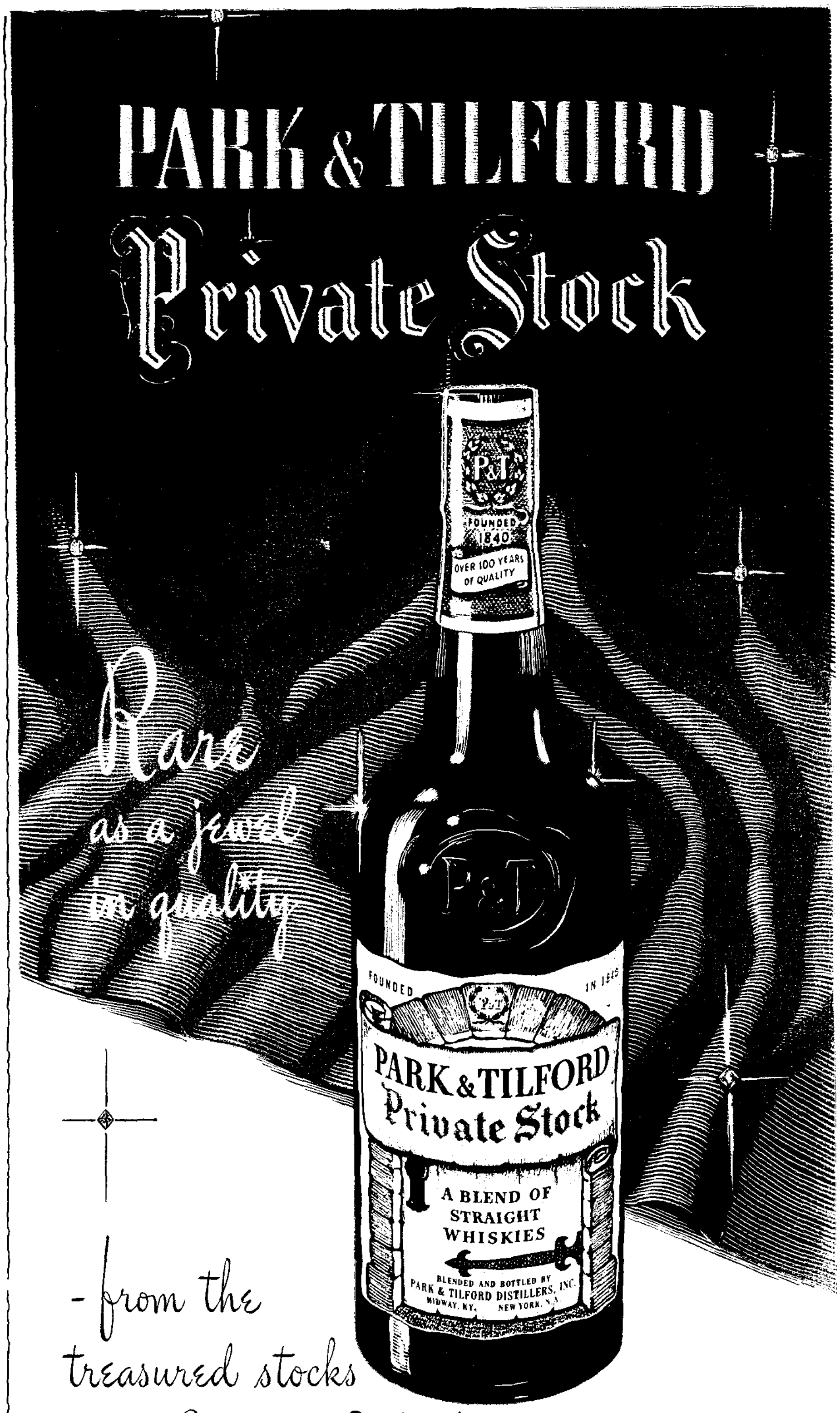
night in midseason when the Yankees are going no place in particular. The weekend edition of the *Daily Worker*, however, gave the Communist Party's favorite Presidential candidate an extra 7,000 rooters in this three-line head, which covered nearly half the front page:

55,000 CHEER
WALLACE FIGHT
ON JIMCROW

Beneath was a lead that began, "Speaking before a great Yankee Stadium throng unofficially estimated at 55,000 that defied an all-day downpour, Henry Wallace . . ." The *Worker* omitted from its account of the Wallace speech any reference to his curse-on-both-your-houses line, which the *Star* and the *News*, among others, carried on the day after the rally: "We condone neither the German stoning nor the Russian shooting in Berlin." In response to an inquiring telephone call, one of the *Worker's* editors later explained to me that he and his associates had had to make a stab at the attendance figures, because their weekend edition goes to press early Friday evening. Naturally, they had not wanted to give their man any the worst of the prediction. They had written their story of the speech from the text sent out in advance by the Progressives, and Wallace had interpolated his statement about the Berlin riots three hours after the *Worker's* press time. (Sometimes a story fits one's needs, slant, specifications, and space needs even better if one prints it before one covers it.) Monday morning's *Worker* printed the 48,000 figure down at the bottom of page 3, under a single-line head, reading, " 'YANKEE DOODLE RALLY' MAKES HISTORY," and, in its eye-witness report of the rally that followed, reported Wallace's interpolated remark in a continued part of the story, on page 11.

In general, the attitude of the New York press toward Wallace and the Progressive Party seems to have softened, compared to the way in which some of the local papers carried on over the third-party doings during the convention in Philadelphia that nominated the old seedsman. The *News*, in accepting the Stadium-attendance estimate of 48,000, went so far as to say that several thousand spectators had been let in free "when it became apparent that the rally, postponed from Thursday night because of rain, was not going to draw the hoped-for crowd." But that was all; its handling of the story was respectful, if unenthusiastic, as were the accounts in the *Mirror*, *Journal-American*, *Sun*,



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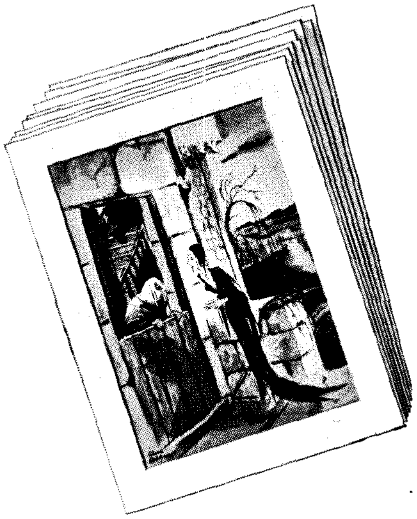

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and *World-Telegram*. Paul Gallico, the Hearst columnist who had reacted to the Progressive Convention like a small boy to being locked in a dark closet, visited the Stadium and wrote a column devoid of terrifying shrieks; apparently he now found the antics of the Wallace party rather amusing. The *Times* ran a kindly mood-picture sidelighter in addition to a long news story and the full text of Wallace's speech. The headline over this color story read:

RALLY COMBINES
REVIVAL, SONG FEST

SPIRITUAL MUSIC TURNED INTO
CAMPAIGN SONGS, AND HOT
ORATORY, HOLD CROWD

I couldn't help wondering whether Robert G. Spivack, writing in the *Post* on the day after the rally, hadn't hit upon the reason for the noticeable change of attitude toward the Progressive candidate in conservative circles. "Centering its fire on the 'decomposing, disintegrating Democratic Party,' Henry Wallace's New York campaign was formally under way Saturday with the charge that President Truman is a 'paper progressive' who has 'betrayed' the policies, foreign and domestic, of the late President Roosevelt," Mr. Spivack wrote. "For the Wallaceites, at least, Gov. Dewey, the Republican candidate, was virtually the forgotten man." It could be that the Republican newspapers have come to believe that Wallace, who, it now seems, will take votes chiefly from the Democrats, is a more effective campaigner for Dewey than is, for example, Dr. Stassen.

WALLACE'S recent Southern tour may also have been partly responsible for the New York newspapers' trend toward moderation in their treatment of him. As a matter of fact, it almost seemed as though some New York editors and writers had taken a lesson from a few of their possibly more objective, dispassionate Southern confreres. I read a number of North Carolina newspapers that appeared during the most animated portion of Wallace's Southern trip and found their coverage first-class. Two reporters for the Greensboro *Daily News*, Arthur Johnsey and Bill Rhodes Weaver, made the story clearer to me than did any account I read in the New York press about the trip. Johnsey, who had evidently ridden with the Wallace entourage from Durham to Winston-Salem, wrote in the *News*, under a Winston-Salem dateline, on August 31st: "Henry Wallace's militantly nonsegregated presidential cam-

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paign tour rolled from Durham to this city today against the impact of waves of derision shouted at him in town after town along the route. It was derision expressed by angry, hooting, egg-throwing crowds at the places where he stopped to talk along the way, crowds kept in a semblance of order by the presence of uniformed police. The former vice-president lowered his head and set his teeth when the angry blasts came. And with dogged determination that matched the unrelenting persistence of his foes he shouted back into the uproar. Time after time he shouted back his basic theme—that the South has been weakened by division and that the South is good enough to have the best in education, in medicine, and in the returns from its economy. . . . The consensus of most newsmen following Wallace was that the temper of the Greensboro crowd of several hundred which heard Wallace on the county-courthouse steps was the most tolerant of any during the day's trip. Eggs were thrown, his remarks were booed, but a substantial part of the crowd seemed to take the attitude that, determined as they were to oppose him volubly, he had a right to free speech. At Burlington, just about an hour earlier, the crowd of six or seven hundred had refused to let him talk. . . . Driving away from the cold hostility of the Burlington street crowd, Wallace had his first really appreciative audience of the day when he was introduced to the old people at the Guilford County Home, on the outskirts of Greensboro."

Weaver, matter-of-factly, wrote: "Henry Wallace, the Progressive Party candidate for the Presidency of the United States, appeared at the Guilford County Courthouse yesterday and was egged. He was assaulted by young men with eggs and peaches as he prepared to address approximately 3,000 persons gathered in the courtyard facing West Market Street. He repeated his program to aid the South in health, in education, in industry, and in agriculture. He again offered his $4,000,000,000 four-year plan to 'make the South the great place it has a right to be—where people are well fed, well educated, healthy, and progressive.' " The *Daily News* (the Greensboro one), on the same day that it ran its report of the local proceedings, said editorially, "Our regrets for, our condemnation of, and our sincere apologies for what happened yesterday afternoon, Mr. Wallace."

The Winston-Salem *Journal* provided the most voluminous coverage of

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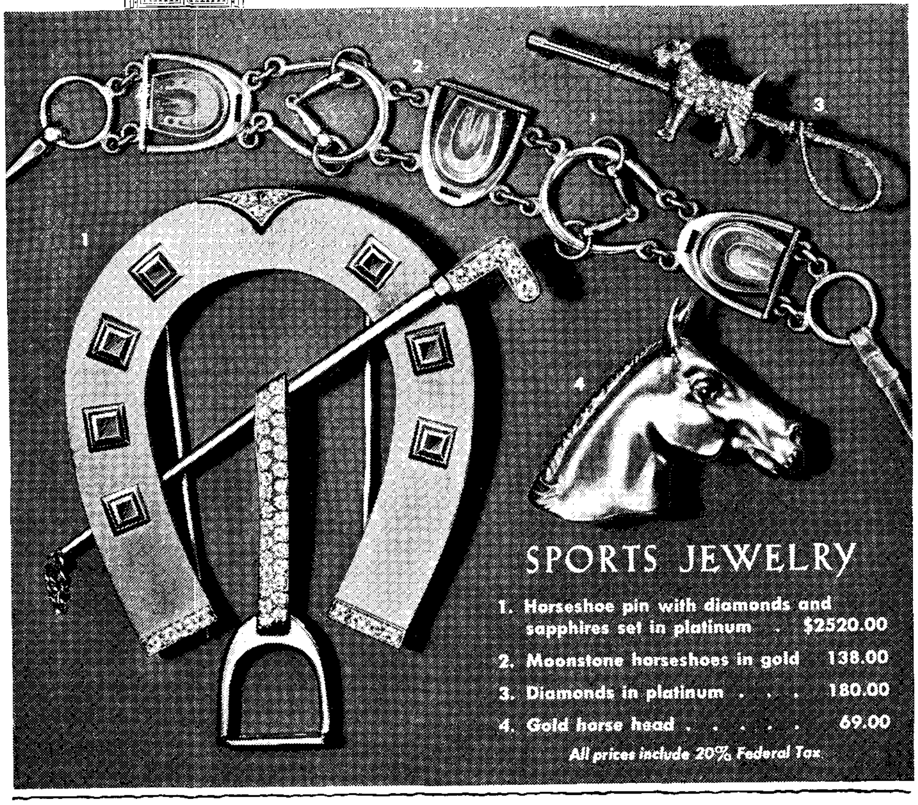

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all, carrying a corking story by a staff man, Hoke Norris, of the Wallace meeting in the local ballpark. Marie Belk, another *Journal* reporter, wrote a side story of the ballpark gathering. "Not even soft drink bottles were available as weapons, for drinks were sold last night only in paper cups," she recorded. "It was a suspenseful night, with everybody looking furtively at everybody else to see if trouble were brewing. . . . Wallace opponents in the audience seemed to know no end to different methods of protesting the proceedings. Rebel yells, catcalls, boos, woody woodpecker noises came frequently. Much of the time the booers could not hear what they were protesting. Sometimes a group of youths would take a loud note in a yell and hold it for several seconds. . . . Large portions of the audience remained sullenly silent when the meeting opened with the singing of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Later, a large number of youths appeared to find it extremely amusing to raise their right hands in the Fascist salute and shout 'Heil Hitler.' "

The Raleigh *News & Observer* editorialized on August 31st: "It should never be forgotten that the eggs in Durham were thrown not upon an insignificant and contemptible crew but upon the right of free speech in a free land."

I have considerable respect for those North Carolina newspapers, and for the reporters who wrote, and signed, those stories, too. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Informer," by Liam O'Flaherty*]

She led him into the parlor excitedly. It was dark there and she had to fumble around for matches to light the gas. She couldn't find them. Gallagher offered his box. He lit a match. She went to take it from him. Their fingers touched. She started and stumbled over something. The match fell from his fingers and went out. He reached out his hands to catch her as she stumbled. He caught her by the wrists and held her tightly. They had not spoken a word. It was very queer in the darkness. Their faces were very close together, but they could not see one another. They stood still, each of them mastered by some strange impulse, that bound their tongues. They stood still, in the utter darkness and silence of the little stuffed room, for almost a minute. Then Gallagher spoke. He spoke in a soft whisper. The sound of his voice was soft and caressing. His lips were so close to hers that his breath came moist to her lips. There was a catch in his voice, as if the volume of sound were not strong enough to steady itself on the air.

"Mary," he said, "I want you to come to a Court of Inquiry with me to-night."

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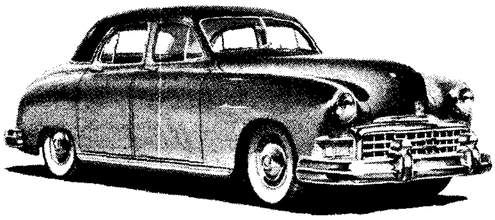

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

CHARLES IVES' Sonata No. 2 ("Concord, Mass., 1840-1860"), begun in 1909 and completed in 1915, has been recorded for the first time and can be found in Columbia album 749. It's probably just as well that it didn't come along till now, when polytonality and extreme dissonance are accepted stuff. This American composer, who was awarded last year's Pulitzer Prize for music, for an old but only recently uncovered work, employed these advanced devices before either of those better-known innovators, Stravinsky and Schoenberg. Ives, a retired insurance man who was born in 1874, in Danbury, Connecticut, and has put a lot of time into his hobby, music, speaks such a personal language in his scores that he is pretty hard to follow at first hearing. In the "Concord" sonata, a piano work, which John Kirkpatrick plays excellently in this set, Ives rambles a good deal as he seeks to recreate the spiritual atmosphere surrounding a few famous writers of the time and place noted in the title. The sonata has four sections—"Emerson," "Hawthorne," "The Alcotts," and "Thoreau." Hawthorne and the Alcotts are given fairly brief treatment, the other and more philosophic pair evidently having stimulated Ives more. The Hawthorne episode is fanciful, and the one about the Alcotts is somewhat stately, being made up, in large part, of innumerable variations on the "Fate" figure that opens Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. I have no idea why Ives chose this particular figure. The album notes suggest it "indicates Ives' subtle understanding that the Athenian-like New England was a repository for all cultures." Maybe, but if so, it's too subtle an allusion for me. Anyway, the things he does with the figure are interesting in their own right. Ives has indulged in some especially deep thinking in the end movements, and I found that the more times I listened to "Emerson" and "Thoreau," the more I enjoyed them and admired their fascinating complexities. The "Concord" sonata is no piece of music to take casually, but if you're willing to go along with

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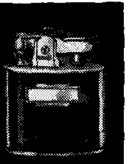

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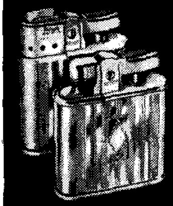

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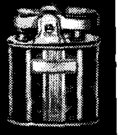

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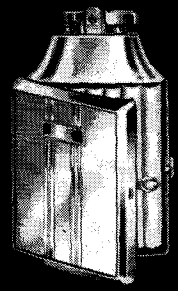

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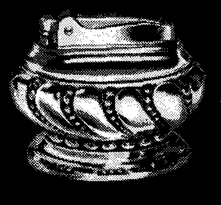

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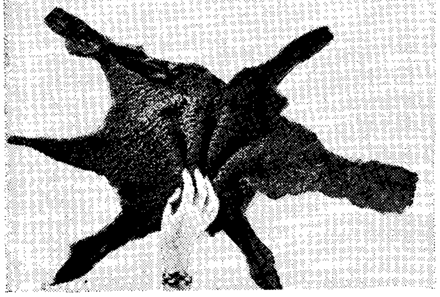

an unusual craftsman, of an individual turn of mind, I think you'll welcome the experience.

The final side in the album is given over to Kirkpatrick's performance of "In the Inn," a section from Ives' Sonata No. 1. From this fragment, which sounds unlike the activities at any hostelry of fact or legend of my acquaintance but is worth hearing all the same, I'd say that the First Sonata is every bit as tough a nut to crack as the Second.

THERE are a couple of other new Columbia sets that I found entertaining. In one (No. 757), Claudio Arrau plays the first six of Isaac Albéniz's twelve piano pieces collected under the title of "Iberia." They are wonderful pieces, and Arrau plays them brilliantly. "Evocación," "El Puerto," "Fête-Dieu à Seville," "Rondeña," "Almería," and "Triana" are their titles, and they make delightful use of Spanish folk themes and dances, which are sometimes sad and fey, but mostly spirited. The other set, called "Songs of the Auvergne" (No. 758), has something of the same appeal, though the reference here, of course, is to France. This album is a reissuing and joining of three single records, out of print for some time, made by Madeleine Grey, that superb French soprano, with an orchestra. It contains eleven folk songs, admirably arranged by Marie-Joseph Canteloube de Malaret, which are vibrantly beautiful, particularly the ones entitled "Bailero" and "Passo Pel Prat," which also happen to be the longest. Miss Grey's expressive singing, which sounds entirely genuine, is no small factor in the excellence of this album.

THE début in this country of David Oistrakh, a Soviet violinist of whose European concerts many warm accounts have drifted to this country, takes place in Mercury album 10. His performance is such a good one that it is a pity the war and, now, the relations between Russia and the United States have prevented his touring America; Mercury has made this recording available through a deal with a foreign firm. Oistrakh plays Khatchaturian's sole concerto for violin, accompanied by the Russian State Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alexander Gauk. Both orchestra and soloist are first-rate. The concerto is a fleet, occasionally pretty, rhythmically tricky, and superficial showpiece. It gives Oistrakh an opportunity to display a remarkable technique and fine tone, and also, in the slow

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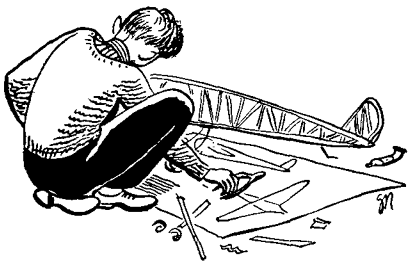
movement, compelling sensitivity of expression.

YOU may want to investigate a little album called "Piedigrotta No. 1" (Cetra-Soria 108). Piedigrotta is the name of an annual Neapolitan song festival, and the six pieces in the set are prize-winners from last year's shindig. They're wildly romantic and, I suppose, trashy, but I found them fun. It may interest you to know that "Santa Lucía," "Funiculi-Funiculà," and "Fenesta Che Lucive" were first heard at Piedigrotta festivals, and of this current set I would say "Mandulinate 'e Sera" and "Serenatella 'a na Cumpagna 'e Scola" have the best chances of continued favor. The first is simply a generous outpouring of sentiment for the beauties of Naples, the other a serenade to a schoolmate "whose name was youth." I was rather taken, too, with an entry called "Sartulella Mia," an innocuous enough title in itself, meaning "My Little Seamstress." The interesting thing about this piece is that it is a tender appeal to an Italian girl who prostituted herself for "white bread" during the recent war to give up her new profession and get back to her sewing. That strikes the only social note in the bunch. All of them, however, are cut from the same cloth as the rich and violent songs in Edith Piaf's French repertoire, and I guess that's another reason why I enjoyed them—that and the reedy singing of a tenor, supported by a slightly timid band. If you'd care for the names of the other three, they are "Vedimmencenne Bbene," "Campane d' 'o Gesu," and "Maschera Stracciata."

I'D now like to run over several other new items. Aaron Copland's suite from his score for the ballet "Rodeo" is in Victor album 1214, played by the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati conducting, with the waltz from Copland's earlier ballet score "Billy the Kid" on the final side. "Rodeo" is vigorous, interestingly presented music, but I like the "Billy the Kid" waltz even more. The performance is a good one. . . . David Diamond's suite for "Romeo and Juliet," introduced last year by the



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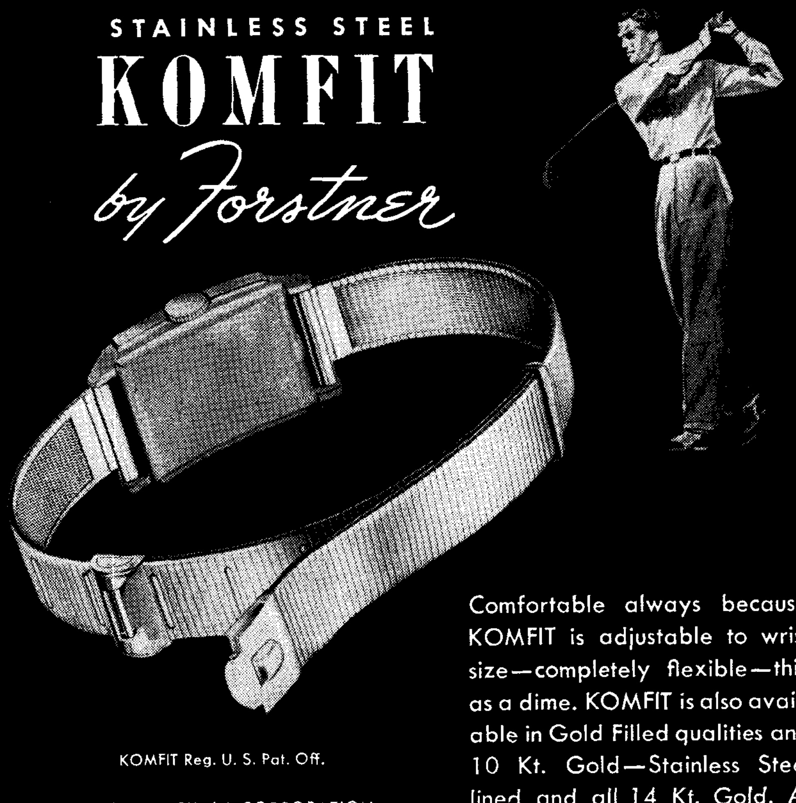

Little Orchestra Society, with Thomas K. Scherman conducting, has been recorded by this group and conductor and issued in Columbia set 751. An overture, the balcony scene, conversations between Romeo and Friar Lawrence and between Juliet and her nurse, and the death scene make up the substance of the suite. It is leisurely, seemingly formless music but deeply sensitive and quite faithful to the poetic mood of the play. Both the sweetness and the tragedy are very well expressed, and the orchestra plays it splendidly. Diamond's flavorsome overture to "The Tempest" is also included in this set. . . . Seven Spanish songs, arranged for piano with great artistry by the late Manuel de Falla, are sung by Carmen Torres, a soprano, in Victor album 1223. Their titles are "El Paño Moruno," "Seguidilla Murciana," "Asturiana," "Jota," "Nana," "Canción," and "Polo." Miss Torres, who is accompanied by piano, has a somewhat strident voice, but she obviously understands these songs, and her renditions are, on the whole, effective. The collection has a good deal of variety. . . . Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, sings five pieces from stage works by Offenbach, and does so delightfully, in Columbia set 299. Assisted by an orchestra, she offers "O, Mon Cher Amant, Je Te Jure," "Mon Dieu, Que les Hommes Sont Bêtes," "Ah! Quel Dîner," and "Je T'Adore"—all four from "La Périchole"—and the "Entr'acte and Barcarolle" from "Tales of Hoffmann." They make a charming album. —D. W.

•

The disadvantage of the aluminum utensils over most others is that they weigh almost nothing and are not subject to corrosion.—*Charleston* (*S.C.*) *News & Courier.*

That eliminates *them.*

•

On his face, with the wide forehead, large blue eyes and narrow, sensitive chin, it was still possible to see the traces of an earnest adolescent. How could so young a face have written such a book?—*The Star.*

Very good question.

•

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[*From Food Store Digest*]

Albert R. Williams, the manager, is not the type you expect to find managing a grocery store. He looks and acts more like a college mathematics professor than a grocer, although his manner and personality are very pleasant.

POSTSCRIPTS TO THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

THE PODUNK MYSTERY

PODUNK, as a place name, is older in American history than New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and only six years junior to Boston, yet the lexicographers still pass it over with titters, and try to give the impression that the place itself is a mere hypothetical entity, like the square root of minus zero, an honest congressman, or one drink. Old Noah Webster omitted it from his dictionaries, as he omitted the four-letter words, and all the other Early-American onomasticians—for example, the Rev. John Witherspoon, John Pickering, and Maximilian Schele de Vere—did the same. Even the archpresbyter of the fraternity, John Russell Bartlett, made no mention of it in the first edition of his "Dictionary of Americanisms," published in 1848, or in his second, of 1859, or in his third, of 1860, and when he admitted it, at last, to his fourth, of 1877, he shoved it into his "Addenda" and defined it as "a term applied to an imaginary place in burlesque writing or speaking." This notion that Podunk is a mere figment of the satirical fancy still rides the dictionary boys. Webster's New International of 1934, though it employed a staff of experts as huge as the crew of a battleship, called it "an imaginary small town, taken as typical of placid dullness and lack of contact with the progress of the world." The New Practical Standard of 1946 boiled this down to "any small town typically dull and non-progressive." And the American College Dictionary, published only the other day, made it "a humorous name for any small or insignificant place." Worse, the newspapers have fallen into goose step with the lexicographers, and even so cultured a sheet as the Boston *Herald*, the breakfast food of every Harvard professor not abandoned to Marxism, has been guilty of "Podunk, like Atlantis, has no locus. Sought often, it is unfound and apparently unfindable."

This was printed in the *Herald* on February 2, 1933. A few days later, a reader by the name of E. A. Plimpton wrote in to say that it was buncombe; there was actually a Podunk, he declared, near Worcester, Massachusetts, and within forty-five miles of the Harvard Yard, and it was so far from being "typically dull and non-progressive" that a number of Bostonians had summer homes within its confines, and Plimpton himself was one of them. He offered to take any agent nominated by the *Herald* out to see it, and hinted that photographers would be welcome. But no one familiar with the operations of the human mind could have expected this direct and categorical evidence to shake anything so tenacious as a popular delusion. That delusion simply refused to be refuted, and the newspapers of the country, including the *Herald*, went on speaking of Podunk as without substance or reality. Even the philologians, who are supposed to be far above vulgar credulity, refused to yield. They printed some learned speculations on the etymology of the name and traced it back to 1636, but they could come to no agreement as to either its origin or its meaning, and all of them decided that Podunk was not a town at all but simply a country stream, a meadow, or some other such work of nature. So the years passed until 1941, when the *Herald*, apparently beset by something resembling conscience, printed an editorial demanding that the problem be tackled head on and, if possible, solved at last. If there was really a Podunk near Worcester, as Plimpton had alleged in 1933, then it ought to be run down in a scientific manner and accorded its proper place among the recognized communities of the Republic. Going further, the *Herald* nominated a man to undertake the exploration. He was George Francis Booth, owner and editor of the Worcester *Gazette* and *Telegram* and the undisputed captain general of all the region circumambient. Worcester was only a few miles from the area beyond Spencer and Leicester that Plimpton had pointed to in his letter of 1933, and the *Herald* knew, as every other American newspaper knew, that Booth, though already past seventy, was a go-getter of the highest virulence, and could be trusted, if he rose to the bait, to find Podunk within six days, come hell or high water.

THE *Herald* chose well. Booth was actually in action in a matter of ten minutes after the *Herald* reached

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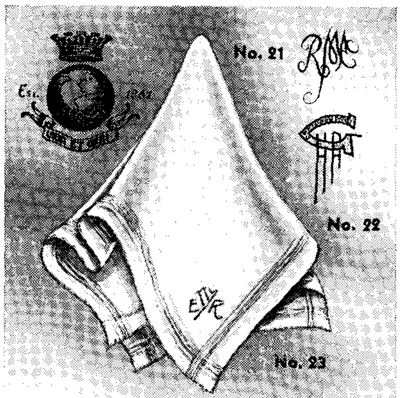
his office, blowing into speaking tubes, signing blank expense accounts, and briefing his editors, reporters, and photographers. Too busy with other civic affairs to lead the expedition himself, he appointed William H. Moiles, a dashing young journalist of his staff, as its Henry M. Stanley, and by nightfall Moiles was wiring to Boston for tents, mosquito bars, pemmican, caterpillar-tread station wagons, vitamins in ingots, and arms and ammunition. Early on a bright November morning, his safari shoved off from the *Telegram* office, and by noon it had forded Seven-Mile River and was headed south into the rain forest along the East Brookfield River. The explorers encountered many rabbits and cows but no carnivora save an occasional dog, and not a shot had been fired when they reached the native town of East Brookfield. There the leader of the expedition, following the immemorial technique of journalists, sought the aid of the bartender at the Lakewood Inn. I now quote from the three-and-a-half-column dispatch (with a three-column map) that he sent to the *Telegram* next day:

> He [the bartender] listened with grave interest to the tale of our mission. He advised us to turn down Cottage street, which branches off Route 9 to the left, almost opposite the inn, go over two bridges, turn right, and proceed to the Four Corners. There, in a manner of speaking, we would find Podunk.
>
> We found Cottage street all right, rumbled over the two bridges, and just as darkness let down, arrived at what might well have been the Four Corners. It was a vague junction and seemed a poor beginning for something as widely mentioned as Podunk.
>
> We moved on cautiously until the headlights picked up one small boy by the side of the road, working his thumb with great energy.
>
> We stopped and, without further urging, he clambered in, bringing with him something strongly indicative of close association with barns and sturdy beasts.
>
> "Where're you going?" we asked.
>
> "Up by the old Podunk school," he said.
>
> "Where is Podunk?" we asked, failing entirely to suppress a quiver of anticipation.
>
> "This is Podunk now," said the small boy.
>
> He said it calmly, quietly, almost wearily. But we felt like Balboa.

It was pitch-dark by now, and Moiles decided to return to East Brookfield to make camp for the night. This he did in a clearing convenient to the Lakewood Inn bar. At dawn the next day, reveille was sounded, and in half an hour the expedition had reached the spot where the mephitic native boy had been encountered the night before, and



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its members spread out to investigate the site. While Moiles' topographical engineers made surveys for the map aforesaid, he himself interviewed the local notables. What they had to tell him was thus summarized in his report:

> Podunk . . . may be variously referred to as a section, district or locality. . . . It is about three miles long from north to south, and about two miles wide. These figures are only approximate, because Podunk never had, and does not now have, any definite boundaries. According to residents, it was once considered to extend south from the . . . Four Corners in East Brookfield to another four corners in the northern part of the town of Sturbridge, pop. 2227, [1] fanning out for differing distances on each side.
>
> Now, however, it is the consensus of Podunkers that the district extends even farther south into what is called the Ainsworth section of Sturbridge. A section in the southeast even extends into Charlton. But the largest part of Podunk, by far, lies in East Brookfield. Running roughly through the center of it, north and south, is a road sometimes called the Podunk road, sometimes the Sturbridge road. Definite figures on Podunk's population are as scarce as definite figures on its area, but the consensus seems to be that the district now contains about one hundred families.
>
> The two largest bodies of water laving Podunk soil are Quaboag Pond, also called Podunk Pond, and South Pond, also known as Quacumquasit Pond.[2] Local tradition has it that the great Indian chief, Massassoit[3] died while visiting the Quaboag Indians and is now buried on the northern shore of Quaboag Pond.

These facts, as Moiles inscribed them on a wad of copy paper, filled him with a grateful and pardonable glow; indeed, he described it as almost a glare. Here, at last, was Podunk! Here, unearthed from the ashes of obscurity and contumely, was one of the most ancient of American communities—a fit match for Nineveh and Ur. And here was proof that it was still riding the full tide of human civilization, with law and order, surfaced roads, the cherished tomb of a mighty chieftain, and an amiable and accomplished bartender within easy reach. From a schoolma'am encountered along the way, Moiles learned that until lately it even had had its own educational establishment; to wit, the Podunk School, closed in 1932 or there-

---

[1] In the New England patois "town" is used to designate what the rest of the country calls a township. That is to say, it is simply a subdivision of a county, and predominantly rural. But there is actually a village of Sturbridge in the town of Sturbridge.

[2] The Fifth Report of the United States Geographic Board shows that at some time before 1920 the board ordered the former to be called not North or Podunk but Quaboag, and the latter not South but Quacumquasit.

[3] Massassoit was the sachem of the Wampanoag or Pokanoket Indians, and as such signed a treaty of peace with Plymouth Colony in 1621. He kept it faithfully until his death, in 1661.

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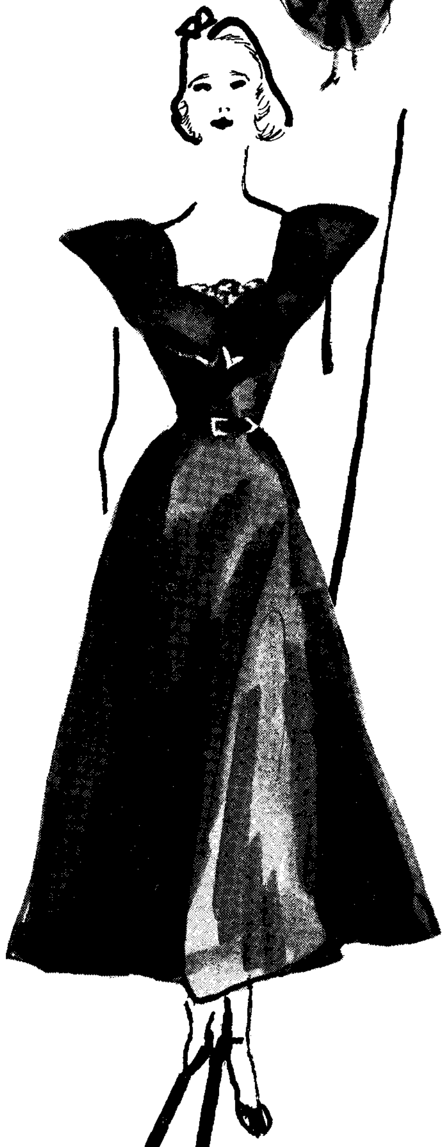

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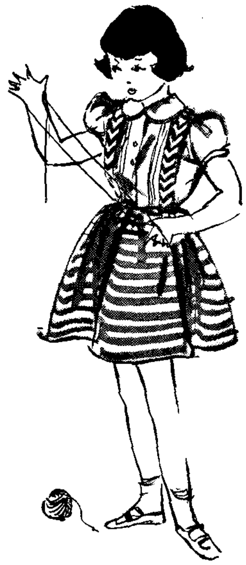
about on the introduction of school buses running out of East Brookfield. She took him to see it—a small but neatly painted white building set beside a forest trail, now used for orgies of the civic-minded. He also learned that at one time each and every one of its thirty scholars bore the historic name of Adams and that all were reputed to be members of the family that gave two Presidents and an eminent yacht skipper to the United States. He found that the Adamsii were still as thick as autumn leaves in Podunk and that their most distinguished living son was Joseph, "former chief of police in East Brookfield." "The section," he went on in his report, "was formerly divided into Upper Podunk and Lower Podunk, or, less formally, Upper Dunk and Lower Dunk, but these names have lately fallen into disuse. Podunk also contains one of the highest elevations in East Brookfield, Tenerif hill."

Moiles then proceeded to dispose of the old libel that Podunk is, was, or ever had been "typical of placid dullness and lack of contact with the progress of the world." It was actually, he said, a notably forward-looking community. It had a women's club that had something under way all the year round—a hobby show in summer, a "real old-fashioned celebration" at Christmas, and dog shows, baby shows, quilt shows, pie shows, and the like at other times. He concluded:

> In short, let it be recorded for doubters everywhere that . . . there is no "placid dullness" there, and there is no "lack of contact with the progress of the world." Friendly lights gleam from the windows, and meadows stretch away from stone walls bordering the road. The people are friendly and helpful to a stranger. They don't think there's anything funny about Podunk—and neither do we.

The rapidity of modern newspaper communication is such that intelligence of Moiles' discovery was known in Boston within a week after it had been printed under scareheads in Worcester, and during the month following, it gradually permeated the rest of the country. This permeation had the curious effect of heaving up other Podunks, far and near, most of them manifestly bogus but a few showing more or less color of reality. One, for example, was found in Connecticut, not far from Hartford; another was in northern New York; a third was on Long Island; a fourth was in Michigan. The first of this quartet turned out to be a spot but not an integrated community; the others never got beyond the claim stage, and no one knows their precise location to



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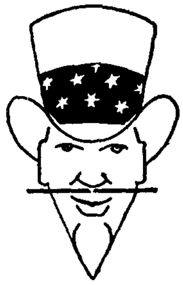

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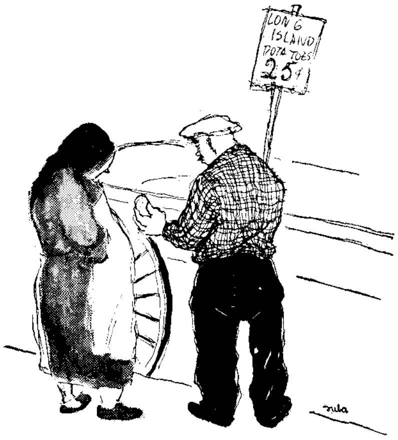
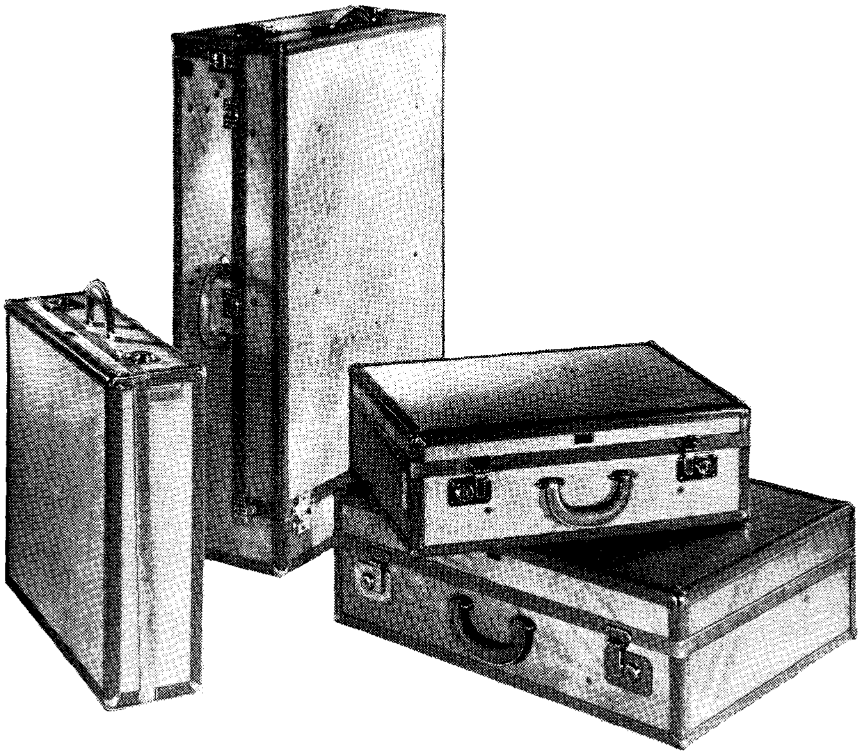
this day. But when the Lincoln *State Journal*, in 1944, announced the discovery of a fossil Podunk in Nebraska, the report proved to be true. This fossil underlay what was then (and is still) the village of Brock, a whistle stop on the Little Nemaha River, in the far-southeastern corner of the state. When it was founded, its fathers gave it the name of Howard, but this seemed too pretentious to the local cynics, so they not only changed its name to Podunk but induced a gullible Post Office Department to so designate it. However, when the Missouri Pacific Railroad reached the place, in 1882, there was a great upsurge of optimism, and the planners of flour mills and steel plants persuaded the railroad to change it once more, this time to Brock, in honor of Henry Brock, a pioneer settler. Podunk is now a fighting word in Brock and may be uttered safely only with a smile that amounts to a roar of laughter, but its existence down on the paleolithic level of the town is not to be gainsaid.

BUT the explorations of Moiles and the transient hubbub in the newspapers never reached the lexicographers in their nylon towers, and so they kept on reporting that Podunk was a purely imaginary place, having neither length nor breadth, substance nor culture. This, as I have shown, they still stick to, and no doubt they will still be sticking to it when you and I are but the faint, faraway echoes of a beautiful song. The newspapers, in the overwhelming main, go with them, and so does all save a puny fraction of the human race. But a few non-dictionary philologians keep the matter of Podunk on their agenda, and have unearthed some facts that throw more or less light on it, though in their conclusions they seldom agree. One of these facts is that "Podunk," the word, was originally the name of a tribe of Connecticut Indians who vanished





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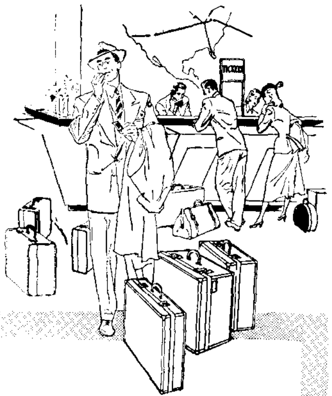

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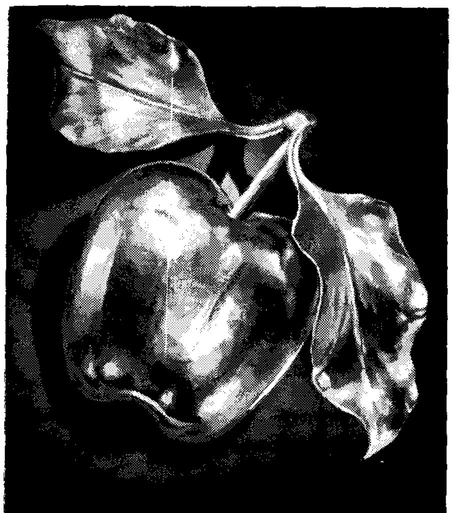

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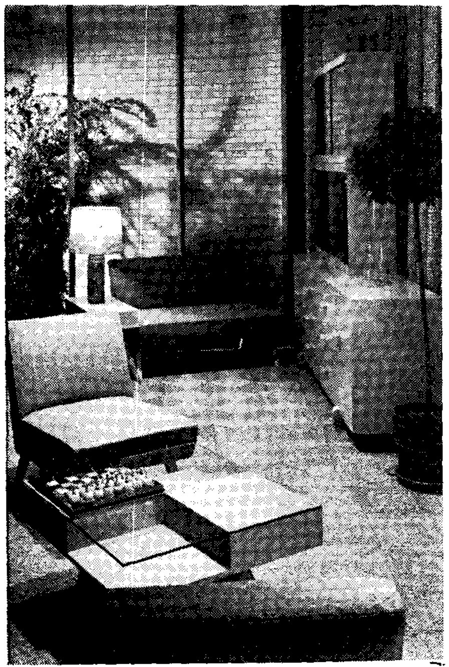

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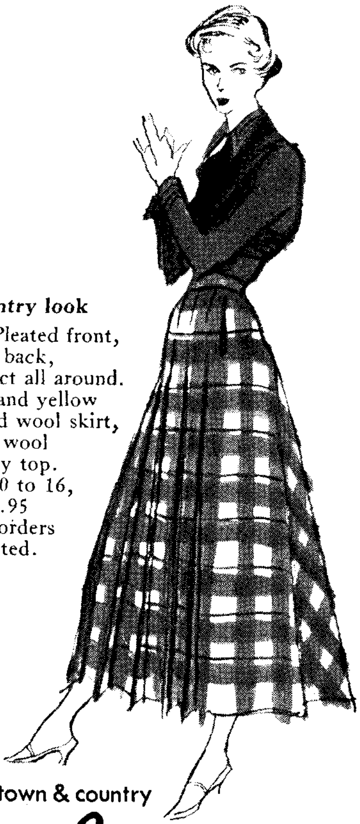
into the forests to the northward so long ago as 1761. The other is that the fame or ill fame of Podunk as a nest of the socially starved and intellectually underprivileged was launched early in 1846 by an anonymous contributor to the Buffalo *Daily National Pilot*. His pieces, eight in number and signed R. P., appeared weekly under the title of "Letters from Podunk," and they described at length, with all the ponderous humor of the time, the life of a remote village "high up on the big Pigeon." R. P. dealt with it humanely enough and in his last paper reported that it had responded to progress by becoming "a huge town," but his readers noted only his spoofing of its life in its earlier stages, and when the series was copied into other newspapers near and far, Podunk became an accepted symbol for bucolic coma. No doubt that process was helped along by the "k" in its name, for "k," for some occult reason, has always appealed to the oafish risibles of the American plain people, and its presence in the names of many other places has helped to make them joke towns also; for example, Kankakee, Kalamazoo, Hoboken, Hohokus, Yonkers, Squeedunk, Stinktown (the original name of Chicago), and Brooklyn.

The meaning of the word "Podunk" is obscure, and has given many night sweats to etymologists, for the Indian languages of the seventeenth century are nearly all extinct, and the few, forlorn Indians who still profess to speak them have heavily engauded them with such American confectionery as "rubberneck," "go-getter," "social justice," "nerts," and "O.K." The first professor to grapple with the subject was J. H. Temple, author of various Massachusetts local histories. In 1887, he announced he had discovered that the original form of the name was "Paguanau-ohke," meaning "a place of slaughter or destruction," and that the first Podunk was a meadow used by the Indians for burning captives taken in war. But this sounded suspiciously like baloney to the professional etymologists, for "Paguanau-ohke" seemed a long step from "Podunk," and there was no evidence that the early Indians of lower New England, who were mainly a malarious and desponding lot, ever burned their captives. In 1939, W. R. Carlton, of Springfield, Massachusetts, made the suggestion that the original word was actually "Petukqui-paug," meaning a round pond. Other writers argued that the real meaning was a clean place, a neck or corner of land, or a boggy place. Finally, Al-



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len Walker Read, who probably knows more about early Americanisms than anyone else on earth, gave his vote to the last meaning, and there the matter stands.

It seems to be highly probable that there were two Podunks in the days of the early settlers. One was a meadow on the Connecticut River, opposite the northern suburbs of what is now Hartford, and the other was a meadow at the spot where the modern Podunk was discovered by the Booth-Moiles Expedition of 1941. The former has been traced to 1636 and the latter to 1665. The name has been transferred, in the course of the centuries, from meadows to brooks, ponds, and other natural formations, and also, as we now know at last, to communities of men. But in the dark backward and abysm of time it seems to have meant a swampy place, and nothing else. —H. L. MENCKEN

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

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[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Hollywood will be first again—this time with a typical opening of a new branch bank accompanied by all the trimmings of a world premiere.

C. C. Pearson, manager of the California Bank's Hollywood branch, announced yesterday that a new branch of the sedate institution will be opened at 1600 N Vine St. Sept. 17—attended by celebrities, pretty girls and a movie star depositor who will deposit a roll of bills from the top of her silk stocking.

"The directors have been very cooperative," Pearson said. "The only thing they turned down on the opening plans were cigarette girls attired in scanties."

Dorothy Lamour will be the first depositor. There will be a buffet luncheon and the usual searchlights.

Present plans call for a group of film extras to tote the cash from the present location, at Hollywood and Vine, to the new plate-glass and granite branch, a block away.

"It will be the most fun I've had in 25 years of banking," Pearson smiled yesterday. He added that the public will get its first interior glimpse of the new branch the following Monday when the doors will remain open until 9 p.m. The escrow department and safe-deposit vaults will be open until 5 p.m. every day.

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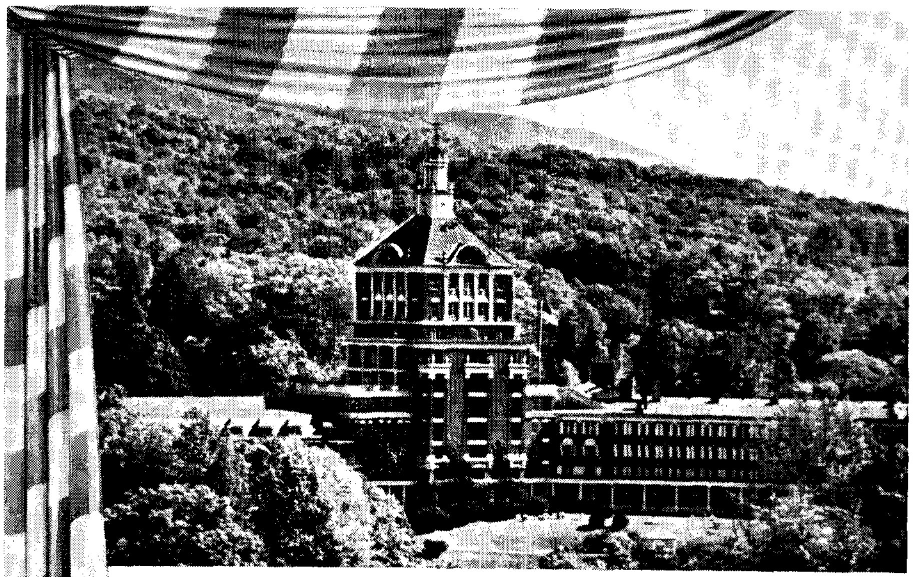
REWARD

Messrs. H. R. Harmer, Ltd., the Bond Street Stamp Auctioneers, offer 10 pounds reward to anyone returning or causing to be returned in good order a display sheet taken from the Conservative Association "Trust the People" Exhibition held at Dorland Hall, London, in June.—*Hobby Digest.*

What's up, Harmer? Do you doubt the people?



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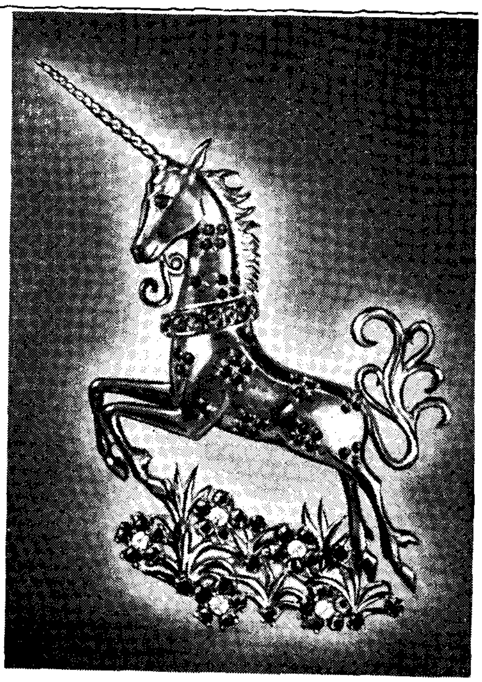

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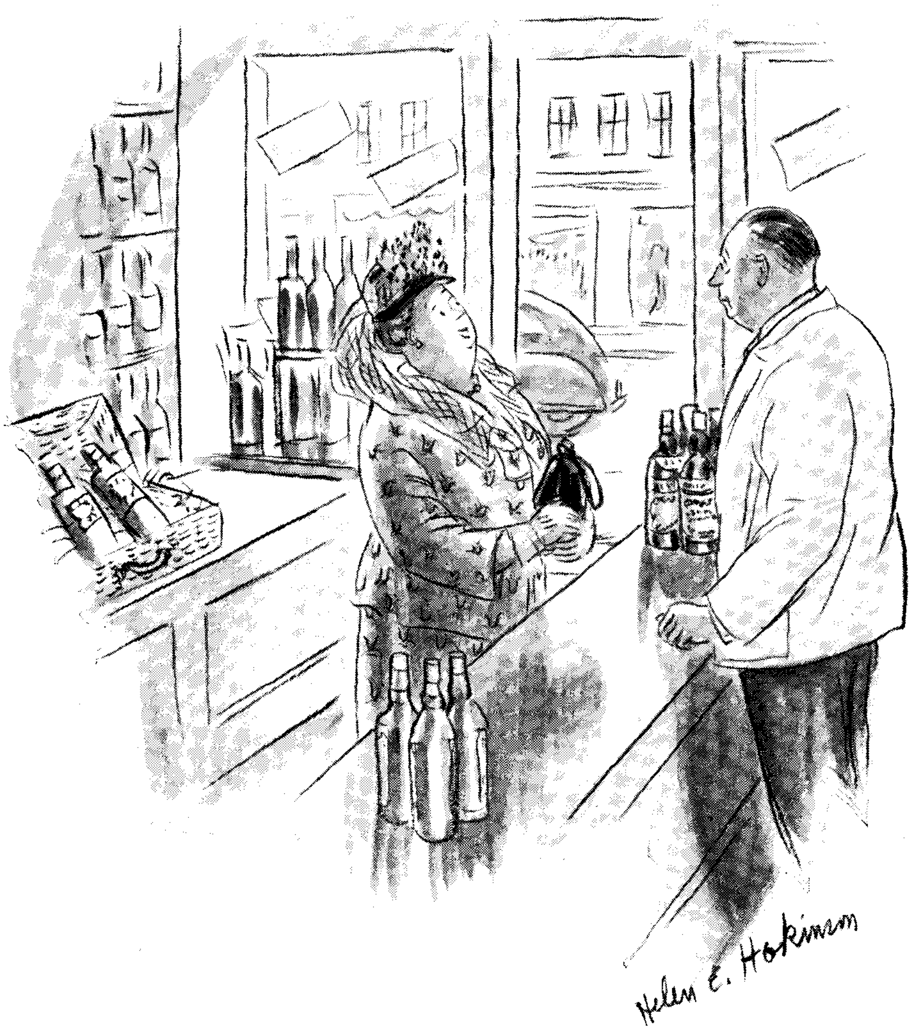
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE new American fashions on view in the fall custom showings I've seen so far are refreshing indeed. You could easily call them clean-cut, urbane, and well adjusted to the contemporary scene. There are none of the early distortions of the New Look (to use an old phrase) that so frightened the spectators that they had no eyes for the more graceful and logical clothes that were evolving at the same time. Gone, too, are the clumsiness at the hips, the insane clutter of some of the first postwar fashions, and the long, bulky skirt that sloshes around the ankles. (Day skirts are an inch or so shorter than last year, and from teatime on, you can do about as you please.) The clothes I have been looking at pay homage to the natural torso (natural for Betty Grable, maybe), which is willowy as far south as the hipbones and as far north as the bosom—what is known as an Empire or Regency effect. Many of these clothes are princesse and beltless. To accentuate this midriff slenderness, designers have devoted a lot of attention to the tops: bosoms are softly draped; magnificent collars rear up in back and fold forward on the chest, or else ascend to the ears above a pearl choker or velvet ribbon (Bergdorf is very much in favor of this arrangement); short boleros make everything below them seem slimmer (a favorite Bendel device). Shoulders are apt to have a wrapped look, which Hattie Carnegie achieves with separate fur pieces that go around the shoulders but stand away from the neck. There is a tendency everywhere toward short, crushed-elbow sleeves, or long, tight ones, to give that tapered look to cocktail clothes. And stoles are all over the place, not only to becloud bottomless décolletages but for every time of day. Sophie, at Saks Fifth Avenue, is adept at making a stole look like a part of a costume instead of an afterthought that is forever being left in taxis or on the back of a night-club chair. Skirts, many of them hung from hip yokes, to keep your perhaps wayward waistline from seeming too full, are often bouffant and circular in suits as well as in cocktail clothes, and this fullness is generally draped toward the back. Sometimes peg tops are used to persuade already slender skirts to seem tapered toward the hem. There is also a graceful godet fullness in certain skirts that suggests the Vionnet of another day; a clever new designer, Lépolé, of Bonwit Teller, has a fine feeling for this sort of skirt in afternoon satin and taffeta clothes. The chemise dress, skintight down the body and ending in the slimmest possible skirt, is very much around, too. Sophie shows a navy wool dress, with buttons down the front of the bodice and the hipbones, that fits like wet nylon. She also has done a full-length formal dress of black nylon marquisette, covered with black beads, that has a bateau neck to heighten the nineteen-twenties illusion.

The influx of lush fabrics from European mills—satin brocades, Lyon velvets, lamés, silk nets, damasks, and the rest—is partly responsible for the new season's simplicity of line, since beautiful fabric needs only a good cut to make it Important. This influx is additionally responsible for quite a few dancing and dinner dresses, ending anywhere between twelve inches above the floor and down around the instep. They are in delicate or bright colors (in case you are tired of the black satin and faille dancing and dinner suits that have been almost a uniform for so long). These materials have tempted many couturiers to design grandly, and every collection I've inspected includes evening dresses that are definitely suitable neither for a night baseball game nor for pub-crawling. (The Metropolitan Opera had *better* open, that's all.) For evening, anything goes. Draped, slashed, and poufed productions; slender, strapless tops above frothing bouffant skirts;



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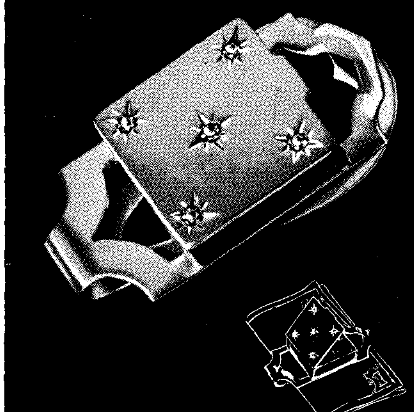
slim crêpe things with accompanying jackets. Just decide on your type and take your choice.

AND now I'll abandon blithe generalities for somewhat more specific details.

Hattie Carnegie is, of course, still Hattie Carnegie, and her collection is full of deceptively casual but luxurious and feminine clothes. I've always liked her suits. A typical one this year is of black wool, with a jacket nice and long in back, pinched in sharply at the waist, and rounded out below in a slightly hippy fashion. The skirt is as slim as can be, but, unlike many of Carnegie's narrow skirts, this has no slit. Then, she may wheel around and produce a full-skirted suit, perhaps of navy broadcloth, with extra bulk at the sides and back of the skirt to get that rounded-hip look she likes so well. Next, she goes slender again, with a slim, belted black wool dress by Molyneux, but this time, for contrast, she surmounts it with a waist-length, double-breasted Dior jacket that flares broadly into a double wool cape in back, one half of it brown and one half black. Other charming inventions in Carnegie's assortment of slender clothes include a black wool peg-top dress, trimmed with jet, whose skirt tapers as it descends. There is also a suit involving a snug black wool jacket and a strapless bodice that has a jet-studded collar. The skirt is as slim as a thermometer, and the suit's period of usefulness begins in the daytime and ends late in the evening. In fact, this is a nice idea for anyone who has to go straight from the ribbon counter to dinner at the Waldorf. Cocktail and dance dresses are their usual lovely Carnegie selves, with fullness in back and hems that often dip to the rear. And if you want tongue-in-the-cheek ingénue stuff, I give you her dress of beige wool jersey with the round, high neck (add pearls) that is a Carnegie characteristic. There's a tight bodice, a narrow satin inset belt, and fullness at the sides and back of the gathered skirt, in the folds of which are hidden her beloved hip pockets.

BENDEL has been tinkering with a long-torso line that derives frankly from Regency days. One of the most beautiful daytime outfits in town, in a dull-blue-green wool, is a result of this tinkering. The skirt, beltless and princesse, comes up really high in front; the jacket is waist-length in back and is cut so that it ends in front just under the bosom; the collar is high abaft but folds



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forward to reveal the yellow damask ascot of the blouse that is beneath. Another ascot fills in the oval neckline of a brown velveteen day dress whose box pleats suggest a very high waistline in back. Hints of this lofty waistline appear in a few full-backed coats in other custom establishments. Bendel does more hinting in a green wool one with three buttons high in front. This exaggeratedly elevated waistline is visible in his formal evening clothes, too. A black velvet business with a high, draped, off-the-shoulder bodice has a band of silver-and-rhinestone embroidery accenting the under-the-bosom waistline; the skirt is straight in front and full and trailing in back, a well-known Bendel touch. Those slinky crêpe evening things are also around. One, with a purple satin top (the neck square in front but slashed to a deep V in the rear), has a black crêpe skirt draped toward the back and a short black crêpe long-sleeved jacket that completely covers the top. Brief long-sleeved boleros, in embroidered crêpe or embroidered velvet, go over other slender crêpe dresses. As for major evening dresses, Bendel's principal contribution to the metropolis's Jubilee celebration is of emerald satin with deep folds around the shoulders and a sheath front pulled up in back, then dropping down into an impressive train.

Jay Thorpe also make much of the smooth, beltless, princesse look amidships and the very high waistline, above which there are generally vertical folds to soften and emphasize the bosom. Some of the dresses have drapery on the hips; goring in the skirts provides the main interest in others. The materials are bright wools—fuchsia, royal-blue-and-black print, and so

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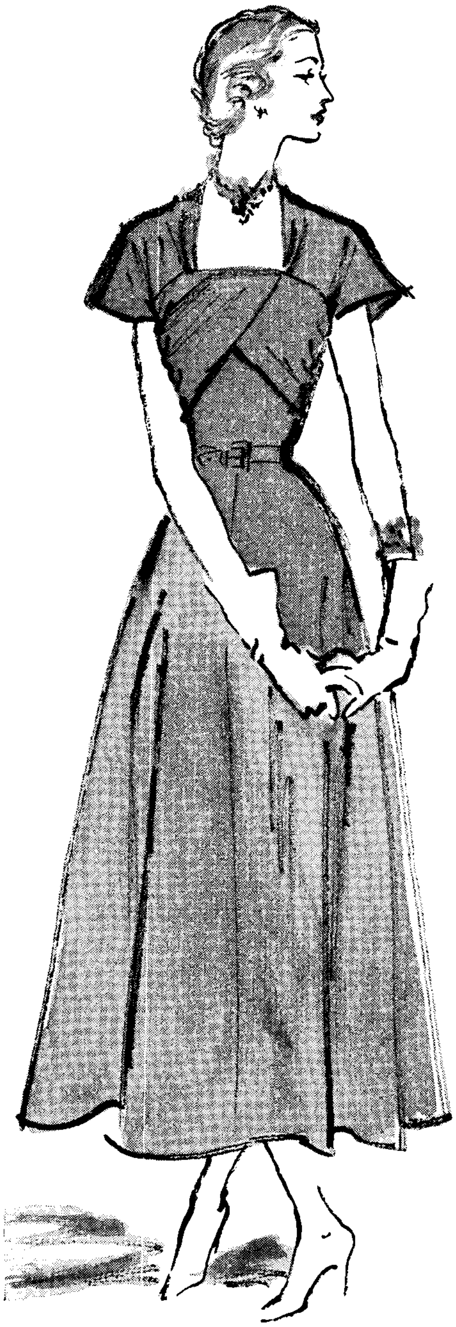

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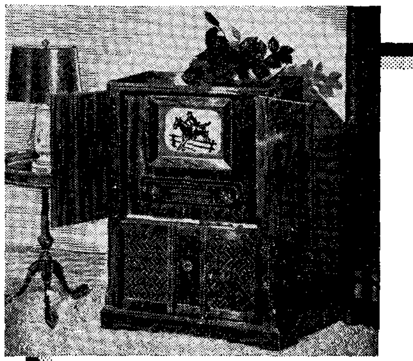
Jane engel
Madison at 79th New York 21

on. An especially successful example is a sheer navy wool dress whose short bolero has below-elbow velveteen sleeves of the dolman type. The hand-knit clothes Aileen Rice has turned out for Jay Thorpe this year should convert many an unbeliever to the genre. There are one- and two-piece concoctions for daytime, and even high-style stuff, such as a formal evening suit that makes the pencil silhouette seem a very noble art form. This is of a gold-metal and beige wool yarn, which produces a fitted jacket and a skirt so narrow that it has to be slashed into four panels as it approaches the ankles. Another champion in the slashed evening class is a draped arrangement of navy satin—a tight, long-sleeved, waist-length jacket over a dress that has a pouf in front of one hip and is wrapped clingingly across the back, which makes it quite revelatory of your entrancing underpinning when you're in motion.

AT Saks Fifth Avenue, Sophie once more demonstrates her knack for formal clothes, a skill enhanced by the handsome imported fabrics she uses. There are draped dresses, among them one of pink brocade with a bustle pouf; pink tulle fills in the décolletage. A black taffeta sheath is tight to the knees, then bulges out and turns under, harem style, at the hem. Changeable green taffeta, with brown velvet bands making an apron effect on the skirt in front, has great fullness low in back, beneath another series of horizontal velvet bands, also brown. A strapless dress of black net has black sequins in a spider-web pattern and pink sequin bowknots—a Sophie trademark—down the bodice. A black-and-pink tulle stole tops this off. Fishtail trains trail behind slender shoulder-strap dresses of taupe satin that have pale-beige-and-gold brocade jackets to keep them company. And, for slithery types of customer, silk jersey makes a wonderful dress in day (black) or evening (white) length, with a deep V neck, horizontal shirring and tucks across the diaphragm, and deep pleats down the front of the skirt. Sophie also likes a hand-crocheted wool so fine that it looks pebbly. It makes the oval-necked top of a day dress of purplish wool; the accompanying crocheted stole is edged with the cloth. An evening dress of thin wool, in cream color, has a bateau-neck crocheted top dusted with gold sequins. And Sophie's most triumphant entry in the stoles-for-daytime exhibit is a wide gray-and-navy striped wool job that is shaped to the shoulders so as to provide a certain amount of



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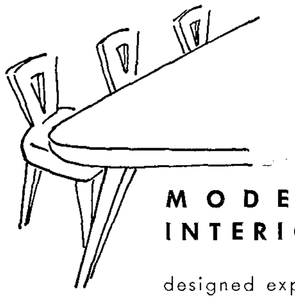

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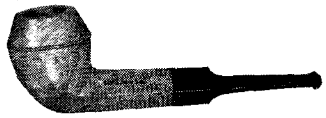

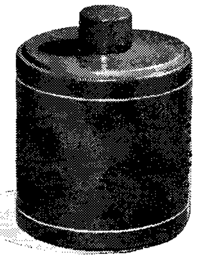

When you pack the generous bowl with No. 72 and rest your teeth on the comfortable saddle bit of this paint-free **English Bulldog** you're in for a real smoke. In grain shown **$15**; others $5 to $100

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anchorage. The dress it goes with has a navy wool skirt and a striped top.

FRENCH imports are predominant in the collection in Bonwit Teller's Salon de Couture, but I was just as interested in the shop's new designer, Lépolé. His clothes have both simplicity and life. One, a completely charming cocktail dress, is strapless, beltless, and princesse. It's of brown satin printed with velvet polka dots, and there is a short cape to match. Finely striped blue-and-black satin makes a two-piece dress with a bateau neck, long sleeves, and a full skirt that starts below a hip yoke that is quite long in back. And Lépolé is very handy at chiffon evening dresses that cling to the body for a while and then burst into swirling folds. A grape chiffon one, with a stole to match, has a long-waisted top; drapery starts over the shoulders and makes a graceful loop across the back. A green chiffon one, with full folds down the back, has fullness zooming forward into looped swag drapery down each side. Lépolé handles swag drapery nicely; a red satin dress has detail that loops into two bows—one on the right hip and another down near the ankle on the opposite side. The man will bear watching, and I intend to do some of it myself.

AS usual, Bergdorf seems to have everything. You'll see a perfect topcoat, of black slipper satin, straight-hanging and with a lining of lapin dyed to resemble black seal. A fitted coat of navy wool, with huge double lapels, has a double-breasted closing, and bold pockets on the hips. Another fitted coat, of taupe wool, with a high nutria collar folded forward, has flared nutria cuffs. Suits often have detail in back, as on a dark-green wool one, the jacket double-breasted, the peplum with a double box pleat in back to match the pleating low on the skirt. Some of Bergdorf's princesse dresses, of black wool, have black velvet cording to emphasize the graceful curves at the waistline; people who consider their figures difficult should look at a purple wool one with a box-pleated front, a floating panel down the back, and smooth peplum detail at the sides to make you think it's a suit. For dinnertime, you may have a beautiful dress of dull-purple taffeta, molded as far as the hips and swirling below, or one of gray taffeta, whose bell skirt is stiffened by two tucks near the hem. This one has a fichu neckline ending in a bow at one side of the décolletage. The most spectacular event of this lot,

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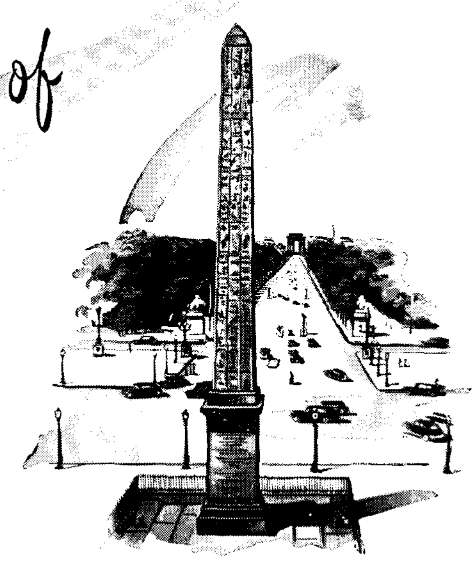

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though, is black wool (maybe the large, tilted black velvet hat shown with it helped me admire it), instep-length, full-skirted, and strapless, with two red roses on the bodice. A wool stole edged with silver fox accompanies this. The whole thing cries out for a regal dinner party.

Very fine accordion pleating is evident in the assemblage of formal evening clothes. A slender red satin dress has it down the front. A bustle bow and plain panel descend the back of this, and there is a deep V neckline that plunges almost to the wrapped, high sash. And Bergdorf's strapless gowns are always breathtaking to spectator and incumbent alike. (Even the professional mannequins who showed them off in the shop didn't dare inhale or exhale, it seemed to me.) Instead of cutting the décolletage straight around the body, which makes an ugly line across the back, Bergdorf cuts it so that it slopes off toward the waistline. A black velvet dress, full and trailing in back, is overwhelmingly lovely. Another is in mauve taffeta, with a bow that seems to be slipping down the outside of one arm to enhance the precarious look; another is in pink brocade with narrow black velvet godets in the skirt.

There's lots more in other custom showings, but could you wait a bit, while *I* exhale? —L. L.

•

CASE Q-294: Hank P., 24, is a garage mechanic in the south.

"Dr. Crane, I'm makin' good wages and want to get married," he recently wrote to me, "but my girl thinks I ought to have more education.

"Well, I never went to high school and I'm too old to go back now. So I been figurin' on a correspondence course. I thought maybe you could give me the real low down on studyin' by mail. Does it get you anywhere, Dr. Crane, or are these advertisements just baloney?"—*Minneapolis Star.*

Son, you got enough folksy verbs in there so's you could be a fust-class writin' feller. You-all don't need no education.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From Time*]

The young lordlings who take her dancing are enthusiastic about her. One appraisal: "She's a hell of a girl—real zing!" Speculation on her possible marriage is widespread in Britain. Current favorite: the Marquess of Blandford ("Sonny"), eldest son of the Duke of Marlborough; Sonny wears a tophat with as much éclat as his father brings to catching raspberries in his mouth.

LETTER FROM PORTOFINO

SEPTEMBER 5TH

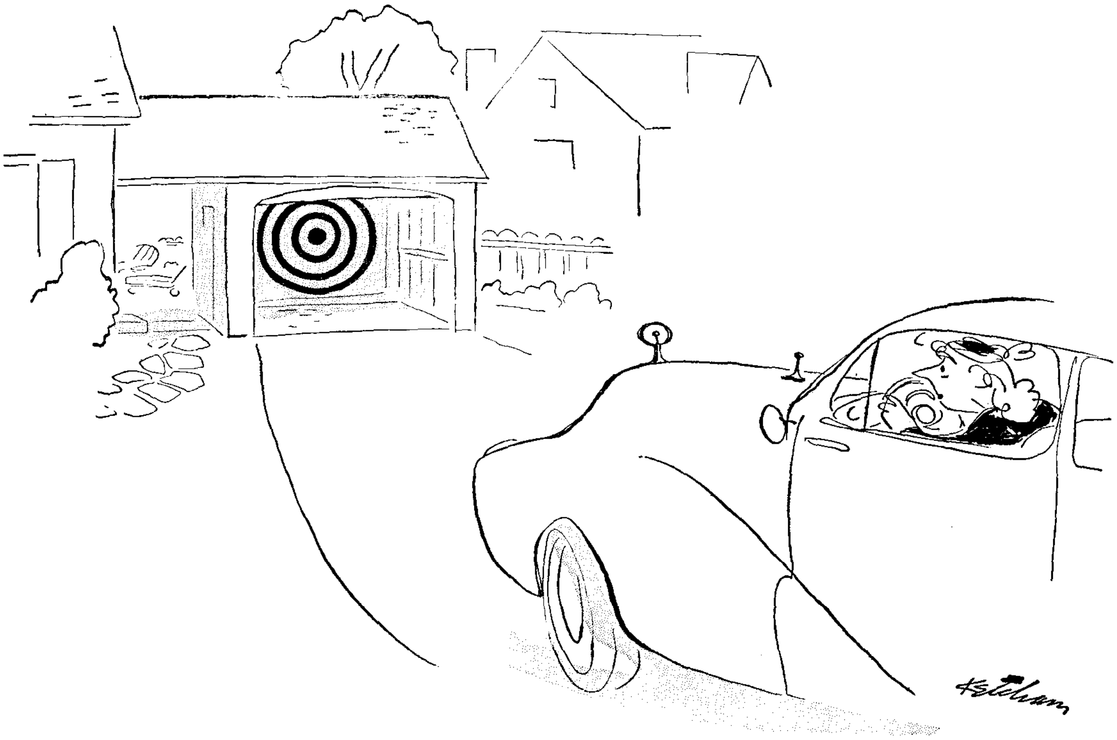
THIS has been a disappointing season all the way along the Italian Riviera. The Americans have not arrived. The British tourists have been allowed to bring only thirty-five pounds to the Continent (barely enough for a ten-day trip unless they happen to have a lucky break at the Casino), and the French, as well as the Italians themselves, seem to have stayed home because of the high prices and the ominous news from Berlin. Even the weather has been uncoöperative, behaving in a manner that the Italians describe as *squilibrata*, which means haywire, or crazy, in a perhaps slightly malicious way. Along the Ligurian coast, where normally one encounters an idyllic combination of fireflies in the warm night and casual luncheons in the sunshine, there were hardly two fine days together during the early part of the summer, and, later on, a series of operatic thunderstorms rushed down from the Apennines, bruising the young olives on the bough and the grapes on the vine. The farmers along the Riviera tend to ascribe these disturbances partly to the atomic bomb and partly to the general wickedness of mankind in Europe now. It is an unusual and uneasy time for everybody, a sort of geophysical depression, with atmospheric accompaniments, between the Russian crisis and the arrival of Marshall aid.

This village of Portofino a Mare—its name in the time of the Caesars was Portus Delphini, or Port of the Dolphin—just south of Genoa, is fairly typical of the contemporary Italian scene, except for the lavish beauty of the place, something along the lines of the island of Capri, or maybe Carmel, California, and the fact, or at any rate the legend, that Saint George, who slew the dragon, happens to be buried here. Many of the local fishing boats are drawn up on the cobblestones of the piazza and have not touched the water since the summer began. Some of the village's thirteen hundred inhabitants are out of work. It is possible to buy fish once more. (The big hotels cornered the catch last season.) The prices of olive oil and *pasta* and one or two other commodities have come down. Domestic servants rate about four dollars a week, which is approximately the same as last year. The community's half-dozen shops are full of unsold souvenirs and tourist gadgets, and many a rich businessman's holiday villa stands with its blinds drawn and its shutters tightly closed. It seems that the bourse in Milan has been fluttering like a hummingbird recently, and the businessmen don't care to stay away from it for more than a day or two at a time. Possibly the Portofino lacemakers and boatmen are the most symptomatic of the times. They used to sit under the arches in the piazza crying "*Comprare! Comprare!*" and "*Barca! Barca!*," like a chorus in the opening number of a musical comedy. Nowadays, they cast a wintry eye over the harassed English thirty-five-pounders and simply get on with what they are doing, which is usually discussing local politics and the high cost of living. Politics, like the weather, has long been treated by the villagers as an act of God, wholly unpredictable and likely changing for the worse.

Yet the village remains, on the surface, incredibly and incurably gay. Since the war, the Italians have been just about the most agreeable people to live with in Europe. Perhaps it is their superb talent for anarchy in local government, and their ability to live from hand to mouth and from day to day. Perhaps it is their unconscious art of making themselves part of the landscape and simply accepting things as they are, without feeling the slightest moral urge to improve them. Perhaps it is because, when they work, they work extremely hard. Perhaps, too, it is because they are the only people in Europe, with the possible exception of the Greeks, who know how to play the role of a poor relation—the most uncomfortable role in the world—without any false pride or falling off of the national gusto. At any rate, there is a fine, earthy squalor here in Portofino, and, good times or bad, the villager just lets go his natural passion for arguments, fiestas, ceremonies, weddings, and funerals, most of which are conducted with an absolute maximum of violent color and violent noise. The tragedy of his life lies hidden quietly underneath.

THE season got off to an excellent start with the celebration of Saint George's Day. Some three hundredweight of dynamite was exploded in the adjacent hills. There was nothing much to show for this—just a shattering and terrifying noise—but the people of the village were delighted, because it eclipsed any noise they had heard in recent years and was, therefore, regarded as an exceptional honor for the Saint.

One really has to know about Saint George in order to get a firm grip on affairs in Portofino. According to the local story, which is at variance on several points with more or less well-established history, Saint George was a Cappadocian meat contractor at the time of the Crusades, and he may or may not have set upon the dragon simply in the course of business. At all events,



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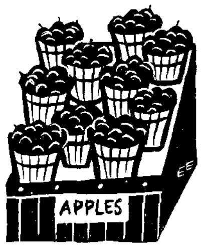
he rescued the maiden, at Beirut, and, after being killed while fighting the pagans, presumably early in the twelfth century, was duly sanctified for his exploit. Some members of one of the later waves of returning Crusaders collected his remains and set sail for England. Halfway through the Mediterranean, they ran into a storm that threatened to engulf their vessel, and they vowed that if ever they should make land safely, there the bones of the Saint would be deposited. They found shelter in the tiny harbor of Portofino, and they built a church in the village and buried the remains in its crypt.



Here the story takes an unexpected, and almost entirely undocumented, turn, in which the Bank of England becomes fancifully involved. It appears that the fame of Saint George soon spread up the coast to Genoa, fifteen miles away, where, in 1148, a group of businessmen started a bank, which was actually the first bank in Europe since the days of the Romans. They needed a reassuring symbol to bring in depositors. What could be better than the Cross of Saint George and a picture of a horseman valiantly charging a dragon?

Five hundred years later, so the villagers believe, some merchants of London decided that they, too, would like a bank, and came down to Genoa, where they bought up the Italian Bank of St. George, its banner, and its symbol. Hence, say the villagers triumphantly, Saint George's Cross floats over the Bank of England, the figures of a horseman and a dragon are engraved on the bank's golden sovereigns, and Saint George is the patron saint of England as well as of Portofino. The villagers were pleased to share the Saint with England, until an unhappy day toward the end of the late war. An R.A.F. bomber, homeward bound after a raid on a city elsewhere in Italy, picked off their church with a single bomb, completely demolishing it. It was obviously not a willful act, for the Germans had ringed the town with anti-aircraft guns, and the nearest was only fifty yards away. But to the villagers it seemed a cataclysm. They were beside themselves, until the debris was cleared away and it was found that a miracle had occurred, for the tomb of Saint George was intact.

This year, the community has concentrated its attention on the rebuilding of the church. And so the firing of three hundredweight of dynamite had a special significance for the village; Saint George was being enshrined again, to the roar of high explosive. And all this, the townspeople feel, means more fish, more tourists, more babies, and less cause for alarm over Russia. In any crisis, the Saint stands ready to give comfort and encouragement.

Saint George is, then, a part of the village life, and he is present on every occasion, from a vendetta to a christening. When a youth on a motorcycle skids and narrowly escapes death at a railroad crossing, he will, as like as not, have a lurid painting made of the incident and hang it in the church as a token of thankfulness to the Saint. Often, when a housewife descends from the hillside on her way to do her shopping in the piazza, she will pause at one of the little wooden shrines along the path and murmur a prayer that she may find that the price of olive oil has come down. Even the Communist is quite capable of invoking Saint George in his campaign against the wicked capitalist. Whoever you are, Saint George is always on your side.

BECAUSE Portofino is even now, as Italian villages go, a moderately prosperous one, having for years improved its lot by catering to wealthy visitors for a great part of the year, it does not by any means follow that all the villagers voted Right in the recent elections. One could venture the guess that about two-thirds supported De Gasperi and the Christian Democrats. The rest were, and still are, Communists. For them, Communism does not necessarily represent atheism or Russian domination; theirs is Portofino Communism, which simply favors a sharing of things right here in the village. They look at the millionaires' yachts and motorboats in the harbor, they peep over the walls of the luxurious tourist villas, they see a month's wage being spent on a dinner in a restaurant, and they compare all this with their own dark homes in the piazza and their jobs—if they are lucky enough to have jobs—which start at dawn and go on until after dusk. A workman's wage is around ten dollars a week. There is not much point to warning him about the terrors of Soviet rule or asking him to observe the glories of free enterprise in a free society. Life for him is here and now, in Portofino, and it is not good enough. Saint George must understand that, too.

From this viewpoint, Marshall aid for Italy is not a munificent American gift to preserve the freedom of Europe but only a life buoy that happens to be passing by in a stormy sea. One grabs it and starts looking around for something more secure to get hold of. It will not be until De Gasperi does something, if he can, about unemployment, rising costs, and low wages that the worker in this, or any other, Italian village will be able to pause for breath and realize where the help is coming from.

MEANWHILE, a great deal of the outward life of the village follows pretty much the same pattern it has followed since Roman times. It is bound absolutely to the routine of the grape crop in September and the olive crop in November. The fireflies come in June and the crickets in July. The eight winds of Portofino blow as they blew in the days of the Crusaders, and they are called, as they have always been called, *scirocco*, *tramontana*, *greco*, *ponente*, *mezzogiorno*, *libeccio*, *burrasca*, and *maestrale*. The fishermen—those who work at all—work according to the wind, and usually at night. When the *tramontana* blows, they set out, two men to a boat, each with a brilliant acetylene lamp on its bow. One man stands at the prow, and as the fish (which have been hunted for twenty centuries and have never acquired wisdom) come swimming furiously toward the light, they are netted, or speared with an iron trident. On an active night, you will see the fishermen's lights dancing about for twenty miles up and down the coast, and they arouse a curiously vivid recollection of the dimmed automobile headlights passing along Fifth Avenue or the Champs Elysées on a winter's evening. In the morning, the women dry the nets on the Roman flagstones of the mole.

Close by the mole, the postman stands, as he has always stood, in the center of the piazza, with the villagers' letters in his hand; he does not fatigue himself by climbing the rocky paths to the houses on the hillside. If the taxpayers happen to come down to the piazza, they get their letters; if not, they don't. The children still go to bed at midnight, well filled with spaghetti and wine. There is still the traditional adoration of babies and the ancient cruelty to animals. No cow, if her owner can help it, ever gets out of her dark stall, from birth to death. There was a sensation when one escaped last year and, seeing sunlight for the first time, frisked about so madly that she broke a leg.

It is still not safe to travel by night on the road south to Spezia, because of the bandits lurking there. (Mild bandits,

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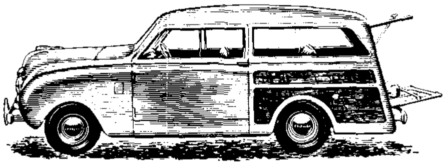

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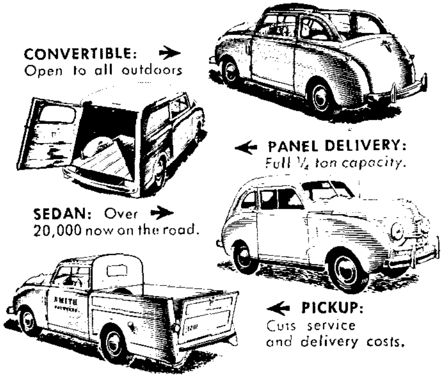

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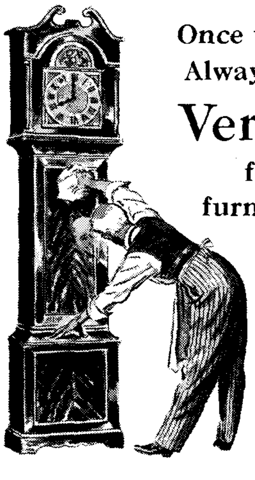
however; a few weeks ago they grabbed a priest who was collecting funds for a foundling home and took ten thousand lire from his purse, then restored the money and added ten thousand lire of their own when the holy man explained his mission.) And the old courtesies persist. If a tourist observes to a waiter that it is a fine day, he is apt to receive some such reply as "Ah, *Signor*, it is always sunshine when you are here." An English visitor who occupies a particularly beautiful villa was startled the other day by the remark of a piano tuner who had climbed the hillside to put the establishment's piano in order. When the Englishman got around to asking for the bill, the tuner removed his hat and remarked, "But, *Signor*, how can I give you a bill when you are living in Heaven?" These pleasantries occur with the regularity of the tides, and come, if not from the heart, at least from somewhere near it.

GIVEN an existence like this, the people have taken the various foreign invasions in their stride. The first was of English milords and eccentrics, and was a fairly easy thing to handle. It began about the middle of the last century, when the fourth Earl of Carnarvon arrived on a mule and decided to create a summer residence beside the sea. He bought up the side of a hill and the services of most of the peasantry round about. Being an aristocrat of independent spirit, he chose to ignore the fact that the Carrara quarries, only a few miles away, were selling some of the loveliest marble in the world dirt cheap. Instead, he sent back to England for a boatload of Portland stone, and presently a monumental mansion rose on the cliffs, pale ginger in color and strictly Victorian in style. It still is something of a wonder in these parts. Nobody was restricting a British aristocrat to thirty-five pounds in those days.

There followed other Britons, as well as Americans in the same tradition, and tourists who discovered in their Baedekers, or other works of a similarly informative nature, that Shelley had been drowned a little farther down the coast, that Byron had passed by here on his last journey to Greece, and that Dickens had described the neighboring village of Camogli as "the saltest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen." A 1908 guidebook warned the visitor that the local inn is "unpretending" and that on days of fiesta the nearby beaches are apt to be unpleasantly crowded "with the poorer sort."

Then in no time at all there arrived



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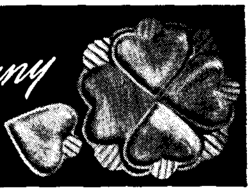

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swarms of painters, writers, and musicians. Major Francis Yeats-Brown, who enjoyed such a success with his "Bengal Lancer," set himself up in an ancient castle on the headland, and soon the Castello Brown became a center of mild inspiration for artists. A perpetual house-party appears to have raged there in the lusher years before and after the first World War. Emil Ludwig is said to have written some of his best works sitting upon the castle terrace. Elizabeth, of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," achieved a volume about this region, entitled "The Enchanted April." Max Beerbohm established himself across the bay, in Rapallo. And there were American and British painters of the Sargent school, and many others.

For some reason, the painters have always been baffled by Portofino, and though at times there seems to be one of them lurking under every bush around the village, no truly worth-while canvas has ever been produced here. It may be that the scene is too crowded and the light too fickle. Most of Portofino is a complicated mixture of vines and olive trees, of pines, cypresses, and stark brown rocks, all tumbling together over the terraced cliffs to the violent blue of the Mediterranean. The place is fantastically picturesque, but it is damned hard to get the thing down on canvas.

A Japanese artist arrived not long ago and started painting with an approach that certainly is new in the West and possibly involves an obscure form of Oriental thought transference. He was observed to seat himself before his easel at a vantage point commanding a view of one of the really tricky bits of local scenery—all flowers and vineyards and brightly colored fishing boats. When some of the villagers drew near to see what progress he was making, they found, to their expressed astonishment, that he had painted the interior of a bedroom, something that might serve as an illustration in a furniture manufacturer's catalogue. No such bedroom existed at any point in the landscape, so far as normal vision could ascertain. Nevertheless, the artist kept his gaze resolutely upon a plot of flowers while he filled in the colors of the bedroom carpet and the washbasin. Then, with no more explanation than a pleasant smile, he folded his easel and went away.

Following the artists and writers came the second World War and the Germans. The Germans took Major Yeats-Brown's collection of Tuscan pottery and flung it down into the harbor. They built anti-invasion pillboxes along the sea front and forbade all fishing. They

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moved into the English villas and constructed gun emplacements in the vineyards. The Germans had a large garrison for so tiny a place, a precaution some of the natives interpret as meaning that the commander of the region was convinced that the American Fifth Army was about to follow up its Salerno and Anzio landings with an assault upon Portofino.

In actual fact, the front line never reached the village; the Wehrmacht collapsed some distance to the south. But Portofino had by then endured two years of exceptionally repressive occupation. A number of the villagers, whom the Nazis judged politically unreliable, had been tortured and killed. Once, a score of boys who had joined the Partisans in the hills were captured and shot in a bunch and their bodies cast from a rock into the silent sea. When the first British and American troops drove into the piazza, flowers were heaped high about a plaque there that implores the passerby to "Spare a thought, a flower for those who died."

THE latest invasion of Portofino set in immediately after the Liberation—the invasion of the Italian millionaires. They descended in shining motorcars from Genoa and Milan, and right away got busy converting fishermen's homes into modern duplex apartments. Last year, some of the English started coming back, and prices in the village became about the highest in Italy—barring, perhaps, only Capri and Venice in the season. One Italian newcomer ordered the shaft for an electric lift driven down through living rock, so that he would not be unduly tired by the five-minute climb from the beach to his villa. This period saw a wild spree of spending after nearly six years of wartime dread and uncertainty and after some twenty years of Fascist controls. If you had money (and many of the Milan businessmen had a lot of it, recently acquired), you spent it quickly, for a broad vista of peace, security, and good business lay ahead. Nobody yet was thinking about a crisis with Russia, nobody paused to reflect that political anarchy is not the antidote to Fascist controls. This was the bright, free time of the black market and government by laissez faire. It was each man for himself.

Some few controls did, oddly, survive this hectic moment, notably the authority of the Direzione Generale delle Antichità e Belle Arti. It may be true, as Stephen Spender said, that the Italians live like tourists in their own

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country, but they have made a special effort since the war to preserve its beauty and its irreplaceable art. The Direzione has been cracking down fiercely whenever an exuberant merchant tries to rig up a nice new gas station in a fifteenth-century piazza or starts advertising in neon lights on a Roman forum. The promontory of Portofino has long been regarded as a national monument, and before you can build a house on it, or even so much as add a spare room for guests, you must get the approval of the Direzione people. And the fact is they don't like *any* new building.

One of the Milan tycoons, apparently animated by the spirit of the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, decided to ignore all this. Direzione or no Direzione, he wanted a villa, so he had one built, without permission, on an attractive terrace above the piazza. The roof was on and the furnishings were about to go in when the officials of the Direzione arrived. They were not much pleased at having been defied, in the first place, and they were still less pleased when they saw the villa. They ordered the owner to take the thing away. Normally, in Italy there are ways of adjusting such little differences as this, particularly if you are a big enough tycoon. This time, there was no adjustment. The mayor and the villagers sided, as a body, with the Direzione. Indeed, it was a situation that made a strong appeal to the people of Portofino. Demolishing the villa would create more work for the local masons, and at the same time the village could congratulate itself on having preserved the beauties of the countryside. There may also have been a certain amount of pleasure in the thought that this was one occasion when the rich weren't going to get away with it—not even a rich foreigner from

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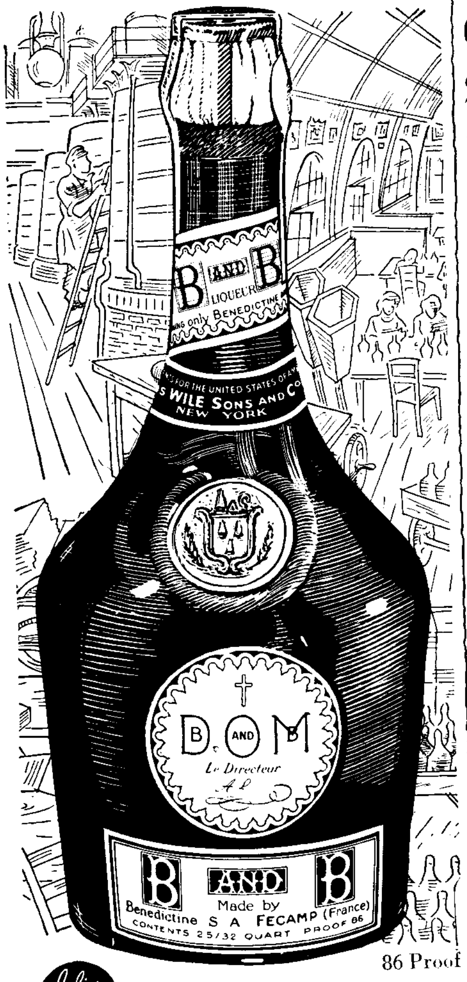

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Milan. The dismantling of the villa goes on with great zeal. Workers already have the roof off, and are now grappling with the guest rooms.

It was the Americans, however, not the wealthy Italians, for whom the villagers were really waiting this year. "In the summer," they kept promising themselves, "the Americans will arrive. Then we will have real prosperity." A good deal of preparation was made during the winter. The leading hotel sprouted a new wing (the Direzione approving). The village bookshop laid in a stock of such representative American fiction as "Vita con Papa," by Clarence Day, and "Il Postino Sona Sempre Due Volte," by James M. Cain. By early June, many a waiter in a starched white jacket was expectantly flicking his napkin at the flies on the restaurant tables under the ilex trees, and the black-market price of gas had gone up to four dollars a gallon. This was just three times the average price of the local wine. At the end of June, the hotels were still waiting for American bookings. By mid-July, the villagers had given up hope. Instead of Americans, they got the general strike.

ONE of the features of life in Europe these days is that nothing ever seems to occur quite rationally. There is a quality of inevitability about the more serious events—a feeling that they have got beyond human control, that they happen simply because they have to happen. Often, before some disastrous event, the villagers of Portofino will discover supernatural portents in the sky, and one almost gets the feeling that they have communicated to the heavens some of their own restlessness and misgivings.

Directly the villagers heard that Togliatti, the Communist leader, had been shot in Rome, they assumed that their lives would be thrown out of joint once more. There was no valid reason there should be a general strike, but it was considered the most logical thing in the world. In Italy, political murder is the one sure indication that the country is coming to a boil. In Portofino, the news was accompanied by an unprecedented summer storm. It came rushing out of the Ligurian Sea and left the whole coast covered with trailing wisps of fog and mist.

The strike lasted thirty-six hours. Nothing much happened on the first night, except that the lights went out. The lights always go out in Italy at the slightest hint of trouble. Standing on the heights of Portofino, one could

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watch the lights die for miles along the coast. First, those of Chiavari flickered and went dark. Then those of Rapallo and Santa Margherita, and so on, through all the fishing hamlets up to Genoa, until there was nothing visible but automobile headlights, and they, too, soon vanished, leaving the coast in blackness and pouring rain.

At ten o'clock the following morning, a dozen Communists cycled into Portofino from Santa Margherita and Rapallo and peremptorily ordered all restaurants, hotels, and shops to close, all work to cease. An exception was made for the food stores, which were permitted to remain open, but only until midday. The Communists had no authority to give these orders, any more than the Communists in Prague had any authority to take over the Czechoslovakian government. Nevertheless, the Communists were obeyed, and just as unquestioningly. They were obeyed because the single policeman in the village could not have successfully overruled them, and because Portofino itself contains a cell of Communists and the rest of the people were apathetic.

The visiting Communists were very thorough. They went to each shop and café in turn and ordered the shutters to be put up and the tables and chairs to be taken off the piazza. They were ordinary young Italian workers, but they gave their orders with great gravity and determination, as though they had a religious purpose in what they were doing. Certainly there was no sense of humor in them.

"May I swim while the strike is on?" an English tourist asked mildly.

"You may," one of the young men replied, "provided you do not have the appearance of enjoying yourself." He spoke quite seriously, and it was obvious that he regarded this as a day of national grief for the martyred Togliatti, a day when no decent man or woman would want to indulge in pleasure of any kind.

Having, finally, made sure that the post office and the town hall were closed, the Communists got on their bicycles and rode away. The whole operation had taken only a few minutes. Throughout the day, no buses arrived in the village. An eerie quietness settled over the piazza, and while the storm bashed itself against the cliffs, the foreign tourists wandered disconsolately over the hills. It was evident that the village was powerless to conduct its own affairs. From the time of the arrival of the Communists in the morning, it had been numbed and atrophied, and one could

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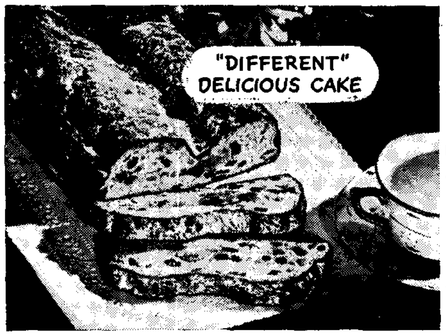

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sense that any decision that might be imposed upon it from outside would be accepted, any order from the Communists would be obeyed. Portofino had no lights, no letters, no telegrams, no newspapers, and no news.

It is this absence of news, this sense of isolation, that is the most corrupting aspect of a political crisis in Europe today. It creates a vacuum in which the community breaks apart into individuals, and the individual is left with no clear idea of how he should act for the best. He feels himself deserted and rudderless, not knowing whom to trust, and it is so hard to act alone. He therefore chooses the unheroic course of simply waiting to see what will happen. This is an atmosphere in which any strong political machine develops the strength of a giant, in which any Communist boy may suddenly find himself a dictator because he is the only one in the community who has a plan, and a party behind him. The Communist does not go on strike; it is when all the rest are idle that he becomes really active. He expands in a time of abnormality and acquires power and decision in the same ratio as the community loses its will.

After two nights and a day, Portofino, along with a thousand other villages in Italy, emerged from the strike without much distress and with no bloodshed, and presently resumed its normal habits. The return of the hot sunshine coincided with the ending of the strike.

Yet, plainly, some damage is done to the collective village mind by such upheavals and upsets—an invisible damage, like the decay of cells in the human brain. The Italian villager is more susceptible than most of the people of Europe, because he suffers so greatly from a lack of loyalties. Toward the end of the war, he was suddenly obliged to go into reverse when his government left the Germans and went over to the Allied side. After the war, there was still nothing much to which he could attach his faith. The central government was hopelessly weak. Its ration tickets were meaningless. Its banknotes were inflated. Half its laws were submerged and lost in the seething black market. Not unnaturally, the village of Portofino did what nearly every other village in Italy did; it turned its back on the government in Rome and went its own way. It ignored the ration tickets and the laws and, to some extent, the inflationary banknotes. A local system of barter sprang up. The village grew and ate its own food, made and drank its own

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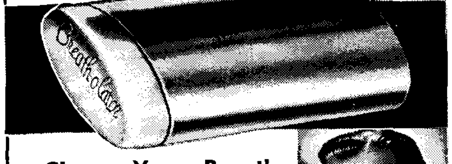

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wine, sewed its own clothes, repaired its own smashed bridges and houses. Life centered on the piazza and the family and the local saint. The big cities and their tormented politics lay far away, over the hills, apart.

Now that the strike is over, the people of Portofino feel tolerably certain that something else, equally disagreeable, will turn up presently and the lights will go out again. Aside from a belief in their saint, the only possible philosophy for them in these circumstances is that it is wise to be on the winning side. If the Americans manage to save Italy, well and good. If the Russians do it first, not so good—but still they will have to be accepted, just as the Germans had to be accepted. In the meantime the economics of ordinary life keep breaking down and the situation is wobbly indeed. One has the feeling that this little community is travelling backward toward the last century, before Carnarvon arrived, and perhaps back beyond that—back to the days when the Crusaders are supposed to have come ashore here. Conceivably, the villagers might then be left alone with Saint George again. Some of them are beginning to think it would not be such a bad idea, at that.

—Alan Moorehead

•

Statistics show that there are some 20,000,000 dogs in the United States today and with a population as large as this, it seems only right that these canines should have a little better representation. Just think, if these dogs could vote what a voice they would have in government.—*Animals.*

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•

When you pause to recall that "The Skin of Our Teeth" was written, produced, performed and discarded by Tallulah Bankhead two years before the Atomic Age exploded into being, remind yourself that Mr. Wilder is not only a playwright, but a prophet.—*Robert Garland in the Journal-American.*

Better yet, don't pause. Just keep going.

•

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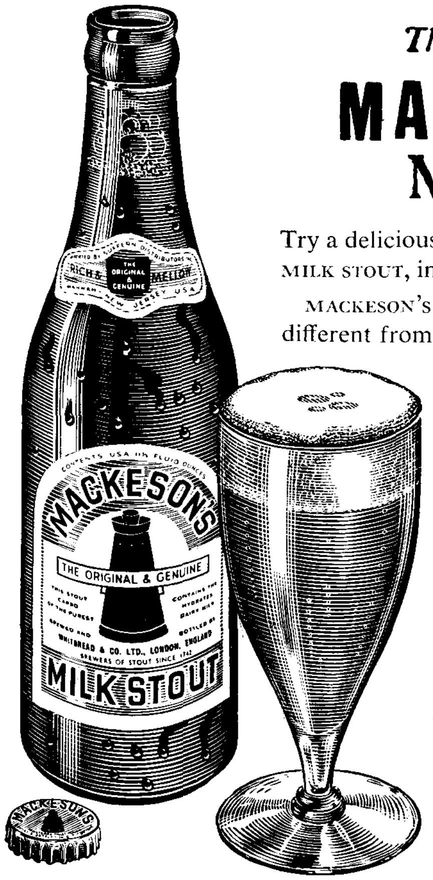

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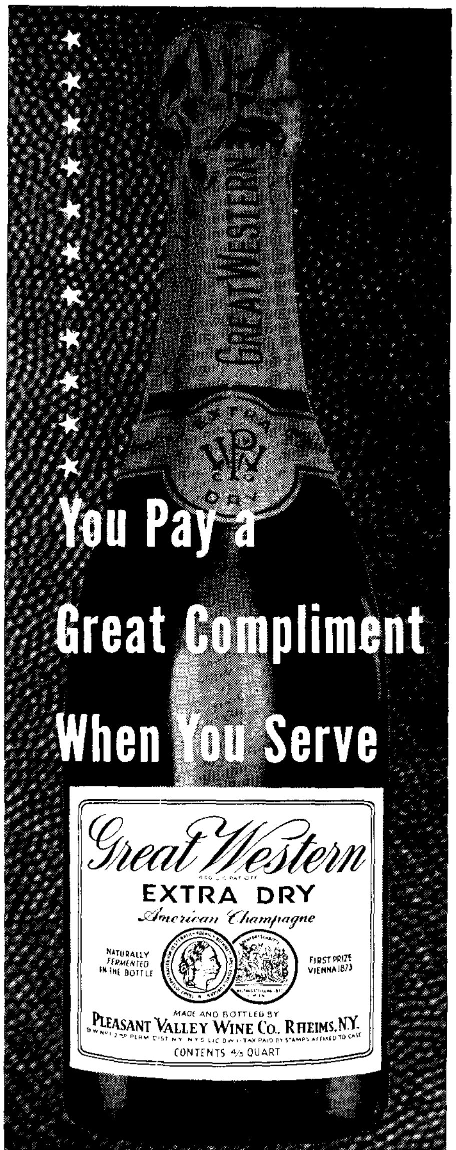

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UPS AND DOWNS

WHENEVER I am driven to the verge of madness by the behavior of elevator operators—the stopping between floors, the stopping at floors where no one is waiting, the overcrowding, the consequent sinking toward the basement, the general manic-depressive attitudes and conversations with the passengers—I try to soothe myself by putting myself in their place and reflecting on the dreadful monotony and confinement of their job, and on experiences of my own, chiefly with self-operated elevators. I suffer claustrophobia very readily in elevators, possibly as a result of having been stuck in the elevator of the Clark Street subway station years ago when it developed some kind of mechanical trouble and took half an hour to rise from the train-platform level to the street. There was a lot of corny joking at first, but at the end there was sweating, hard breathing, and silence.

I think, from time to time, of one New Year's evening during prohibition when, with a friend of mine, named Johnston, I got stuck in an automatic elevator in an apartment house in Greenwich Village. We both were suffering from the acute post-alcoholic syndrome characteristic of that period, and our nerves were especially raw, partly as a result of a New Year's Eve that consisted mainly of drinking prohibition highballs, and partly as a result of our reactions to a hunched-over, black-bearded, black-cloaked-and-hatted man who had run up to us in the street and yelled, "*Baaah!*" Later, I encountered this man again. He came over to my table in a speakeasy one night, sat down uninvited, and announced that he was the father of Berenice Abbott, the well-known photographer. With a heavy foreign accent, he sketched for me the early struggles of the family in Europe and told me what a fine girl Berenice was and how proud he was of her. Shortly after this, I made the acquaintance of Miss Abbott and mentioned to her that I had recently met her father. She looked quite blank and then told me that her father had been dead for about fifteen years. I related the details of my encounter, and she told me that her late father had been a native of Ohio.

Anyway, with the "*Baaah!*" of the black-hatted, black-bearded stranger still ringing in our ears, my friend and I got into this elevator that New Year's

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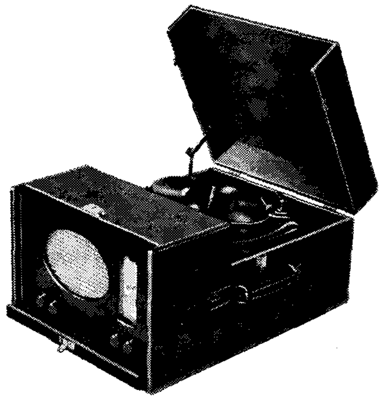

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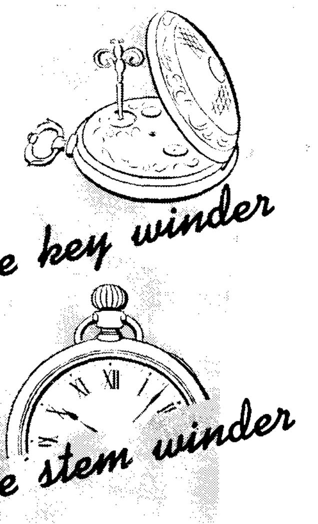
evening and it stopped dead at about the fourth floor. It wouldn't move either up or down, and you couldn't see out; the doors were of sheet metal, without the usual glassed aperture. My shut-in feeling began to rise like a miasma, and Johnston began to gasp and scream. Oddly, this had a calming effect on me. I yelled "Cut that out!" in a masterful tone, to try to calm him, and methodically and coolly pushed all the floor buttons, one after another, as well as the "Up," "Down," and "Alarm" buttons. Johnston, however, took to kicking the doors. I don't know whether he or I turned the trick, but anyway the doors opened. We were about four floors below where we wanted to go. We walked the rest of the way.

OF course, one had to make allowances for elevators in theatres of war, because of overuse, temporarily irreplaceable parts, and so on, but some of those in North Africa had little quirks of their own that well antedated the war. Most of the ones in Algiers apartment houses required you to put a twenty-five-centime piece (the old, nickel kind, with a hole through the middle) into a slot before the door would open. Since this was about a half cent, it sounds like nothing, and it was nothing. The trouble was that there were practically no twenty-five-centime pieces in circulation. If you were calling on someone and weren't lucky enough to have come across one of these rare coins, you had to arrange in advance for your host to come down and get you at some specified time, or else to be on the lookout through a window, so he could throw his key down; tenants had keys and didn't have to put coins in. If you didn't have an advance arrangement, you either had to walk up, stand in the street and shout, in the hope that your host would hear you before you got too hoarse to shout any more, or try to find the concierge. Unlike those in Paris, Algerian concierges lived on the second floor, and were seldom at home. If you were lucky enough to find one at home, and if she wanted to open the elevator for you with *her* key, she would do so and you would give her five francs. This always seemed to me an unreasonable price for getting into an automatic elevator. You could not take the elevator down at all unless you were with a keyed tenant, because the coin box worked only for going up.

There was an interesting elevator in the Cornouailles Hotel, in Algiers, requisitioned for United States forces



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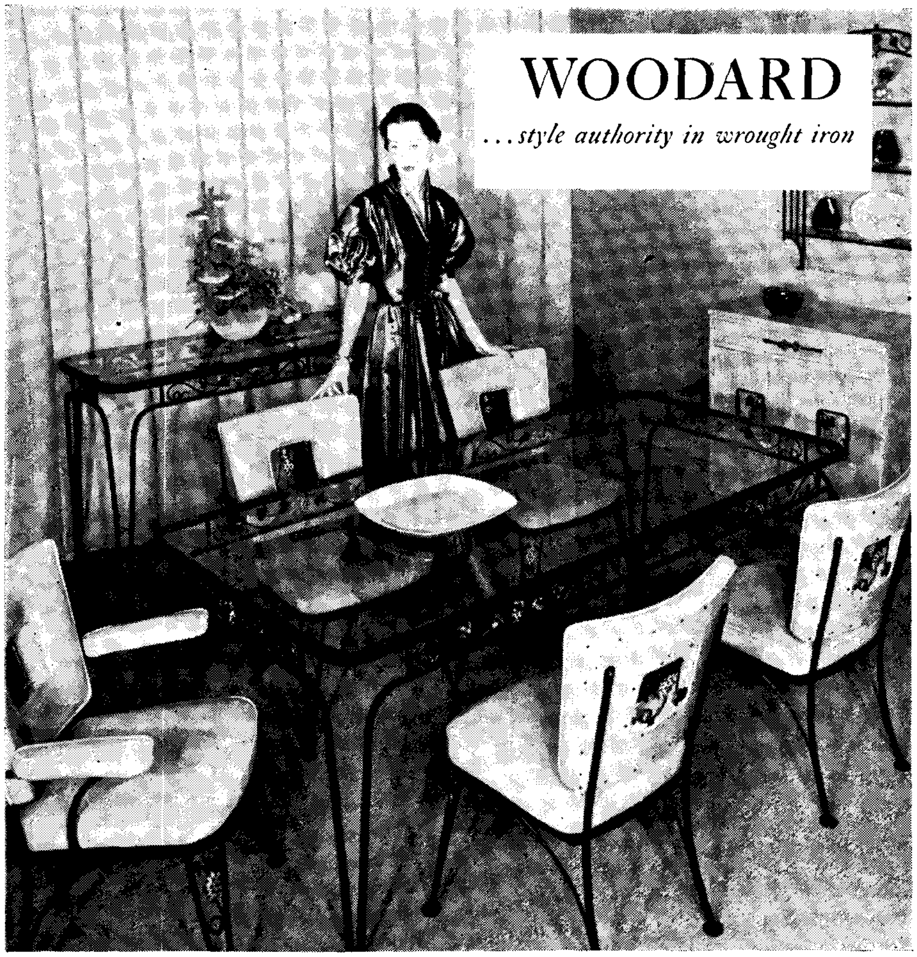

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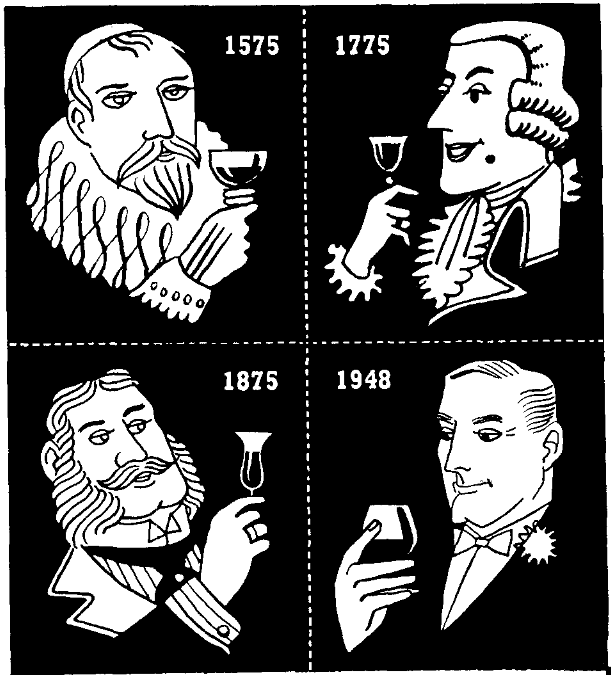

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and known to G.I.s as the Corn Willie. For some reason no one will ever know, and typical of North African conceptions, this elevator started from the second floor instead of from the lobby. Often, if it was working, it would take you, regardless of what button you had pushed, up to the top floor and then stay there until an electrician was summoned. Twice, it started all by itself, empty, and ran up and down, up and down, all day, until a tech sergeant showed up and did something to it.

The elevator in the Hotel Plaza, in Casablanca, the world's most comfortable hotel, came close to breaking my heart. It ran silently, perfectly—never shook, never sank down when it was supposed to be going up, never stuck—for six whole months. Then some irreplaceable part began to wear out. One afternoon, I was on my way up in it to make a formal call on General Cornet, the French officer in charge of the interrogation camp outside the city where I had been assigned a job. I had had my uniform cleaned and pressed and had shined my buttons with Soldier's Friend (a very good button-shiner). The lift stopped dead between two floors. The knob of an outer door was plainly visible a few feet above my head, enough feet above it so that I couldn't quite reach the knob when I jumped up and clawed for it. The Plaza's elevator was an open cage and it operated in an open shaft, and a few shouts attracted two husky Arab porters, who burst into roars of jolly laughter and pointed at me melodramatically. Sniggering, they got the door open, each took one of my hands in both of his, and together they jerked me up and out. They slapped me on the back and thanked me for the entertainment, and then one of them gave a rather clever imitation of me jumping up at the knob.

AROUND 1924, in Paris, I had an experience with an elevator without so much as being in it. I arrived in the city at the height of the summer-tourist season and went to my favorite hotel, the Hotel de l'Univers et du Portugal Réunis. They had no available rooms. I was an old customer, so they put up a cot for me in the top-floor bathroom. (It contained only a bathtub, no other fixtures.) They told me to be sure to latch the door, so that the little dial outside would say "*Occupé*." They also pointed out that I could take all the free baths I wanted. I took a refreshing free bath and rolled into bed. I had hardly closed my eyes when a shocking noise speed early in the spring have I seen him in better form than he was in the Jerome Handicap. A lively number named Curtain Time, to whom Coaltown gave twenty-four pounds, skipped into a long lead in the first half mile, after which Coaltown caught him and went on to win by five lengths or so from Mount Marcy, with Free America third. You may be interested to know that the Jerome mile was clocked in 1:36. Only once has this old race been run faster; in 1939, Easy Mon, another Calumet Farm racer, did the distance in 1:35⅘. By and large, it was a pleasant afternoon for Warren Wright and his Calumet Farm; Coaltown's share of the purse was $21,450, and that of Free America, his stablemate, was $2,500, and these, together with $2,925 picked up in the next race by its winner, Whirl Right, a sister of Whirlaway, put the stable's earnings this year past the million mark—$1,023,010, to be exact.

Colonel Martingale, by the way, has long been an admirer of the gay yellow-and-red woollen muffler that Coaltown wears wrapped around his neck and the back of his head when he's not on the track. There's nothing the matter with Coaltown; the scarf is merely a precaution against a recurrence of his throat trouble. And while I'm on the subject of precaution, you might like to hear that Citation, Coaltown, and Bewitch, who is the stable's darling, live side by side in stalls protected by a heavy wire screen, and that guards watch them twenty-four hours a day. Incidentally, none of the horses is insured. The premiums would run to too much money, I daresay.

IT would be difficult to find much that was wrong with the finish of the Manhattan Handicap, unless you happened to bet on Beauchef, the favorite, who ran fourth. Loyal Legion beat Donor after they had put on almost as good a show through the stretch as Phalanx and Talon did in the Jockey Club Gold Cup last year. (Remember that one?) In fact, it would be hard to find much wrong with anything at Belmont, except that we have to leave it next week.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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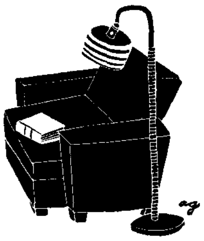
The Lost Lady

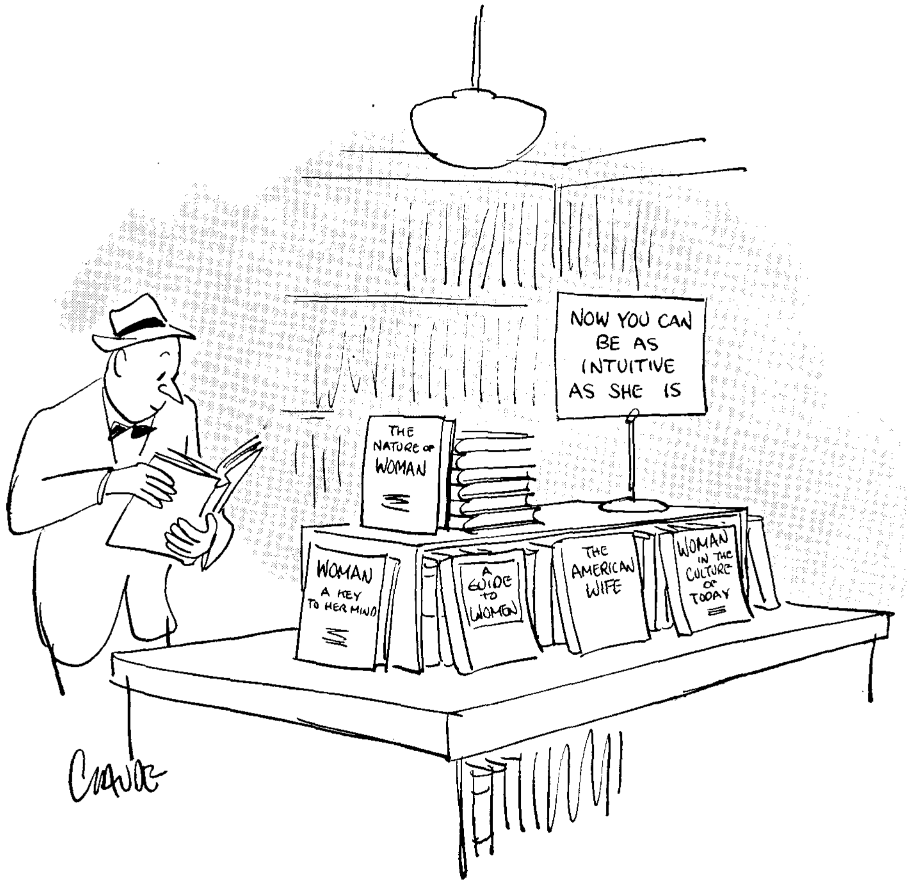


“The Old Beauty and Others,” by Willa Cather (Knopf), who died a year ago, at the age of seventy, contains the author’s three last stories. The one that gives the book its title is an almost perfect thing of its kind; the others, while not quite so impressive, are good enough to warrant our gratitude; and the book, as a whole, is a sort of brief summing-up of Miss Cather’s viewpoint as she came to the close of her long life and career. First for the stories:

“The Old Beauty” is a portrait, done in water color rather than oil, of a once enormously attractive woman, now grown old and plain, who has hidden herself away in Aix-les-Bains. The time is 1922. There, after many years in China, comes one of her former acquaintances, a “slender, fair-skinned man with white moustaches, waxed and turned up at the ends,” who is looking for a place, the author explains, “that was still more or less as it used to be.” At first he does not recognize the lady, and when he discovers who she is, he can scarcely believe that she is the Lady Longstreet who had been the rage and toast of London. Upon renewing their acquaintance, which isn’t difficult, he learns, from her and from her companion, a former music-hall performer who has lost none of her bounce and cheer, those details of her story that, because of his absence in China, he did not know. Then, driving in the mountains one afternoon, these three survivors of a forgotten regime have an automobile accident: their driver has to turn sharply in order to miss a car occupied by two women. They happen to be Americans—“bobbed, hatless, clad in dirty white knickers and sweaters.” The three friends are badly shaken up, but the aged, faded beauty is unmoved by their narrow escape. “It was natural, wasn’t it, after such a morning?” she says. “After one has been *exaltée*, there usually comes a shock. Oh, I don’t mean the bruises we got! I mean the white breeches.” She has been through a greater ordeal than she realizes, however. She has to be carried from the car to her room, and that night she dies in her sleep. When next her friend sees her, “the face that had outfaced so many changes of fortune had no longer need to muffle itself in furs, to shrink away from curious eyes, or harden itself into scorn. It lay on the pillow regal, calm, victorious—like an open confession.”

But Miss Cather’s story has an excellence that no outline can hope to indicate. By the time she is through, we have a full-length portrait of her central character, done with precision, economy, and the utmost purity of line. It is so good that the two other stories suffer by contrast. The one called “The Best Years” is more diffuse, slightly less sure; “Before Breakfast” is even thinner, in certain respects, than some of the stories Miss Cather published in “The Troll Garden,” her first book of fiction.

“The Best Years” begins in Nebraska in 1899 (the locale is that part of the state between the Platte River and the Kansas line), and comes down to around 1920. The events of the story are seen through the eyes of a Miss Evangeline Knightly, who, when the tale begins, is a County Superintendent of Public Instruction. (“A grim title, that,” Miss Cather observes, “to put upon a charming young woman.”) One of the teachers under her supervision is a sixteen-year-old girl named Lesley Ferguesson. After driving out in a buggy to visit Lesley in her one-room school and see how things are going, Miss Knightly takes her to her home, in the neighboring town of MacAlpin. Lesley’s mother is the backbone of the family; their house, near the railroad tracks, belongs to her. Lesley’s father is so lost in his veneration of William Jennings Bryan, and other preoccupations, that his four sons, as well as his daughter, hardly know him. A few months later, a blizzard sweeps over Nebraska. Lesley is trapped in her schoolhouse with her students. She is eventually rescued, but she dies of pneumonia. Twenty years afterward, Miss Knightly, now married to a Denver architect, returns to MacAlpin for a short stay. She finds everything changed, including the fortunes of the Ferguessons. The four sons are all successful, the father has been rewarded with a well-paid job by the Democratic administration, and the house by the railroad tracks has been abandoned for a brand-new one uptown. But Mrs. Ferguesson, as Miss Knightly finds out when she calls on her, is unhappy in her surroundings. “Folks in middle age make a mistake when they think they can better themselves,” she says. “They can’t, not


NOW YOU CAN BE AS INTUITIVE AS SHE IS
THE NATURE OF WOMAN
WOMAN A KEY TO HER MIND
A GUIDE TO WOMEN
THE AMERICAN WIFE
WOMAN IN THE CULTURE OF TODAY

ning through one of those weary old drunk scenes, Sam winds up as a vice-president of his outfit, the possessor of a house worth about fifty thousand dollars, and the toast of the Salvation Army. It seems to be Mr. McCarey's contention in this one that if you cast your bread upon the waters, you get back a bakery, a theory that raises hell with the old theory that virtue is its own reward.

Mr. Cooper is assisted by Ann Sheridan, who portrays his wife, and by a host of character actors, who range from such deadpan comedians as Clinton Sundberg to such budding tragediennes as Joan Lorring. The picture, strung together like a vaudeville show, gives all hands a chance to do a turn with Mr. Cooper. Toward the end of the piece, he looked pretty tired to me, and I can't say that I blamed him.

"SYMPHONIE PASTORALE," a French film based on a story by André Gide, is largely the study of two individuals—a pastor steeped in piety, and a blind girl whom he has befriended. After the pastor takes the girl into his home, his charitable feelings toward her are slowly transformed into an overpowering love, the nature of which he does not understand until his son becomes his rival for the girl's affections. The picture builds up ingeniously to its climax, and it is performed by actors of superb talent. Michèle Morgan is beautiful and convincing as the blind girl, and Pierre Blanchar handles deftly the complexities of his role as the pastor. In addition to the acting, the film offers excellent photography, along with direction, by Jean Delannoy, that is subtle, sure, and altogether persuasive.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

I have a sage green doeskin suit which I wish to clean at home since it's so expensive to have it done professionally. Will cleaning fluid injure the doeskin or what may I safely use? E.C.O.

I would recommend a home treatment for a doeskin suit. You may ruin the suit completely. It might come out all right, but why take the risk?—*Washington Post.*

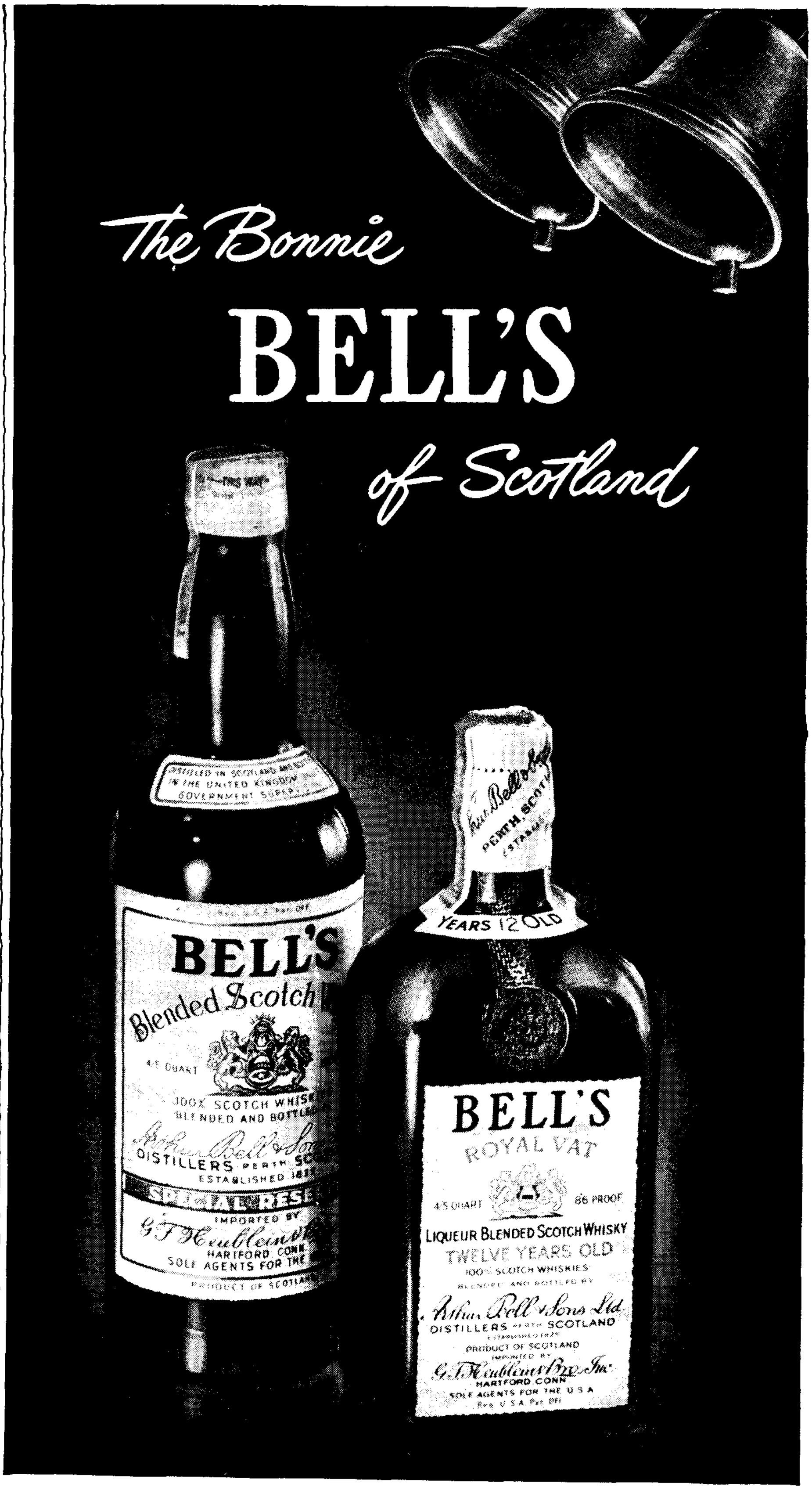
Let's start again. There's this dirty doeskin suit . . .

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Craig Field (Ala.) Air University Dispatch*]

During the past week a daughter was born to M/Sgt. and Mrs. Albert Marow, Sgt. and Mrs. John Hofstede, and Cpl. and Mrs. Cornelius Hall.



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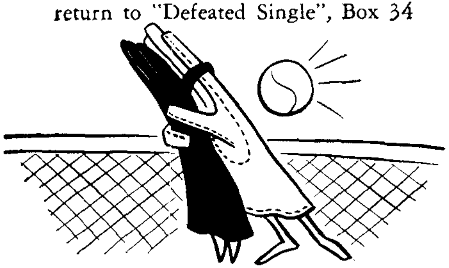
LOST AND FOUND

LOST: At Forest Hills tennis matches, my best girl, the left hand to her favorite **dawnelle** gloves along with right hand of my grey ones. Please return to "Defeated Single", Box 34



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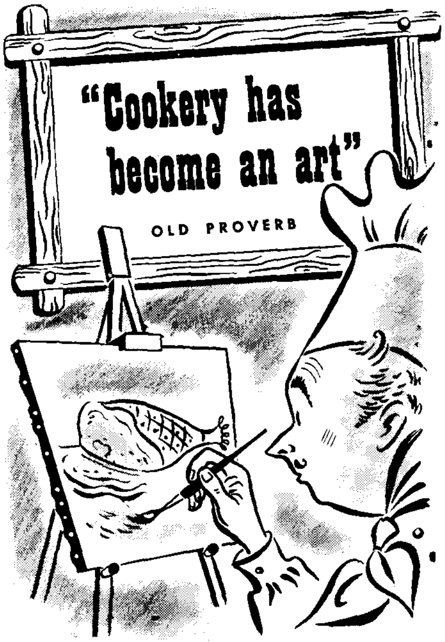
THE RACE TRACK

Great Week

EVEN though it is notoriously rash to predict anything at all about horses, this fallible department suggests that Myrtle Charm is going to win the Futurity, at Belmont, this weekend. As a rule, in this blue-ribbon event for two-year-olds, a filly doesn't beat colts unless she is something extra. (Only ten fillies have won it in sixty years.) Myrtle Charm, however, seems to be one of those exceptional animals, to judge by the way she won all her three starts this summer without ever being extended beyond a good gallop. Nothing ever looked easier than her victory in the Matron Stakes, at Belmont, last Saturday. She took the lead just about when she pleased, and won by lengths from Stole, Lithe, and eleven others. Her time wasn't fast—1:10 3/5—but she is capable of tremendous speed. The morning before the race, I saw her do a quarter of a mile in twenty-two seconds (which is almost as fast as Coaltown or Citation can run), as effortlessly as you could wish. I noticed that she has a tendency to bear slightly to the right, but I don't think that's anything to worry about.

As you probably know, Myrtle Charm, who belongs to Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, the mistress of Maine Chance Farm, is a stately bay. Her conformation isn't as near perfection and her action isn't as smooth as those of Beaugay, who won the Matron for Mrs. Graham in 1945, nor is she altogether as lovely a filly as First Flight (still this department's idol), who won the Matron and the Futurity for C. V. Whitney two years ago. Nevertheless, she'll do. Speaking of First Flight, nothing I saw at Belmont last week pleased me as much as her performance in winning the Fall Highweight Handicap. After a long run of mishaps, she appears to be her old self again; in the words of my favorite tout, I can say no more.

TO one numbed, as I was, by the disappointments at Aqueduct, it was almost impossible to believe that there could be so much good racing as there was at Belmont last week. Not since Coaltown's remarkable display of



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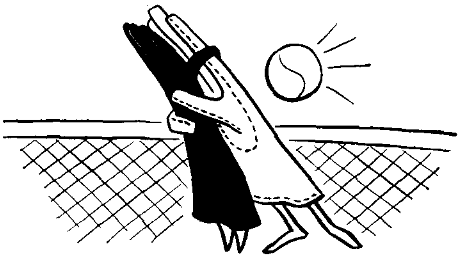
. . . . *since the discovery of Maggi's Seasoning*

Also remember a few dashes of Maggi's Seasoning bring out and improve the flavor of soups, gravies, vegetables, meats.

MAGGI'S SEASONING

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: At Forest Hills tennis matches, a strangely mixed double: lady's left **dawnelle** glove and right hand to man's grey pair. Box 41



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page one

you want them and when'll you be

dining spot

to look at. Over a heap
tuce, tomatoes and es
ground chives, parsley and
boiled egg yolk is sprinkled.

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Lun ox le
d'hote. sert
and coffee and e 15
main dishes, it goes $1.
Always on the menu are sp hetti
and meat sauce, stuffed noodles
and chef's salad bowl and the
noon favorite, chopped sirloin.
Other items change daily.
Made of the flank and ends of
sirloin and all top quality beef,
the chopped sirloin merits its popularity at .40.
Onion soup, braised onions in
beef stock, with croutons and par-
me ced
unc ng
served, is an excellent tune up
for the chopped sirloin.
All press boxes should be a
on two levels 130 persons can
tackle a side of beef at one time

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began all around and over me. It consisted of rumbling, grinding, clacking, and squeaking. The racket seemed to be right there in the room with me. It stopped, then began again. I opened the door and looked for the source. Just outside my door was the top of the elevator cage and the machinery that lifted and lowered it—cogwheels, electromagnets, and so on. I spent the rest of the night trying to decide which was more disturbing, the elevator noise or the intermittent knocking on the door of angry tourists who wanted a bath. It was a terribly hot night.

There is a story—probably apocryphal, though there is nothing implausible about it—that haunts me. It's the sort of thing that, when I think of it, does nothing to lessen my feeling about elevators. An old Southern lady who lived in the country decided to take a house in Atlanta and spend her declining years in it. She sent her paid companion, also an elderly woman, to look at some properties there. The companion obtained a key from an agent and went to inspect a house that had an automatic elevator. A week passed, and the old lady heard nothing from the companion. Finally, she went to Atlanta and called on the agent, and together they went to the house. The elevator was stuck. When they got it down, they found the companion in it. She had died of a heart attack. Or had she, perhaps, starved to death?

I recall one pleasant experience I had in an elevator, a long time ago, before I got stuck in the elevator in the Clark Street station. When I was about eleven, my family lived in an apartment in the East Sixties. The building had a self-operated elevator. My mother sent me out to get two double ice-cream cones at the drugstore, one for my little sister and one for me. On my way back with the cones, the elevator stuck. I felt no concern, only a delightful calm. I rang the alarm bell and waited for the janitor to come. He took his time. It was a very hot August day and the ice cream began to melt. I ate my cone and then my sister's, happy in the knowledge that I was doing something the practicality of which would be readily understood, and approved of, by the most exacting parent.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

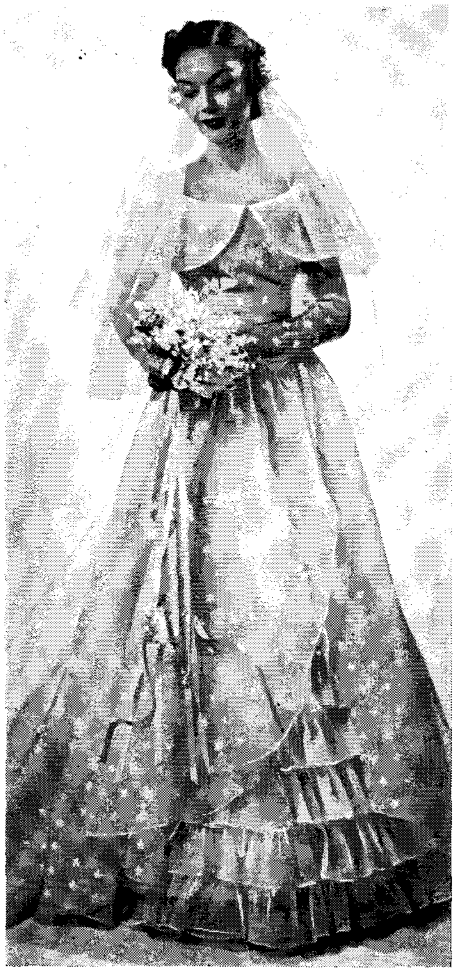
• •

CAMPAIGN ORATORIO WITH DRUMS AND KILOCYCLES

. . . And
In closing, may I say in my humble
Opinion we all should
mumble mumble
Squeak
together or we may find
That the U.S.A. has been left behind
The eight ball with a broken paddle
And no more gas. We must
fiddle faddle
Crash
and now suppose we go back
To my worthy opponent's apparent lack
Of
yakity yak (reception poor
To awful)
too awful; but I am sure
That you, my friends, will
murmur murmur
Something
unless we take a firmer
Stand on the Dubious Situation,
We're faced with mantis and fenestration
And carborundum and higher butter
And consequently
mutter mutter
Roar
so I'm confident you will pick
The one and only, the popular
click.

—PHILIP W. WRENN, JR.

A Bride stands before the Bachrach camera



. . . for a portrait that captures her natural loveliness—and every detail of her gown and bouquet. *We Make Candids, Too!*

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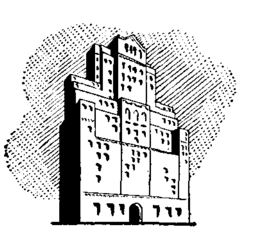
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sounding Brass

Leo McCarey, who finds sermons in papier-mâché stones and good in everything, keeps brandishing a slapstick from his rostrum throughout his latest movie, "Good Sam," which attempts to prove that charity pays fine cash dividends. The result is embarrassing. As Hollywood's leading exponent of virtue triumphant ("The Bells of St. Mary's," "Going My Way"), Mr. McCarey can no more afford to indulge in low clowning than Herbert Hoover can afford to break into a buck and wing in the midst of a discourse on prosperity. A titter, a smile, even a chuckle are appropriate to the pious themes Mr. McCarey has concentrated upon in recent years, but for him to strive for a belly laugh borders on the unthinkable, and for him to strive and fail almost warrants banishing him to Abbott-and-Costello pictures.

Mr. McCarey both directed "Good Sam" and collaborated on its story. It deals with the further activities of that strange Hollywood creation, the none-too-bright but noble American male, hitherto variously known in the movies as Smith, Doe, and Deeds, who is always getting into trouble because his heart is as big as all outdoors. In this case, he goes under the name of Sam Clayton, but since he is played by Gary Cooper, who runs neck and neck with James Stewart in the All-America Delayed-Adolescence Sweepstakes, he's the same shambling, lovable lout that we've become accustomed to. This time, our boy is beset by a mad urge to give away everything he has. He lends money to passersby, lets his neighbors have his car, and takes strangers in to live with him, all of which drives his practical wife crazy. He has two small children, to whom he tells garbled nursery tales—a business that I seem to have sat through before—and works as the general manager of a department store, where he keeps treating the Little People with more deference than he shows the important customers. The consequence of this policy is a booming business for the store, but I can't say just why, the economics of "Good Sam" being altogether mysterious. Presently, after losing a welfare fund entrusted to him by the store employees and run-



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if they have any heart. And the other kind don't matter—they aren't real people—just poor put-ons, that try to be like the advertisements. . . . This I know: our best years are when we're working hardest and going right ahead when we can hardly see our way out." On that note, and Miss Knightly's final leave-taking of MacAlpin, the story ends.

"Before Breakfast," the third piece in Miss Cather's collection, seems to me an unsuccessful attempt to repeat what was done so expertly in "The Old Beauty." The author was a magician at working in a small compass and illuminating whole segments of a character's thought and experience with a line, but this story, to my notion, doesn't quite come off. The story concerns a prosperous, self-made businessman named Henry Grenfell, who goes every year for a solitary vacation on a remote island off Nova Scotia. Having worked hard all his life and become a desperate prisoner of success, Grenfell frequently wonders if his life is worth the candle. Now, because of a conversation with a scientist vacationing on the island with his pretty daughter, he is compelled to wonder if *anything* is worth the candle. "What was the use?" he asks himself. "Why tear a man loose from his little rock and shoot him out into the eternities? All that stuff was inhuman. A man had his little hour, with heat and cold and a time-sense suited to his endurance. If you took that away from him you left him spineless, accidental, unrelated to anything." Full of such doubts and bewilderment, Grenfell goes for a walk before breakfast. From a distance, he sees the scientist's daughter swimming in the icy water, and wonders why she has been so foolish as to brave the deathly chill. "There was no one watching her, she didn't have to keep face—except to herself," he reasons. "That she had to do and no fuss about it. She hadn't dodged. She had gone out, and she had come back. She would have a happy day." Grenfell's spirits are restored; he is chuckling as he returns to his cabin. "Anyhow," he thinks, "when that first amphibious frog-toad found his water-hole dried up behind him, and jumped out to hop along till he could find another—well, he started on a long hop."

Aside from their merit as literary performances (though not even "The Old Beauty," mind you, is apt to be remembered as one of the world's masterpieces, for all its technical perfection), these stories of Miss Cather's have a special value in that, as I have said, they

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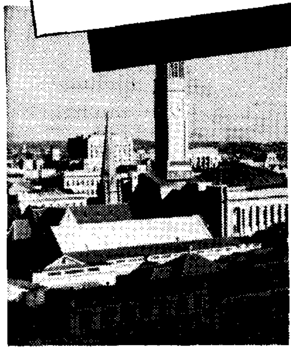

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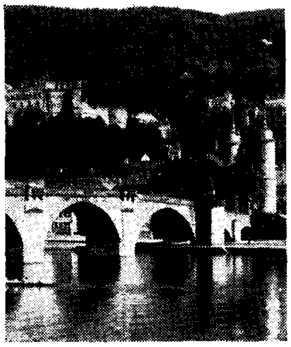

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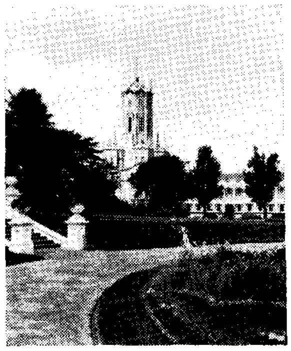

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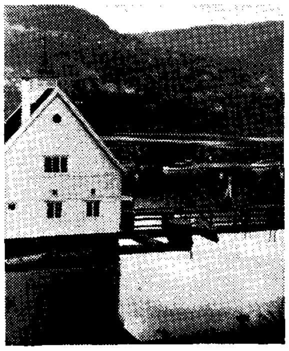

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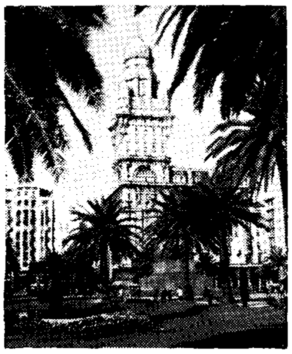

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give us a good idea of the way the author saw things, and felt about them, in her final years. There is not a great deal that is new; this is, rather, a restatement and a recapitulation, although in "Before Breakfast" there seems to be a note of defiant affirmation that may not have been there before.

There are two themes, not always side by side, in nearly everything Miss Cather has written: the absolute necessity to follow one's life through, as in "My Ántonia," and the gradual crumbling away of the standards and values of the pioneering society that went down under the clanging materialism of the industrial age, as in "A Lost Lady" and "The Professor's House." One of the things that are sometimes overlooked when Miss Cather is under consideration is that while she is generally included in the Theodore Dreiser-Sherwood Anderson generation of writers, she belongs to the earlier era of Henry James and Edith Wharton. (Her first book of fiction appeared in 1905, the year Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" came out, and about the time that James was publishing such short stories as "The Beast in the Jungle" and his later novels.) Then, too, growing up in Nebraska when that state was still really in its infancy, she was a part of the frontier society whose values she was always to celebrate, a little too elegiacally at times, perhaps, and occasionally a trifle sentimentally, but with a continuous sense of participation and first-hand knowledge. In her own lifetime she saw this society disappear, and, equally important, the effect and influence it had on the national culture. The subsequent order, which she rejected almost as completely as did James, without making so much fuss about it, forever appeared cheap, vulgar, and mean.

"The Old Beauty" is a reworking of this theme. Against the world that has gone down, and is as faded as Lady Longstreet, are opposed those dirty white knickers; they are at the core of the shock that does her in. In "The Best Years," as in "The Old Beauty," Miss Cather again goes back to an old order of things—this time to the Nebraska of her childhood. The elegiac note is sounded again, as in so many of her books, and in Mrs. Ferguesson's speech about the best years, the need and importance of fortitude are underlined once more. Here, too, the new society is presented as less worthy than the old; the house in uptown MacAlpin, in which Mrs. Ferguesson finds so little happiness and so much to regret, is as much a symbol of fatality as the white

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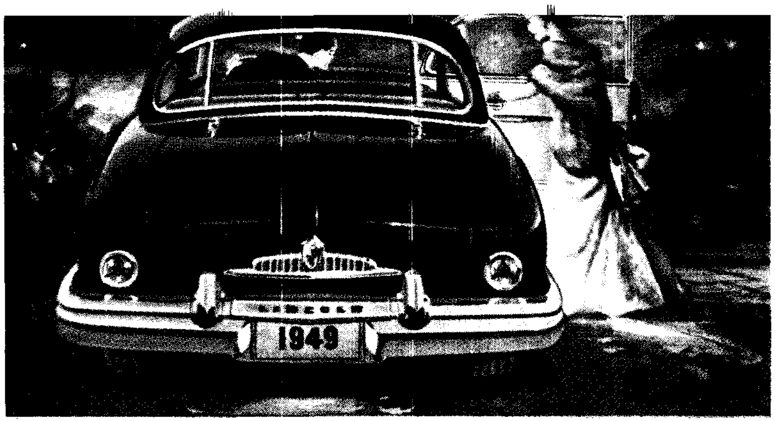

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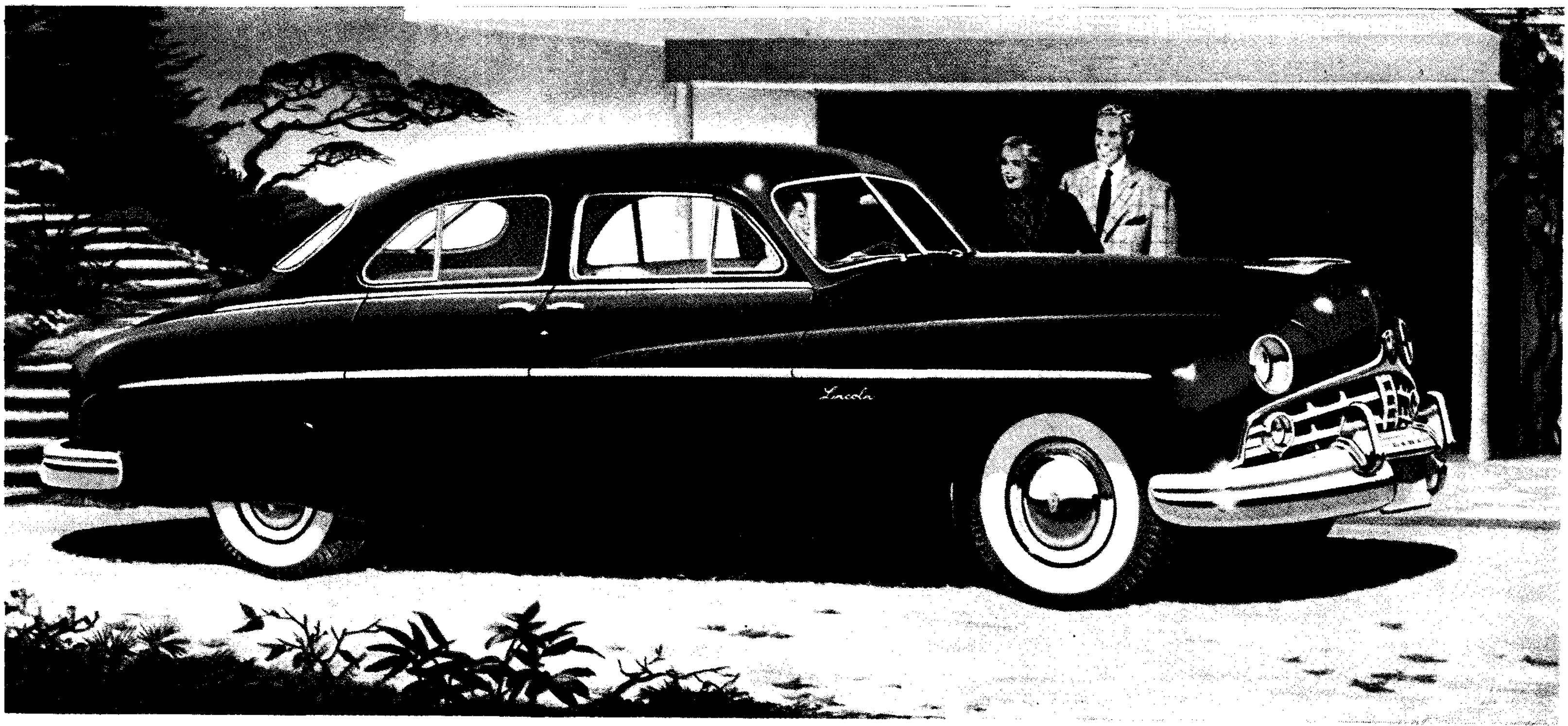

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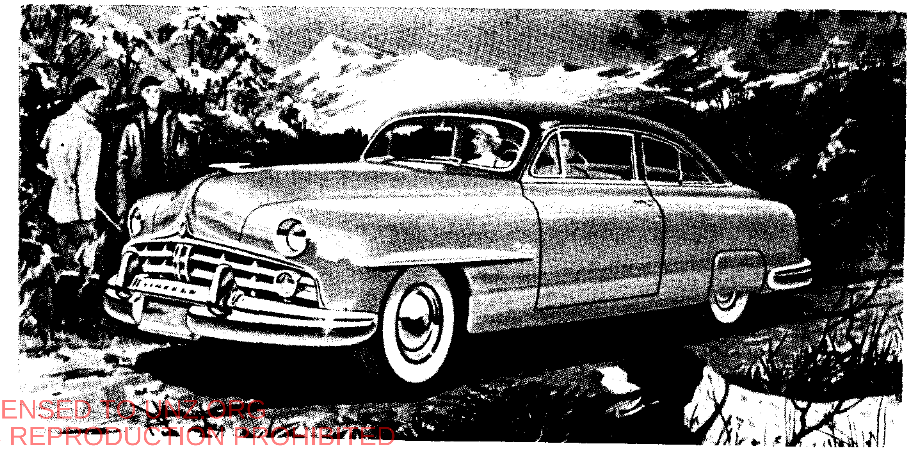

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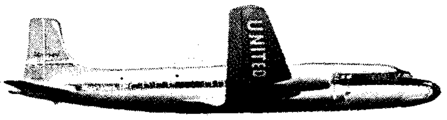

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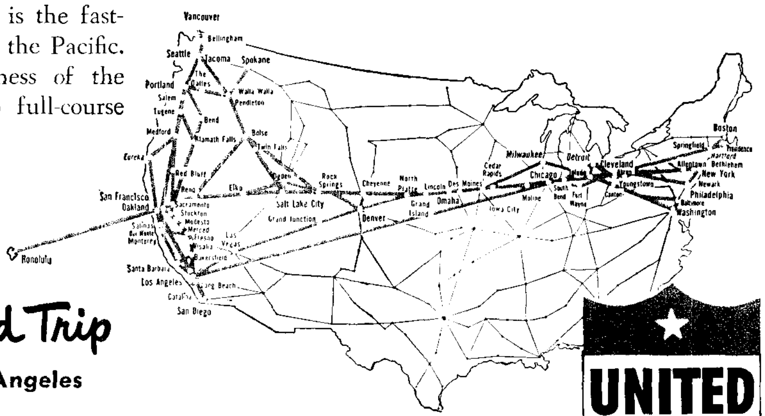
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knickers. Mrs. Ferguesson, in whom we can see the pioneer virtues thinning out and running down, is hardly less a captive of success than Henry Grenfell in "Before Breakfast." In this story, Miss Cather looks our modern materialism straight in the eye, and, in the person of Grenfell, tells it what she thinks of it. But, again, in Grenfell's consideration of the frog that hopped along to find another hole, she stresses the need to persist; the meaning of all life, perhaps, is simply to endure. This is a lean philosophy, certainly, but it is the one, I feel, that Miss Cather managed to live by. The tradition she saw disappear was her tradition, and the pioneer world that went down was her world, and the shelf of books she left us is the record of a lost lady—cultivated, poised, talented, and forever burdened with grief. She opposed such standards as she found shoddy with the impeccable standards of her art, to which she held, as her last volume shows, to the very end. In short, she endured. For that alone she would deserve our homage.

—Hamilton Basso

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The History of Nora Beckham, by Joseph Stanley Pennell (Scribner). As the story opens, in a taproom somewhere in California, a soldier standing at the bar is speaking. It is difficult to make out exactly what he is trying to say, not because he has been overdoing the drink—he seems, in fact, to be sticking to ale—but because of his conversational manner, which is embossed with numerous references to time and to the general pop and sizzle of the universe. Listening to him, one is immediately reminded of Thomas Wolfe's Eugene Gant. We soon learn, however, that the speaker is Lee Harrington, who, several years ago, served as the narrator of a novel called "Rome Hanks," and that his current story has to do with the people—his enterprising mother (née Beckham), his unenterprising father, assorted warty relatives—and with the experiences, the celebrated agues and joys of boyhood, that especially impressed him when he was growing up in a small town in Kansas. After one catches on to Harrington's overrich way of putting things, the story becomes fairly interesting.

Northern Lights, by Roger Vercel (Random House). With this book, M. Vercel, who already holds a Prix

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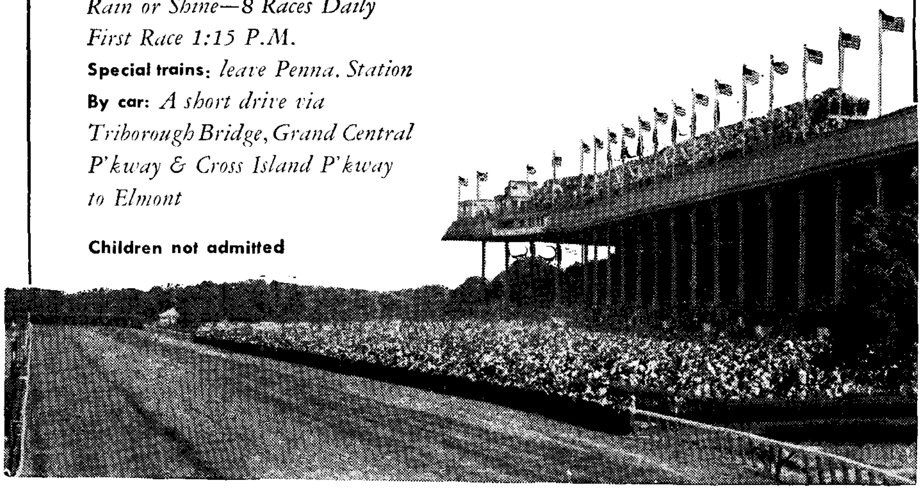

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STORM AND ECHO, by Frederic Prokosch (Doubleday). Another of this author's exotic fictionalized travelogues. This one is about four men—three European scientists and an American romantic—who take it upon themselves to hunt down an African mountain that most of the local Africans claim doesn't exist. The scientists quit dead after being pushed around by some insolent natives, but the American carries on, in spite of continual attacks of nosebleed, and is finally rewarded with a superb view. The author's metaphors and other images are at their customary high, and his philosophical notions, which the principals toss back and forth while on the march, are at their habitual youthful low.

LIFE STORY, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan). The place is Yorkshire and the business on hand is a mildly exciting contest of wills between a domineering matron and her two children. While the children are still in school, the mother holds her own without any trouble, but she finds the going harder later on, and is eventually rushed off her feet by a surge of independence that carries her son to Canada and her daughter to a justice of the peace. Miss Bentley, in summing up, points out that the mother was herself quite rebellious when young, and she suggests that the children, now so strongly in favor of the unfettered life for everybody, will probably evolve just as their mother did. "And what about nations?" she asks. Couldn't they, too, be said to develop according to this rule of rebel-into-autocrat? It's something to think about, though not for very long.

NOBODY'S FOOL, by Charles Yale Harrison (Holt). The thought Mr. Harrison would like to leave with us is

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that he who underestimates the American common man will reap the whirlwind. Example: A midtown public-relations counsel, impressed by all the current talk about the common man, decides to pick one up for the office, figuring that he can't lose if he is in daily touch with an authentic representative of the mass mind. He does lose, however, when the fellow he hires, a Missouri householder, discovers that he is being exploited for a nefarious political campaign and doubles back into the interior, after first telling all to the afternoon papers. Most damned awful breezy.

Such Is Life, by Tom Collins (University of Chicago Press). First published in 1903, in Australia, where it is still thought highly of, this novel, written by a man named Joseph Furphy (Tom Collins is a mythical character to whom Australians attribute their tall tales), is a government official's account of his travels among the unkempt and violent but apparently lovable men and women who had rural Australia pretty well to themselves during the late nineteenth century. According to the dust jacket, Mr. David Daiches feels that the author has driven to within inches of something epic. Demur here.

GENERAL

The White Goddess, by Robert Graves (Creative Age). An attempt to search out the inner language common to all poetry, ancient and modern, Hebrew and Oxonian, which Mr. Graves insists is the key to all "true" and "pure" works of the poets. Mr. Graves further insists, with the deadest of deadpans, that this mystical discourse is addressed in secret worship to the White Goddess, sometimes known as the Moon Goddess, who is the deathless muse of the white magic of poetry and was the sworn enemy of Jesus Christ. In the course of this extremely difficult "historical investigation," the author of such excellent books as "I, Claudius," "King Jesus," and "Hercules, My Shipmate," who is a working poet himself, has occasion to air his immense literary baggage, and it makes a wow of a display. Each reader must decide for himself where hyperbole and philological calisthenics—to say nothing of just plain kidding—leave off and plain sense begins, if, indeed, there is any such cleavage in the book.

The Pleasures of the Jazz Age, edited by William Hodapp (Farrar,

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Straus). One of those books someone was bound, eventually, to get up. Mr. Hodapp, in trying to distill the flavor of the Jazz Age (meaning the nineteen-twenties), has exercised a very catholic taste, including in his book not only the inevitable selections from Scott Fitzgerald, Percy Marks, and Warner Fabian but also some pieces from "Mein Kampf," Katherine Mayo's "Mother India," and Walter Lippmann's "A Preface to Morals," as well as some assorted literary rubbish that might have been best left undisturbed. What the anthology adds up to is not much, unless it is to suggest strongly, by its very lack of homogeneity or distinctive tone, that there was probably no such thing as the Jazz Age.

PERSUADE OR PERISH, by Wallace Carroll (Houghton Mifflin). The story of America's part in the psychological war against the Axis, written mainly to illustrate a closely reasoned argument for the development of a permanent propaganda arm of the United States government, which would follow a "strategy of persuasion" to combat hostile, totalitarian propaganda in the current world struggle to capture men's imaginations. Mr. Carroll, who was director of psychological-warfare operations in the European theatre from 1942 to 1944, recounts the history of our blunders and successes in propaganda in an instructive and illuminating manner. One of the noteworthy characteristics of his book is his spirited defense of the dictate of unconditional surrender; that policy, he claims (though he admits he holds a minority opinion), was not only practicable in a military and propaganda sense but almost imperative in our alliance with the Russians, who would, he says, have been even more restless and suspicious of us and the British had we left ourselves an out with Germany at the Casablanca conference.

FRANZ KAFKA, by Herbert Tauber (Yale). An ambitious and elaborate interpretation, originally published in German, of Kafka's entire work. This series of analyses of the novels, stories, diaries, letters, aphorisms, and so on, is based on the author's assumption that there can be no essential contradictions in the work of a great writer; that under the seeming ones, through the mists of allegory, metaphor, and other symbological language, there can be discovered a core of sense that is true to the whole—that sense,

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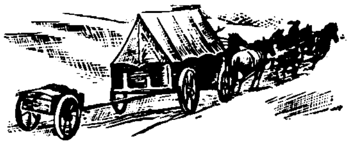

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in Kafka's case, being expressible only in symbols. Gradually, over the past few years, Kafka has, in a manner of speaking, become an important writer while no one was looking. Like some other significant writers of this century, one needs a key to his work, and, so far, this book seems the best.

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE ECONOMIC ORDER, by Friedrich A. Hayek (University of Chicago Press.) A new book by the author of "The Road to Serfdom," that defense of individualism and free enterprise that was received, a few years back, with yelps of delight from the ranks of the N.A.M., long starved for a kind word in the realm of political economy. In this collection of papers and lectures, Professor Hayek pursues his peculiar line of economic philosophy, which, according to his critics, would firmly set the clock back to the nineteenth century, and no socialistic nonsense about it. The Professor is a persuasive writer, and some of his faultfinding with collective and socialist economic schemes is doubtless well founded. One cannot help feeling, though, that one is witnessing a brave but, in this case, basically futile spectacle of a man taking on an opponent much too big for him.

DIALOGUES IN LIMBO, by George Santayana (Scribner). A new edition, to which have been added three dialogues, of the colloquies between a Stranger, who has wandered out of the modern world into Limbo, and the shades of the sages Socrates and Democritus, as well as those of the more cynical and hedonistic Alcibiades and Dionysius. This book, one of the ornaments of our time, is as fresh and sweetly reasonable as when it first appeared, more than two decades ago. It was for many years one of Santayana's dearest ambitions to became a major poet, an ambition he believed was never realized; in these dialogues, however, he comes very close to the creation of real poetry.

YANKEE SCIENCE IN THE MAKING, by Dirk J. Struik (Little, Brown). A history of scientific thought and work in America from Colonial times to the Civil War. In this study, by a Dutch professor of mathematics who has long been a resident of this country, "science" is extended to include not only the lofty researches of Benjamin Franklin in physics and of Benjamin Waterhouse in medicine, and the fieldwork in natural history of

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men like Audubon and Agassiz, but also the handy ingenuities of the whittling Yankee farm boys, from whom came so many of the technological advances, among them Eli Whitney's discovery of the principle of interchangeable parts, that made the industrial revolution possible. Professor Struik writes clearly and compactly, not contenting himself with a mere catalogue of inventions and gimcracks but always keeping his eye on the big pattern of scientific development, as it formed through the years, and on its sociological implications. The book might well have been illustrated.

JAMES II, by F. C. Turner (Macmillan). A two-part biography, of a very high order of literary excellence, covering the life and times of one of England's most dismal monarchs—the brother of Charles II, who succeeded him on the throne and was, for reasons all too plain, the last of the Stuart kings. James reigned only three years, during which he spent most of his time, when outside various bedchambers, in trying to ram the Roman Catholic Church down recalcitrant English throats—an ill-conceived whim he abandoned only when he abdicated (*de facto*, never *de jure*) and fled to cover at the court of Louis XIV. Although Mr. Turner concedes that his man was otiose, stubborn, and worthless as a ruler and statesman, he does not revile him, as has been the habit of other historians. He tries to understand James in the context of his time (in explaining the King's part in the Bloody Assizes this understanding comes awfully close to special pleading), and he balances his vices, chief of which was a lifelong devotion to lechery, with virtues he is at some pains to ferret out. The resulting character is three-dimensional and alive, if no king.

A TROUT AND SALMON FISHERMAN FOR SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS, by Edward R. Hewitt (Scribner). One of the country's famous sportsmen, who started fishing when he was still in dresses, has revamped two earlier volumes on the pursuit of trout and salmon, added considerable new material, and produced an outstanding work on angling, full of stream lore, wise observation, and effective anecdote. Photographs and diagrams.

THE SPORTSMAN'S COMPANION, by A Gentleman (Stackpole & Heck). This oddity for the outdoorsman's li-

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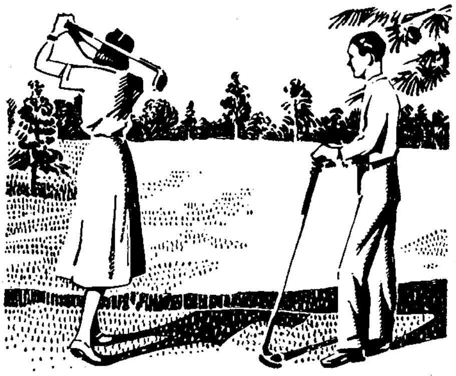

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brary is a reissue, in a limited edition, of the first American book on hunting, full of quaint information and some nonsense. It is embellished with contemporary prints, which the original, published in 1783, lacked.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE QUEEN'S AWARDS, 1948, edited by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). Sixteen short stories of crime or suspense, all of which won prizes of one kind or another in this year's contest sponsored by *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. The trend right now, apparently, is toward unorthodox detectives and backgrounds—there's lots of stuff with foreign settings—incased in the familiar, rather unyielding framework of the short detective story. Alfredo Segre, a newcomer to the field, is in first place, and is closely trailed by such old hands as Clayton Rawson, Philip MacDonald, Q. Patrick, and Helen McCloy. An above-the-average collection, with the customary explanatory preface by Ellery Queen.

BOSTON MURDERS, by Marjorie Carleton, Lawrence Dame, Timothy Fuller, James A. Kelley, William G. Schofield, Paul Whelton, and John N. Makris (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Seven factual accounts of memorable violent deaths during Boston's past hundred or so years, plus a calendar of local murder trials since 1644. Most of the criminals seem to have shown a lack of imagination unworthy of their city's traditions, and the cases, which are chronicled with varying degrees of skill by the seven authors, aren't likely to jolt even the most staid resident of Louisburg Square. For one thing, almost all the people involved appear to have been either ladies of dubious virtue or petty crooks, both of which groups get pretty monotonous. Perhaps *interesting* people don't murder each other in Boston.

AND BE A VILLAIN, by Rex Stout (Viking). Nero Wolfe, whose remaining muscles should be well atrophied from lack of activity by now, begins this one with the avowed intention of letting the police do all the work. The victim is the publisher of a race-track tip sheet who is poisoned during a nationwide broadcast by a bottle of the soft drink that the program's sponsor manufactures. After a lot of gourmandizing and not much significant detection, Wolfe pulls out of his lassitude and

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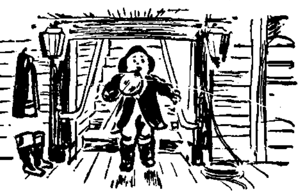

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ties things somewhat tenuously together. Satisfactory, if the Wolfe mannerisms don't pall on you.

THE CASE OF WILLIAM SMITH, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). Miss Maud Silver, the prim old governess turned private eye, steps out of her Edwardian sitting room long enough to deal with someone who's been trying to push a returned prisoner of war under the wheels of swiftly moving vehicles. The narrative alternates between a love affair in a toyshop and some defalcations in a London business house, and the fact that the intended murder victim has amnesia makes much of this sound familiar, if still complicated. Three people are eventually killed, the amnesiac finds out who he is, and Miss Silver withdraws after a parting aphorism. Not quite up to some of her previous adventures.

THREAT OF DRAGONS, by Lavinia R. Davis (Doubleday). The seemingly accidental deaths of a Mexican painter and his wife on one of the artier stretches of the mid-California coast are surrounded by some commendably plausible atmosphere. A dress designer regrettably named Taffy Talbot and an art dealer named d'Armignac ramble along the littoral long enough to find the murderer and a batch of stolen paintings. Above average.

THE HOLLOW NEEDLE, by George Harmon Coxe (Knopf). Kent Murdock, a news photographer who has done some excellent detection in recent mysteries, is assigned to take a picture of the patriarch of the Caldwell Diesel dynasty, in a Boston suburb. Within a few hours, Murdock is chasing the scoundrel who pumped a lethal dose of adrenalin into the old man, is being slugged by someone who thinks he has incriminating negatives in his darkroom, and is giving the police a hand in their investigation of the various Caldwell heirs. A workmanlike job of the medium-hard-bitten sort.

•

> Stamford City Court Judge Benjamin H. Mead's son married his wife's daughter yesterday.
>
> The ceremony made Judge Mead's step-daughter his daughter-in-law, and former Fairfielder Mrs. Mead's step-Judge and Mrs. Mead by pre-
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> Nothing confusing about it.
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> —*Bridgeport Herald.*

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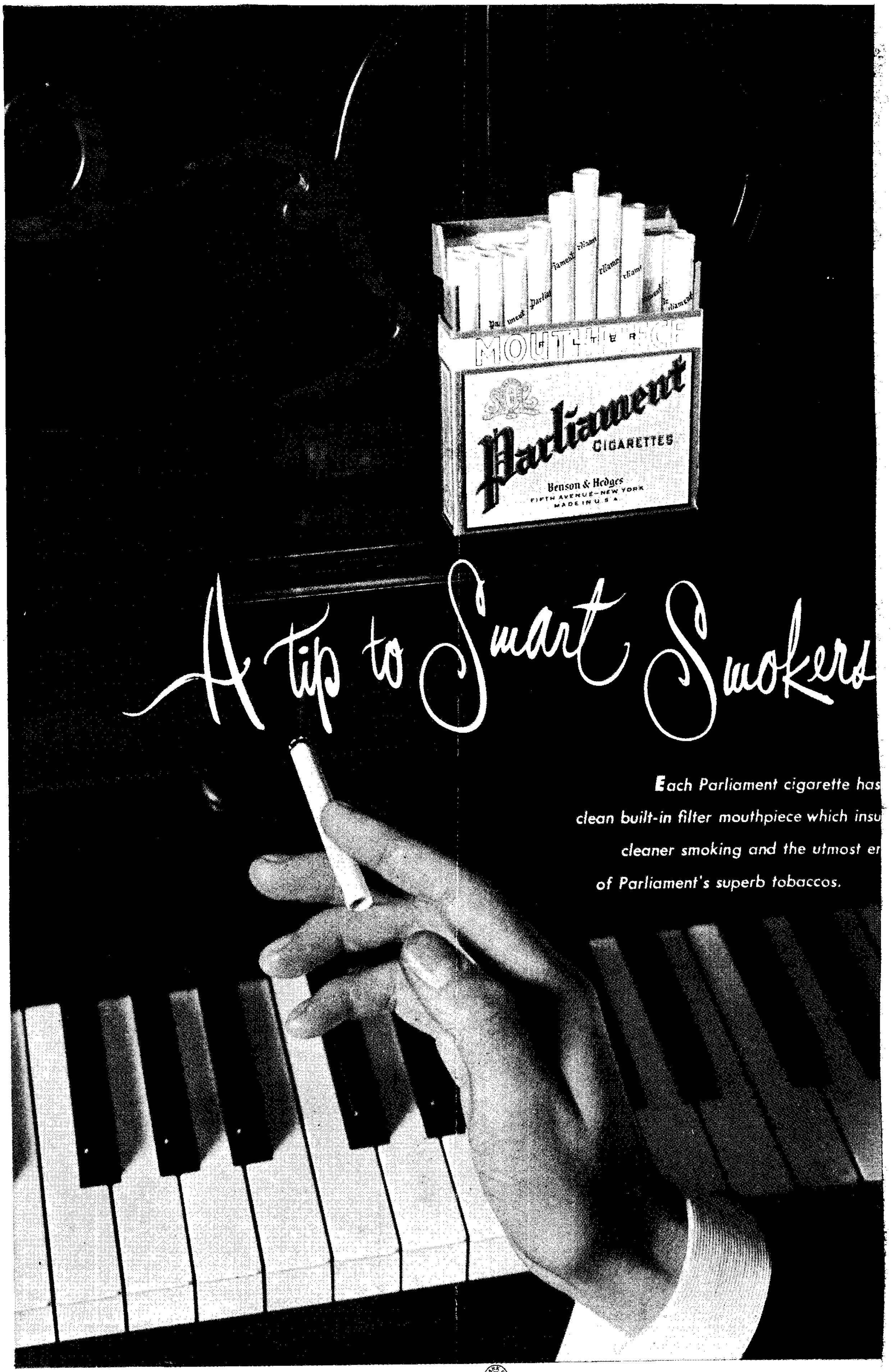
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